

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVIII

JANUARY, 1910

No. 2



CHARLEMAGNE

❧ ❧ Remaker of Europe ❧ ❧
Founder of Modern Civilization

By Charles Edward Russell

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World," "The Uprising of the Many," "Thomas Chatterton," etc.

Editor's Note.—In the deep night of ignorance and brutality and bestiality that lay upon Europe between the time of the fall of the Western Roman Empire and the approach of the Renaissance there was one beacon light so bright as to confirm humanity in the belief that, however low the human race may fall, it will never again sink to utter savagery. That light was the life of Charlemagne, who came upon the stage when the setting was all dark, who moved across it in light kindled by the uplift of the common people—the "Things" that toiled and knew no hope of reward—but who left it to a soon-returning twilight that preceded no deeper night only because the people could not utterly forget the gleam. The times had slipped back from the "glory that was Greece." There was no learning, civilization had decayed, kings were but beasts employing their time in sodden pleasures and the resources of their unhappy people in warring over trifles. The fruitful soil lay untilled, while the nobles and their overlords marched the toilers of the fields to battle with others like them, none of whom knew why they died.

Upon this scene of benign confidence came, full-powered, a man. Why he did not proceed upon the accepted path of kingly endeavor is a mystery, for the blood of conquerors was in his veins and the world was ripe for conquest; but, though master of the art of war as few men have mastered it, he himself cared not for the trade. "Of the four great warriors and conquerors that European history celebrates, Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is the chief glory of Charlemagne that he was conspicuously the organizer, the civilizer, the father of governmental organization and method as we know them now. . . ." He fought when it was necessary, and he fought hard, but he preferred to develop his kingdom, putting the toilers into the fields and the children into schools which

he established, and offering to all the people the inspiration of learning, uplift, and hope.

The story of such a man is worth telling at any time, in any place, and especially in a land where the common people are not common, where the school is the heritage of every child, and where the government is for the people, not the people for the government. Much of a legendary character has been injected into the popular knowledge of his life, but, stripped of all but the plain facts, it is just as inspiring and he stands forth just as preeminent among the world's great men. Mr. Russell has not put upon him the mask of a hero; he has simply told his story as he stands there, noble, imposing, commanding, uplifting, the one Man in an age that was dark with ignorance before he came, that knew the light of inspiration because of him, that slipped into the twilight of despair after he left.

I

THE STAGE OF THE PERIOD AND THE FIRST
STRANGE FIGURES THAT CROSSED IT



A TWO-WHEELED cart was jolting down a country road to Soissons in northern France; a crude, primitive, ponderous cart that bumped and creaked; a wretched and dirty cart, drawn by a pair of oxen, guided by an ox-faced peasant ill clad and ill fed. The road was barbarous, the cart was barbarous, the driver was barbarous; and all about lay a fertile and potential country, sad and overweighted with a barbarous, worthless government, and with the crushing burden of a barbarous taxation. A man sat in the cart, a man with wonderful long reddish hair and a wonderful reddish beard that was both very long and very thick. Little else about him distinguished him from the ox-faced person that drove him on, and yet he was a king, the last of a long line of famous kings, and the cart that, bumping and joggling, carried him over the barbarous road was bearing him to the annual assembly of his nobles, there to be deposed.

Childeric III was his name, king of the Franks, defender of the faith, and titular lord over some millions of very wretched people and some hundreds that were not wretched at all, but comfortable, well housed, well fed, and, by the wretched millions, well served. It was the well fed that were about to depose him; the rest had naught to say of the matter, being but Things to toil and bear arms and serve truly. Why the well fed should be well fed and why the Things should be Things none of the Things had ever inquired. In later years they compassed that question, with some others, about the Place de la Concorde and elsewhere, but here in the year of grace 752 they knew only that they

were Things and toiled and bore arms and shed sweat and shed blood and asked nothing.

Childeric III, king of the Franks, ended the Merovingian dynasty, rulers for two centuries over central and northern France and southwestern Germany. In the beginning they were a fierce, able, and domineering family of the northern barbarians that came southward in countless swarms through many centuries; but the luxury, ease, and, above all, the vices of civilization wrought swift havoc upon their forest-land virtues, for all that they had in their veins the blood of one of the greatest men in history. That old Clovis, who first united all the wild Franks from Belgium to Metz and beyond, had enough romance and achievement in his life to inspire all his descendants to better things than indolence and harems. He began to reign over one tribe of Franks when he was only fifteen years old; almost his whole life was spent in fighting, and he was never defeated; he sent the petty kings and princelings, the wild tribes and those not wild, reeling right and left; with a kind of ferocious and insatiable appetite for conquest he added to his possessions this territory and that; he conquered Champagne, Lorraine, Alsace, Baden, Würtemberg, western Bavaria, northern Switzerland, Aquitaine, so that he died master of one of the most imposing empires that has ever been carved out of Europe and its peoples. His sons added Burgundy, the valley of the Rhone, Provence and Thuringia, carrying the Frankish territory from almost the mouth of the Rhine to the Alps and from the Atlantic ocean well into the heart of modern Germany and making it the dominating power of Europe.

Almost as soon as this great empire was established it began to drop to pieces. There being no authority but the autocratic will of the ruler, nothing but the strong hand of a Clovis could keep the elements of such a nation from disintegrating. The royal line quickly showed that it had no more Clovises.



From the painting by Meissonier

CHARLES THE GREAT (CHARLEMAGNE), KING OF THE FRANKS AND ROMAN EMPEROR:
ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING FIGURES, NOT ONLY OF THE
MIDDLE AGES BUT OF ALL HISTORY



CLOVIS, FIRST CHRISTIAN KING OF THE FRANKS, BAPTIZED WITH 3000 OF HIS ARMY ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 496

The grandson of the grim old warrior was a feeble person; his successors were chiefly gluttons, imbeciles, and degenerates; their lives were so vicious that they all died in youth and of exhausted constitutions. To have their food, their wine, and their women, to be drunken always, and to amuse themselves as often as might be with wild debauches, were the goals of the royal ambition. There were four principal capitals of the Frankish kingdom—Soissons, Orleans, Paris, and Metz, and in one or the other the king pursued his sodden pleasures and ignored the affairs of state. But for the interposition of a wholly unauthorized power the governmental machine would have gone early to wreck. The absolute Clovis, who was indeed the state, had employed as a kind of factotum or head servant about him an officer called the mayor of the royal palace. As the sons of Clovis declined into voluptuaries and idiots the mayor of the palace began to perform more of the king's duties and absorb more of the king's authority. There was a line of these Clovis wretches stretched over more than two hundred years, so that the

successive mayors had ample opportunity to advance themselves and exalt their office. After a time they made their post hereditary; from head servants they became prime ministers; then they became the actual rulers; then they shut up the kings in remote farmhouses, exhibiting them occasionally to the multitude, and allowing them some empty forms of authority; then the kings came to be mere pieces of almost forgotten stage furniture and the mayors ruled alone.

It is well to understand all this because we are to tell here one of the most extraordinary stories in history and one of the most important, and all these matters are to this story the indispensable preliminaries. How one man turned back the full tide of barbarism, established the beginnings of modern government, laid the foundations of modern civilization, and started Europe upon that road to democracy that it has traveled ever since is the theme of this narrative. Inasmuch as the human race advances upon the plan of a spiral, around and around, continually treading near upon the ground it has trodden before, the story of the beginning of European democracy ought to have particular interest



FREDEGUNDE, WHO SUCCEEDED THE SISTER OF BRUNEHAUT AS QUEEN OF NEUSTRIA

Fredegunde, as the king's mistress, caused the queen to be murdered; as queen herself her history rivals that of Catherine of Russia

for us, now that we face another periodic advance toward the democratic goal. Doubtless we shall recognize several features in the eighth and ninth centuries that seem very familiar to us in our present-day situation, and at the same time we shall be gratified to see that, while some of the old landmarks of the race are plainly visible after eleven hundred years, some others have been totally obliterated, and that while now, as then, there are fierce oppression and monstrous injustice in the world, the oppression and injustice are not so savage nor so general.

By the time the northern barbarians had mastered the degenerate Roman Empire and had adopted the Christian religion, they had incorporated themselves with the peoples dwelling in the various conquered regions, and there grew up a new kind of composite civilization (if it can be called civilization) that usually combined the worst features of the barbarian and the worst features of the old Roman system. Thus the condition of the general mass of the people was infinitely more deplorable than it had been under Rome, for the real ideas of progress that have affected Europe and America were not brought out of the Cymrian forests, but came from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic and survived in spite of the barbarian invasions. Under the conquerors from the north a new system grew up. The business of the country was agricultural; but the land was owned by the nobles (who alone had even the least opportunity for culture, com-

fort, or sufficiency) and tilled by subjugated hordes that were either slaves in name and in reality or so-called freemen that were bound to render to their lords military and other service. The nobles in an agricultural age possessing all the land, possessed, of course, all the means of subsistence for the masses; as in an industrial age the owners of employment hold for the masses a similar possession. The nobles were a densely ignorant class. Such crude learning as sur-

vived was practically confined to the monasteries; the cities were collections of filthy huts with narrow and crooked lanes between; there was almost no art and almost no life better than that in a sty. The common orders dwelt in a state of dirt, darkness, and ignorance that we could hardly apprehend.

In such conditions, of course, the nobles and the fortunate ruled with unmitigated cruelty. Each was in his own domain an absolute monarch. Over his subjects he had the power of life and death and all other authority. He could inter-

fere in any detail of their lives. They had nothing they could call their own. The land being to an agricultural age what skilled production is to an industrial age, ownership of the land in itself conferred nobility and power and without other origin. Beyond the will of the local sovereign there was little that could be called law, but there were some customs, most of which made against the Thing and for the Well-fed. Thus murder was atoned for by paying money on a scale of prices adjusted according to the social position of the



CHARLES MARTEL, "THE HAMMER," WHO OVERTHREW THE SARACENS AT TOURS IN 732, SAVING FRANCE AND NORTHERN EUROPE TO CHRISTIANITY

murdered person. For killing a person of high grade the price was six hundred solidi or about eighteen hundred dollars; for one of less rank three hundred solidi; for an average person of the middle class two hundred solidi; for a peasant (if any fuss were made about him) forty-five solidi. A person accused of crime proved his innocence by plunging his arm into boiling water. These were customs for the common sort of men. The Well-fed, being of other dust, fared differently. The local sovereign was obliged to render tribute and homage to his overlord, whoever that might happen to be; but beyond that he could kill anybody, maim anybody, or rob anybody that happened to be weaker than he, and of these privileges he generally and liberally availed himself. None of the kings, none of the nobles, none of their retainers, ever thought of the people at the bottom as of beings in any respect different from cattle. They were quite honest and sincere in this view, just as to-day the fortunate are often perfectly honest and sincere in their view of the unfortunate. The nobles were born to rule, the human cattle to be ruled; and in these two great facts the nobles saw all the requisites of a perfect, blessed, and enduring condition of society.

Upon the structure of this benign confidence one man laid the great hand of a peasant and shook, and the thing was never so stable thereafter. The condition of the people at the bottom was sad enough when he was gone and is sad enough to-day, but it was never again what it was before he came.

II

THE RIVAL QUEENS, THE HEROIC PRIEST, THE AMBITIOUS GRIMWALD, THE FIERCE EBROIN, AND OTHER MATTERS OF THE TIMES

EXACTLY what kind of a kingdom it was that the mayors of the Frankish palace ruled, what kind of a society surrounded them, what sort of men and women dominated the world's affairs, how much decency and kindness there was among them, what was the stage to which progress had attained, and many other interesting and important facts can be gathered best from a series of extraordinary incidents that now succeed in the story of the mayoralty and what came of it.

As frequently was the case with such conquests, the huge empire of Clovis was dismembered among his four sons, three of

whom, as Charles Reade says, happened to be legitimate. Subsequently the divisions were reunited under the youngest son, but there always remained a division of feeling and often one of actual government between Neustria, which had boundaries something like those of modern France, and Austrasia which was territorially something like modern Germany, Neustria being more or less Latin and Austrasia wholly Teutonic. After a time these two were again divided between descendants of Clovis, and each had a puppet king in a farmhouse and each an actual ruler in the mayor.

This situation was presently diversified by the appearance of two remarkable women, who wholly changed the current of affairs. These were Fredegunde, wife of the puppet king of Neustria, and Brunehaut, wife of the king of Austrasia. Both were able and vigorous, and both were doubtless bad enough, but the palm for total depravity seems clearly to belong to Fredegunde, to whose record there is probably no parallel short of the story of Catherine of Russia. These scheming and unscrupulous women long disturbed their respective countries with their intrigues and each other with their mutual hatred and jealousy. The story of Brunehaut, indeed, reads like an impossible romance. Her second husband was murdered at the instigation of Fredegunde; she was imprisoned, she escaped, she ruled Austrasia, she was driven thence by a civil war that she had caused, she fled to Burgundy and ruled it for thirteen years. Her great-grandson, a mere child, succeeded to the throne of Austrasia. The son of Fredegunde, a puppet king of Neustria named Clotaire, made war upon this infant. Brunehaut returned from Burgundy to help her great-grandson. In the battle the Neustrians, aided by two powerful Austrasian nobles, were wholly successful, and Brunehaut fell into the hands of the son of her old and inveterate enemy. He treated her after the notions of the times. First, he tortured her for three days. When he had sufficiently satiated his cruelty by this spectacle, which he watched with manifest delight, he had the poor old woman stripped and bound, by her hair, by one foot, and by one arm, to the back of a wild horse. The horse being released, Brunehaut was crushed in his flight.

Thus the kingdom, for a time, came together again, with this monster as the puppet king. The two Austrasian nobles that had



From the painting by J. J. Van der Lindt

QUEEN FREDEGUNDE CURSED BY BISHOP PRAETEXTATUS AFTER HE HAD BEEN WOUNDED TO DEATH BY HER ORDERS

Charlemagne

assisted him were the real rulers of the reunited empire. One of them, Pepin of Landen, was the mayor of the palace; the other, his dear and wise friend, Arnulf, was a priest, who besides sharing the burden of empire, was the spiritual director of both king and kingdom.

The worthless Clotaire died (very tardily, no doubt) and was succeeded by the worthless Dagobert I. Arnulf had been growing weary of statesmanship, and longed for the quiet and pious seclusion of the cloister. He was married (for celibacy was not then enforced upon the priesthood) and had two sons, of whom he was fond; but not even domestic joys could keep the saint (for he was eventually canonized) from his exalted purpose. One day he announced

to the puppet king that he was about to retire to a monastery. The puppet king flew into a violent rage because he knew not how the state could be managed without the wise priest's aid, and he feared lest the change foreboded some curtailing of his own precious ease and pleasures.

"If you do that," said he, "I will cut off the heads of your two sons."

"My sons' lives," said Arnulf coolly, "are in the hands of God. Your own life will be short indeed if you slay the innocent."

The mad Dagobert plucked forth a dagger and rushed upon the priest to slay him. Erect and motionless stood Arnulf. He said no word, he made no gesture, but gazed upon the king with such scornful wrath that

the king threw away his dagger and fell down at Arnulf's feet begging forgiveness.

From men of this iron cast there should come an heroic line. Arnulf's son married a daughter of Pepin of Landen, mayor of the palace, and their son, by a curious turn of fate, became mayor.

Pepin's son, Grimwald, the real claimant to the mayoralty, lost his place by undue haste and by trying to force the hand of destiny, a course that has ruined many another man of ambition. The puppet king of his day was a foolish prating person named Sigibert III. When this chatterer died he was succeeded by his son, another Dagobert, who was as bad. Grimwald, the mayor, grew weary of seeing these mumbling objects about him, a weariness for which,

according to all accounts, it is difficult to blame him. He seized the puppet king, cut off his long hair and long beard (the worshipful emblems of his race and royal state), and sent him to be shut up in a monastery in Ireland. Thereupon he proclaimed his own son king. But the Frankish nobles were not yet ready for the laying of subject hands upon the anointed king; the old tribal instinct of fidelity to the chieftain was strong in their blood, as it has been to this day. They arose in revolt, chased Grimwald hither and thither, captured him at last and sent him a prisoner to Paris, where, after being a long time confined in a loathsome dungeon and loaded with chains, he was brought forth and, agreeably to the custom of the times,



PEPIN THE SHORT, FIRST CAROLINGIAN KING OF THE FRANKS, SON OF CHARLES MARTEL AND FATHER OF CHARLEMAGNE

made an end of; which means that he was killed with fiendish and prolonged tortures, for the chroniclers say that as he had rebelled against the sacred person of a king it was thought well to make an example of such treason. Whereupon the nobles rescued from the Irish monastery the sacred person of the idiotic king and with much éclat restored him to his palace, where the grandson of Arnulf became mayor.

This was Pepin of Heristal, a name worth remembering. For the hero of a distinguished and memorable career it must be admitted that he began badly. The great kingdom of the Franks had been split again, and the two nations of Neustria and Austrasia were once more separate. Pepin was mayor of the palace and general manager of Austrasia. The mayor and general manager of Neustria was a violent person named Ebroin, a ferocious and restless adventurer whose function in life seems to have been to create trouble if none already existed to his advantage. Pepin thought it would be well to rid the earth of such a creature, whose crimes showed black even in that violent age; so he joined hands with a noble kinsman named Martin, and the two made war on Ebroin. The battle was fought at Laon. It was a terrible affair; Ebroin crushed the forces of Pepin and Martin, and pursued them for hours, hewing them down as they fled, until the slaughter, if the chroniclers may be believed, was appalling. Pepin got safely home, but Martin took refuge in the walled tower of Laon. Ebroin invited him to come

forth. Martin declined. Ebroin said that he would guarantee Martin's safety. Martin declined to believe him. Ebroin said that he would swear that if Martin would come out he should not be harmed.

"On the bones of the saints?" said Martin.

"On the bones of the saints," said Ebroin. "Here is the holy casket. You shall see me swear on it that you shall abide with me in perfect safety."

Whereupon, seeing Ebroin swear in this manner, Martin gave himself up, with his comrades. Ebroin invited them to come and see the sacred casket on which he had sworn; he opened it, showed them that it contained nothing, and then put them all to death.

Two years afterward he met his own fate and in a manner appropriate to his way of life. Among the amusements to which he was partial was the confiscating of any piece of property that happened to please his fancy, and of the estates thus pleasantly collected one was the farm of a nobleman named Ermenfrid. This person seems not to have shared the mayor's views as to what is diverting in life, and resented the spoliation of his property. One Sunday morning the mayor started from his house to go to mass. Ermenfrid lay in wait for him at the door. As Ebroin came out Ermenfrid plunged a sword into him and escaped.

After Ebroin the Neustrian noblemen chose for mayor one Berchar, who was himself far from being among the wise men of earth and was appointed to care for some idiot king



CLOVIS, WHO FIRST SUBJUGATED THE FRANKISH PRINCES AND UNITED THE WHOLE FRANKISH PEOPLE INTO A SINGLE KINGDOM

duller than himself. Pepin of Heristal, shrewd, adroit, ambitious, from the mayoral palace of Austrasia carefully watching the tide of affairs, thought that now had come the time to set even that unfortunate affair at Laon. He straightway marched an army against Berchar, for in those days anyone minded to make war stepped out of doors and made it, cause or no cause. The battle was joined at St. Quentin. Pepin hewed the Neustrians hip and thigh, Berchar was conveniently assassinated, and thus, in the year 687, the empire of Clovis was once more united, with Pepin of Heristal as the one mayor and some puppet, I forget which, for the one king.

The descendants of Arnulf the priest, thus come into almost imperial power, were uniformly for many generations of great strength of character and the most martial attributes, but of lax principles about their marital obligations. Thus Pepin of Heristal had one wife by full rank, a noble lady named Plectrudis, and another by brevet named Alphaida. By Plectrudis he had a son named Grimwald, and by Alphaida he had a son named Charles. Grimwald was married; his wife had no children, but by a similar brevet arrangement he had a son named Theudwold.

When Pepin of Heristal, having ruled many years and won many great victories over the surrounding barbarian tribes, was about to die, he summoned to his bedside his son Grimwald, who was to be his successor. On the road Grimwald was assassinated. It was now thought that Pepin would name as successor Charles, his son by Alphaida, for Charles was a strong, able, intelligent, and

active young man. Instead, Pepin amazed everybody and insured boundless trouble by naming Theudwold, the illegitimate son of Grimwald, now eight years old and a weakling. In other words, the puppet king, who was himself only fifteen, was to have as guardian, counselor, and ruler a child of eight. The usual explanation of this performance is that the old man had lost his mind, but as a matter of fact no such supposition is necessary: fully one-half the things done by all the rulers of the age seem merely lunatic and wholly unaccountable.

The women now came in once more to complicate the tangled fortunes of the descendants of Arnulf. Pepin had ordered that Theudwold's grandmother, Plectrudis, should share with the infant the cares of the government. The first thing Plectrudis did was to revenge herself on her old rival Alphaida by imprisoning Alphaida's son Charles. By some merciful arrangement of destiny she did not pursue the pleasing practices of the times by putting out his eyes or strangling

him; perhaps in the stress of other affairs she forgot him, or postponed until a more convenient season the pleasure of killing him. She presently had, as a matter of fact, enough to engage her attention elsewhere. Civil war broke out in her dominions; the nobles, who, having effective armaments were always looking for a chance to use them, revolted against the rule of an old woman and a little child; and in the confusion and anarchy that ensued Charles managed to make his escape from prison.

By such slight threads hang the tremendous consequences of fate. This Charles, thus narrowly missing the executioner, was the



BRUNEHAUT, QUEEN OF AUSTRASIA, SISTER OF THE QUEEN MURDERED BY FREDEGUNDE

The enmity of Brunehaut and Fredegunde filled a half century with bloody deeds and undermined the power of the Merovingians



ONE OF THE "DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD"—THE OVERTHROW OF THE SARACENS BY CHARLES MARTEL BETWEEN POITIERS AND TOURS IN 732

Charles Martel, the terrible Hammer that afterward beat back the triumphant Saracens and saved Europe from becoming an appendage to the empire of Mohammed.

Charles gathered some forces and plunged on his own account into the seething war that distracted and despoiled the entire country. At first he was unsuccessful; later he made headway, defeated every enemy, picked out his puppet king, made him the nominal head of the reunited Franks, established himself as mayor and real ruler, and found in the task of putting the kingdom together, establishing something resembling order, and preparing to meet the terrible Saracens a full exercise for his very unusual executive gifts.

As to the Saracens, those singular and able people, having conquered and overrun Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain, were now pushing northward with purpose to add next to their dominions all modern France. In 720 they captured Narbonne, seized a Frankish prov-

ince, and besieged Toulouse, which was saved from them only by the timely arrival of an army of Aquitanians. Five years later they had forced their way northward until they had reached the center of Burgundy, within two hundred miles of Paris itself, and held a position from which they menaced with imminent ruin the whole of Christian Europe and the last remnants of the Roman Empire and Roman civilization. In 732 they gathered an enormous army, pushed north, annihilated the Aquitanian forces at the river Dronne, and reached Poitiers. Charles, the mayor, the descendant of Arnulf and of Pepin of Landen, met them with his Franks at Tours; there was a terrific battle upon which hung the fate of Europe, but the Saracens were defeated, and their leader was killed. The slaughter among them must have been great, but we are not obliged to believe the fervid chroniclers that put it at 375,000. However, there was an end to the

Saracen invasion; the remnants of the great host of Islam retreated southward, to be beaten again by Charles at Avignon, which they were forced to evacuate, and yet again in a great battle at Narbonne. In 738, when they had formed an alliance with a Christian potentate and made a desperate stand in Provence, once more the Hammer descended upon and crushed them, and with them disappeared the last chance of a Moslem empire in western Europe. History hardly shows a crisis more acute or a sharper turn in the current of events.

Meanwhile the particular puppet king behind whose name Charles ruled Frankland had died and left no heir, and there being no other puppet kings available at the time, Charles quietly continued to administer the affairs of state in the name of a royalty that had not even a shadowy existence. It is a very curious commentary on the slow development of common sense in the human race that in spite of the great power, prestige, and popularity of Charles Martel, savior of Europe, he was compelled to resort to a fiction so absurd and footless. Perhaps, however, before with too much unction we smile at this singular fact we might well remember the strange spectacle our own day affords of a great state ruled in the name of a dangerous and imprisoned maniac; or other states to whom the puppet king is by no means a stranger. Eleven hundred and seventy years have passed, and from at least this spiral of our road we can quite plainly discern the

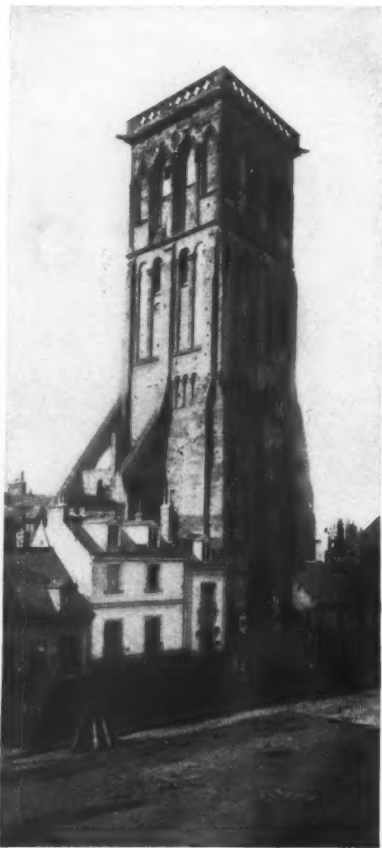
parallel passage of the ancestral footsteps in the year 738.

This kingless kingdom of the Franks the Hammer at his death divided between his sons Carloman and Pepin, known in history as Pepin the Short. Contrary to usual custom the brothers did not fight about their

patrimony. They agreed that in existing conditions the puppet kingship had better be revived, and from among the worthless descendants of the degenerate Clovis brood they picked this Childeric III. Nobody knows wherein he possessed a claim, but that matter, which is totally unimportant now, could not have been more vital then. The brothers chose him, he was sent to keep his state and his women at the farmhouse, and the kingdom was administered by a partnership arrangement in his name. Before long the partnership was dissolved. Carloman was young, fierce, and aggressive. Having some troubles with the heathen Alemanni on his eastern border, he called their leaders to a conference, suddenly surrounded and disarmed them, and then killed them all. This perfidy, or something else, must have weighed upon his conscience. Suddenly he resigned his share in the government, entered

a monastery, became a monk, and passed the rest of his life in holy offices. Pepin succeeded him, and again the power of the Frankish kingdom rested in one hand.

But Pepin, like Grimwald before him, grew tired of the dreary and empty spectacle of the nominal king. He had too much wit to plunge into open and violent rebellion



THE TOWER OF CHARLEMAGNE AT TOURS
One of the two detached towers of the famous church of Saint Martin, which was demolished in 1802 to make way for a street

against it, but he sent to the Pope ambassadors to report the situation and ask for instructions. The Pope ruled that the royal name should go with the royal authority and that Pepin should be crowned. In the city of Soissons, therefore, in the year 752, before the holy archbishop Boniface, Pepin, with the acclamations of the nobles, was crowned king of the Franks. And how about this Childeric III, descendant of the mighty Clovis? Why, the ox-cart reaching Soissons at last from the farmhouse, this Childeric had his long red locks shaved close and went thence to a monastery and oblivion.

So perished one line of kings and began another. What perished had been of not the least importance to mankind, what displaced it came in the end to portend much to the Things that, sweating and toiling and plodding, provided the means for all these amusements.

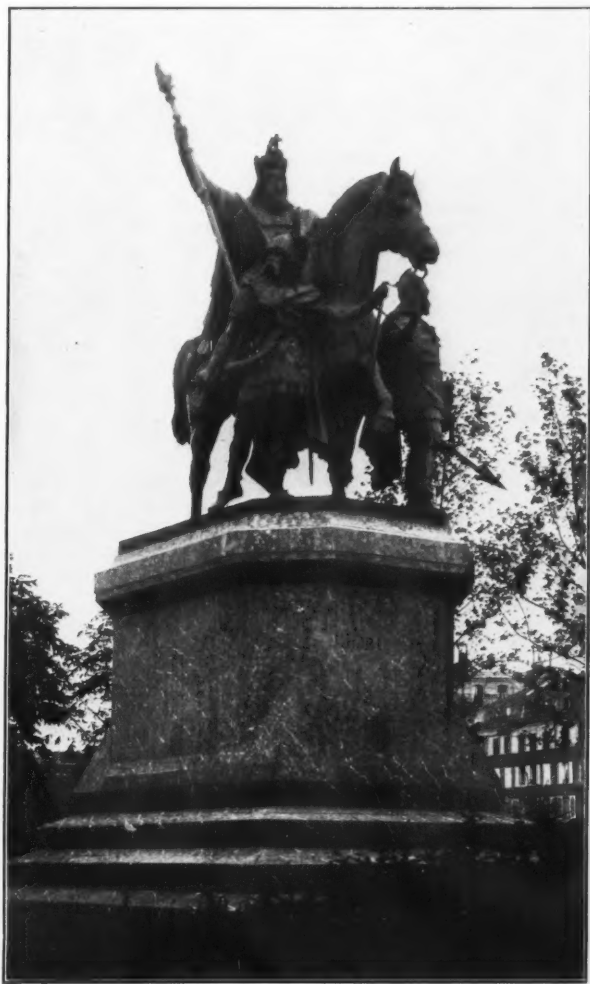
III

ENTER THE LOMBARDS— AND ONE OTHER

As kings go and as the times were Pepin was a good king of the Franks; no one regretted the passing of the puppets. He was the first of the rulers of the age to surmise, however vaguely, that possibly there might be other employments for kings than to drive their subjects up to the battle-line and have them killed. About war he seems not to have been wholly insane, nor to have craved it incessantly like the others of his red-handed trade; but when he felt that he must fight he fought as one worthy of his ancestry. Two of his campaigns in Italy covered his name with glory and made important consequences to Europe, and as it is not possible

otherwise to see clearly the meaning of the succeeding chapters we should do well here to take time enough to understand what Italy meant to the kings of Frankland.

A tribe of northern barbarians that had passed the Franks in the old southward movement was (from the long beards of its men) called the Lombards. It settled in northern Italy, around the river Ticino and generally between Venice and Piedmont, where the Lombards established their own kingdom. A rudimentary civilization modi-



STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR LOUIS ROCHET, ERECTED IN PARIS

fied their original ferocity, but while they became less fierce they were more crafty and no less cruel. At the time Pepin was crowned, the king of the Lombards was one Aistulf. He had some ambition to extend his rule over the whole of Italy. This led him into collision with the Pope, Stephen II, a very able prelate. There were twenty-two Italian cities that had long been possessed in the name of that tottering old Eastern Empire of which the capital was at Constantinople. Aistulf seized these. The Pope desired him to give them up. He refused, and the Pope, although old and infirm, endured the terrors and fatigues of the Alpine passes and went in person to implore the help of Pepin.

The visit was remarkable in itself; it was presently made more extraordinary by a very dramatic episode. Carloman, King Pepin's brother, who had renounced the world for the cloister and exchanged kingship for holy meditation, suddenly left the remote Italian monastery in which for years he had immured himself, and without warning appeared before his brother to plead against the Pope. What under the sun induced him to adopt such a course nobody knows; the act seems merely another illustration of the common lunacy previously pointed out and affording ground for the belief that the insanity of kings is of very ancient origin. Pepin listened coldly to the eloquent pleas of his brother kneeling before him, then curtly announced his decision to undertake the enterprise. As further illustrating the times we may observe that he did not allow Carloman to return to Italy, but shut him in a monastery near at hand, where he died soon afterward. It has been asserted that he was not murdered, a departure from prevailing custom that would

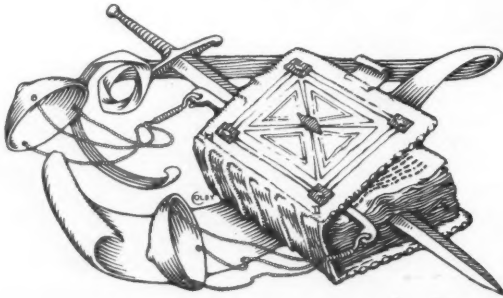
seem to indicate on Pepin's part a singular thirst for novelty.

Pepin took an army into Italy and beat Aistulf into Pavia, where he surrendered and swore to give up the cities, to cease annoying the holy father, and to pay to Pepin an indemnity and a yearly tribute. "The faith of kings!" says the old writer scornfully. Within eighteen months Aistulf had broken all the terms of his capitulation and was besieging the Pope in Rome. Whereupon Pepin came again from France, inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Lombards, captured Aistulf, and compelled him to keep his engagements. The twenty-two cities were surrendered, not to the tottering empire, but to the Pope, to whom they belonged for the next eleven hundred years, for these formed the basis of the "Papal States" seized in 1870 by Victor Emmanuel and finally absorbed in United Italy.

The visit of Pope Stephen II to France had still another aspect of great interest to us that observe these events. He went by way of the Great St. Bernard Pass and came out at St. Maurice in Switzerland, whither there was sent to meet him and to escort him upon his journey a certain remarkable young man. This youth was then about twenty years old, very tall, some six feet four inches or thereabouts, powerfully built, athletic, and agile. He had an aquiline nose, piercing blue eyes, long, tawny mustaches, a short, powerful neck, a great head, affable manners, and an expression extremely good-natured and engaging. He was the eldest son of Pepin—by name, Prince Charles.

And thus does history introduce upon its stage the colossal figure of Charlemagne, remaker of Europe, founder of modern civilization.

The next instalment of "*Charlemagne*" will appear in the February issue.



Teeth Is Teeth

By
**ELLIS
PARKER
BUTLER**

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs,"
"That Pup," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor



DANIEL, the gateman, was sitting on the pine bench before his little square gate-house, gazing gloomily up the empty stretch of South Fourteenth Street. He was an old man, and having outlived his days of usefulness as an active railroad man had been given the gates at the grade crossing in South Fairview. It was not a lively job. During the middle of the day nothing ever used the track but an occasional bobtail freight, and South Fourteenth Street itself was not lively. Teams avoided the heavy road of loose sawdust, knee-deep over a bed of pine slabs. Morning and evening, to be sure, the sawmill hands passed the gate-house in a hurrying stream, and some time during the day S. Potts usually dropped over to have a word with Daniel. The days were as long for S. Potts as for Daniel. Except in the morning and evening customers seldom entered his corner saloon, and S. Potts could sit on Daniel's bench and keep an eye on his own door. For five years he had poured upon Daniel the vast stores of his knowledge, and he felt a sort of proprietorship in the old man.

"S. Potts," said Daniel, as his friend took his customary seat on the bench, "I wisht I had turned out to be an inventor, 'stead of a railroad man, I do."

S. Potts settled his long legs comfortably, and shook his head. "Now, there you go, Daniel!" he said reproachfully. "Here I've been teachin' you philosophy for near six years—just chuckin' it into you free gratis by wholesale, as I might say—an' still you ain't satisfied."

"I am satisfied, S. Potts," said the old man. "I'm just too satisfied for any use."

"No, you ain't, Daniel," insisted S. Potts. "You're sore an' mad an' discontented, an' it pretty nigh discourages me. Here you are, sixty-four years old, goin' on sixty-five, an' you've got a good job as gateman to this railroad, an' yet you ain't satisfied."

"Yes, I am," insisted Daniel; "yes, I am, S. Potts."

"No, you ain't," S. Potts reasserted, "an' I don't take it as no compliment to me, neither. It ain't everybody that has a chance to associate with me an' hear me talk. You can't claim I've been stingy in giving you free information, Daniel. I've give you enough knowledge to make you equal to Solomon, an' I've learned you philosophy until you ought to be chuck-full of it. But the more I learn you the less you seem to know, an' you keep kickin' all the time."

"You hadn't ought to git mad at me, S. Potts," said Daniel. "You know——"

"I wouldn't blame you so much, Daniel," interrupted S. Potts, "if you didn't have me to talk to, but it does seem, associating with me like you do, an' hearing me talk, you

ought to have more sense. Sometimes I think I won't bother with you no more, only I'm so full of knowledge it sort of hurts my head. An' all of it, every drop of it, I pour out on you, Daniel. You ought to be mighty thankful."

"I am thankful," began Daniel, but S. Potts interrupted him again.

"If you was you'd be singing and dancing like a nightingale," he said. "If you knew what was best for you, you would be mighty glad to sit on this bench here an' listen to me talk."

"I am," declared Daniel.

"No, you ain't," insisted S. Potts. "I've knowed you five years, Daniel, and if I had thought it was best for you to be an inventor I'd have made you into one. But I seen you wasn't fitted to be made into an inventor, an' that is why I didn't make you into one. I seen you was fitted to be a gateman, an' I left you be one, didn't I?"

"You did, S. Potts," Daniel admitted.

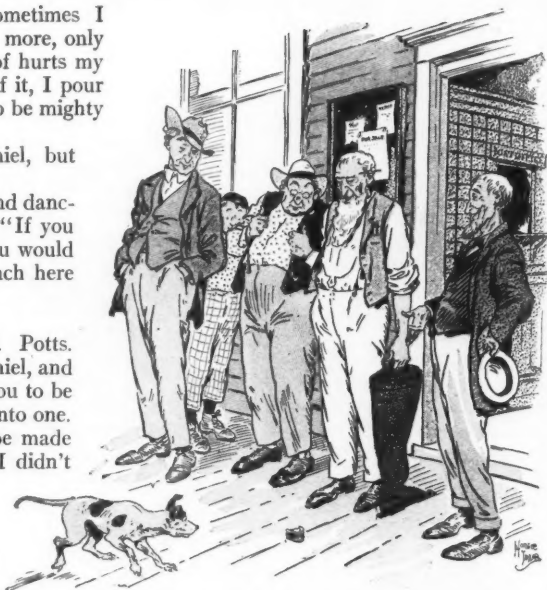
"I might have made you into an inventor an' sent you off, an' then had somebody with some brains take this job so's I could talk to him an' git some comfort out of it," said S. Potts. "But the minute I seen you I knew that if I made you into an inventor you would go an' invent somethin' to ruin yourself, like Peter Guppy did."

"I'm perfectly satisfied, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"That's the kind of inventor you'd be, the kind Peter Guppy was," continued S. Potts. "He was just sech a discontented old kicker like you are, Daniel, but he was worse off—he didn't have no S. Potts to be a model to him. He had a nice, steady job sawing wood, an' all he ever had to do was just rest one knee on the sawbuck an' push a saw up an' down all day; no brain work, like the kind that wears me out—just plain wood-sawing. He had everything to make a man happy, except he didn't have no friend to come across from the saloon an' give him good advice, like you have."

"I'm satisfied," Daniel said, but S. Potts continued:

"No, you ain't, an' he wasn't. He was like you, Daniel. He wanted to invent, an' he looked around to see somethin' to invent that hadn't been invented already, an' what he saw was false teeth. False teeth looked



"THE CROWD WOULD STAND OFF AN' ADMIRE 'EM WHILST THEY CHAMPED AWAY, SIXTY BITES TO THE SECOND, AS REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK"

to him like a good thing to invent, because nobody had invented anything very new in false teeth since he could remember."

"Say," exclaimed Daniel enviously, "I wisht I had thought of false teeth! False teeth would be a mighty good thing to invent, wouldn't it, S. Potts?"

"I told you you hadn't no more sense than Peter Guppy had," said S. Potts pitilessly, "but Peter Guppy had more brains than what you have, Daniel. How would you go about inventing false teeth? Just tell me how!"

Daniel gazed at the sawdusty level of South Fourteenth Street, and creased his tanned forehead into thoughtful wrinkles. He shifted uneasily on his bench, and frowned hard. "Well, of course, I can't say right off like this," he said at length, "but if I had time—"

"The reason nobody had been gittin' up new inventions in false teeth," interrupted S. Potts, "was the same then as it is to-day—false teeth was already as good as they could be made. But Peter Guppy was like you, always complainin' an' unsatisfied, so he went an' had the few old teeth he had left in his head pulled out, an' had a good set of false ones made—double set, uppers

an' lowers—an' he used to set on his saw-buck day after day with them false teeth in his hand, studyin' 'em an' studyin' 'em, an' wonderin' how he could improve on 'em. An' at night he would sigh, an' go to bed, an' then he couldn't sleep for thinkin' of them false teeth. He was about three years thinkin' how to invent better false teeth."

"It was worth it, it was worth it!" said Daniel enthusiastically.

"Three years," said S. Potts, "that was the time that Peter Guppy put in settin' around holdin' his uppers an' lowers in his hand. Sometimes he would hold the uppers in one hand an' the lowers in the other, an' sometimes he would hold them all in one hand an' scratch his head with the other, an' all the while he was gittin' more an' more discouraged. They ain't nothin' more disheartenin' than to set day after day studyin' false teeth. The more you look at 'em the more they look just like what they always looked like. But Peter Guppy was just

sech a fool as you are, Daniel. He hadn't no sense."

"Well, S. Potts, we can't all be —" began Daniel.

"He was lazy, that's what he was," said S. Potts. "He wanted to git rich quick, like you do. He'd set by the day with them uppers an' lowers in his hand, openin' an' shuttin' his hand so them teeth would champ open an' shut before his eyes, an' when he got tired in his right hand he would shift them teeth over into his left hand an' go on champin' 'em. So one day he says: 'I declare to goodness, if it's goin' to

take me forty years to invent somethin' new about these here teeth, I wisht there was some way the plaguy things could do their own champin'! My hands is 'most wore out champin' the plaguy things.' An' right there, Daniel, was where he got the idee."

"I can almost see it, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"Power!" said S. Potts. "Power! That's what he thought of. That's what a lazy man always thinks of first off—gittin' power to do his work for him. First off Peter Guppy thought he'd hire a boy to champ his teeth for him, whilst all he had to do would be to lay back an' look on; but he didn't have no money to hire a boy. Then he thought what a fine thing it would be to have self-workin' teeth that would champ by machinery whilst he looked on, an' then he stood up an' yelled. He'd thought what he could invent about false teeth. He could invent self-operatin' teeth. Nobody had ever invented self-operatin' teeth, so far as he knew."

"I wisht I had thought of that invention," said Daniel greedily.

"I bet you do," said S. Potts. "That's about what sense you've got. But it wasn't much to invent. I could have thought of it long before Peter Guppy did, but I seen it was a foolish thing to invent, so I didn't think of it. Anybody could have seen that the only way to improve a perfect thing like false teeth was to put power into them, but I wouldn't do it. No, sir! But Peter Guppy went right ahead an' done it. He set right to work an' invented Guppy's Auxihary Motor Teeth, an' was as proud as

pie. Soon as I seen 'em I shook my head. I hated to discourage him, but I hadn't no faith in self-actin' teeth, so I just hiked up my head an' shook it. But it didn't do no good."



"PETER HAD TO SIT AT MEALS WITH ONE HAND ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD TO HOLD HISSELF DOWN"



"WOKE UP DREAMIN' THEY WAS STOLE, AN'
WHEN HE PUT OUT HIS HAND TO SEE
IF THEY WAS THERE THEY BIT
HIM ON THE FINGER"

"I guess he made a lot o' money, didn't he?" asked Daniel wistfully.

"Out of an invention I had shook my head at?" questioned S. Potts scornfully. "Peter Guppy *thought* he would make a lot of money. That's what he *thought*. Them teeth looked all right, an' they would have fooled *you*, Daniel. They was rigged up with a clockwork spring, an' when Peter Guppy touched a button they went right to work an' chewed. Just like I'm openin' an' shuttin' my hand here—champ, champ, champ! That's the way they worked when Peter Guppy held 'em in his hand. He was all swelled up about 'em. He figgered they'd save a lot of labor, an' lots of time, too, because all a feller had to do was push his food into his mouth, an' them teeth would do the chewin'. Peter Guppy was mighty proud."

"I'd be proud," said Daniel.

"I wasn't," said S. Potts. "I waited. Peter Guppy went around town tellin' how he was the greatest benefactor America ever had, an' that all this nation had needed was

him to invent them teeth, an' now it would be the happiest on earth. He said everybody knew that what was the matter with America was indigestion an' dyspepsia, caused by lack of not chewin' their food enough, caused by lack of time for eatin'. Now, he said, folks wouldn't have to chew long, they could chew quick. They could set their teeth at high speed, an' the teeth would chew sixty bites a second, or if they wanted to git some satisfaction chewin' tobacco or gum they could set the teeth at low speed an' chew long an' steady. All lazy people would have to do would be to set with their mouths open an' let the Guppy Auxiliary Motor Teeth go ahead an' chew. Peter Guppy used to stand down at the post-office corner an' place them teeth on the sidewalk an' set 'em goin', an' the whole crowd would stand off an' admire 'em whilst they champed away, sixty bites to the second, as regular as clockwork."

"What'd he put 'em on the sidewalk for, S. Potts?" asked Daniel.

"They was safest there," said S. Potts. "Peter Guppy had let 'em champ so much in his hand that the muscles of his hand was all tired out, an' he was afraid they might champ out of his hand an' fall an' git broken; but on the sidewalk they just champed around in a circle, goin' kind o' hippety-hop. They traveled backward like a crab, but the action was more like a clam-shell, only quicker. You don't often see a clam-shell open an' shut sixty opens an' sixty shuts to the second, Daniel."

"I don't recall none," said Daniel. "Why didn't he use them teeth in the regular way?"

"There was one bad thing about them teeth," said S. Potts. "They had to have room in 'em for the spring, an' that made 'em step mos' too high when he had 'em in his mouth. Peter had only about a two-inch-high mouth, an' them teeth was three-inch steppers. They sort o' strained his mouth. There ain't nothin' much worse in false teeth than to have 'em tread too high, 'specially when they tread by machinery. It used to tire Peter all out, openin' an' shuttin' his mouth that way, sixty times to the second, an' them teeth used to knock so hard on the roof of his mouth that he had to sit at meals with one hand on the top of his head to hold hisself down, an' even then he bounced so hard on the chair that he jarred the house some. The whole neighborhood could tell when Peter was havin' a little

nourishment. He made a noise like a motor-boat. Them that seen him said it was sort o' funny to see him, settin' back with his mouth wide open an' them teeth jigglin' away inside of it. Often he used to joggle clean off onto the floor, an' if he didn't grab the table-leg with his free hand he would joggle all 'round the room. I wouldn't have had the things at no price."

"Neither would I," said Daniel.

"Yes, you would," said S. Potts. "You would if I hadn't been there to stop you. You would have gone an' bought a pair, like as not. 'Twould have been just like you to sleep with the blame things in your mouth, like Peter did. That's what spoiled Peter's looks. He'd been a fair looker before that, but one night he went to bed with them teeth in his mouth, an' they got touched off accidental whilst he was asleep, an' they champed all night, an' the next morning Peter had the top of his mouth all blistered, except where them teeth had worn callouses, an' his lower jaw was pushed down so far out of plumb that it was permanently lowered, an' all the rest of his life he had to go 'round lookin' like a big-mouth bass out of water. He couldn't git his mouth shut by an inch. No, sir! You bet he never wore them teeth to bed again!"

"Took 'em out nights, I reckon," said Daniel.

"He took 'em out," said S. Potts, "but he didn't do like he ought to have done an' put 'em outside the house. He laid 'em on the stand by his bed, an' woke up dreamin' they was stole, an' when he put out his hand to see if they was there they bit him on the finger. They bit him three times before he could git his finger out, an' he was so mad he grabbed 'em an' threw 'em across the room, an' they lit on the sofa an' chewed a

sofa-pillow till daybreak. When Peter got up in the morning there wasn't nothin' left of the sofa-pillow but fine feather dust, an' the teeth had chewed on through the sofa, an' fell to the floor an' chewed the hind leg of the sofa clean off. Peter's wife was so mad she never smiled again until she got his insurance money. Peter died from them teeth."

"I s'pose," said Daniel thoughtfully, "I s'pose that when them teeth bit Peter they give him the hydrophoby."

S. Potts looked at him sorrowfully. "Ef that ain't just like you, Daniel!" he said. "There ain't no logic in you. Of course if this was a pack an' parcel o' lies I was tellin' you, it might be that I'd go on an' say Peter Guppy got the hydrophoby from that bite,

but nothin' of that kind happened. Naturally. Because them was Peter's own teeth what bit him. If Peter had had hydrophoby when them teeth bit him then they would have give it to him, like as not, but he didn't have. The trouble was that he swallowed them teeth. I don't suppose you know anything about physiology, Daniel?"

"Well, S. Potts," said Daniel apologetically, "I ain't looked into it much. You ain't never told me

much about—what did you say that word was, S. Potts?"

"Physiology," said S. Potts. "But if you don't know nothin' about it, it ain't much use tellin' you about what happened to Peter Guppy, 'cause you wouldn't understand it. I don't reckon you know what an esophagus is, even?"

"Now, S. Potts," began Daniel pleadingly, "you know I never had any esoph—"

"Daniel," said S. Potts, "an esophagus is a sort of knob on the inside of your throat, that's what it is. It's put there to help you swallow. But the whole inside of Peter Guppy's throat was spread wide by the constant champin' of them teeth, an' where the



"THE TEETH HAD CHEWED ON THROUGH THE SOFA, AN' FELL TO THE FLOOR AN' CHEWED THE HIND LEG OF THE SOFA CLEAN OFF"

back end of them rubbed, his esophagus was worn down to a nubbin. So that's how it happened that whilst Peter Guppy was goin' down-town one day he swallowed his teeth. He threw his head back to sneeze, an' whilst his mouth was open them teeth slipped on down his throat. That wouldn't have been much loss. Them teeth was a failure, an', anyway, if Peter Guppy had wanted to have a pair he could have rigged up another, but on the way down the push-button bumped against his esophagus, an' it set them teeth goin'. Never shall I forgit that scene, Daniel, an' I hope it will be a lesson to you."

"I hope so, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"I hope so, but I doubt it," said S. Potts. "I heard poor Peter yell, an' I run, an' so did everybody, an' there was poor Peter layin' on the ground, writhin' in agony, an' nobody knewed what was the matter. Some thought he was havin' a fit, an' some thought maybe he was inventin' some new invention. Then all of a sudden we seen a little lump rise by his left knee, an' out come them teeth. Whilst we was all dumfounded, they sort of looked around an' give a champ or two, an' jumped right at Peter's other leg, an' disappeared, sixty champs to the second. There wasn't much we could do. Some said one thing an' some said another, but any of them wouldn't have done no good; if so I would have done it. You know that, Daniel. When the sun went down there wasn't nothin' left of Peter Guppy but one shoe, an' them Auxiliary Motor Teeth had begun on that, sixty bites to a second. But I stopped that right then."

"I bet you did, S. Potts," said Daniel enthusiastically. "I bet you did."

"I did," said S. Potts. "'Here,' I says, 'them teeth has had fun enough, an' it's time they stopped. We'd best stop 'em whilst there's enough of Peter Guppy left to have a funeral with.' That's what I said,

but I had to git an ax before I could kill them teeth, an' then they nearly sprang on me an' bit me. But I was just a little too quick for 'em."

"There ain't no false teeth goin' to git the best of you, S. Potts," said Daniel admiringly. "But it does seem sort of too bad that they had to be killed off. They might have——"

"There you go!" said S. Potts. "If that ain't just like you! Why, them teeth was murderers! That's what they was—murderers!"

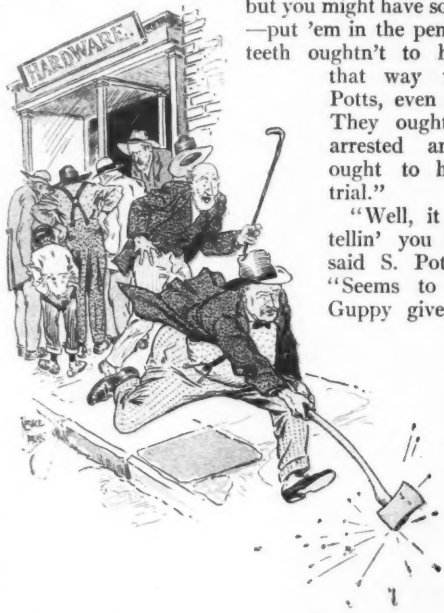
Daniel shook his head regretfully. "I'd liked to have seen 'em, S. Potts," he said. "If you hadn't killed 'em that way maybe I might have seen 'em, an' if I had seen 'em I might have knowed how to invent 'em a little better. Of course they *was* murderers, but you might have sort of arrested 'em—put 'em in the penitentiary. Them teeth oughtn't to have been killed that way with an ax, S. Potts, even if you did do it. They ought to have been arrested an' tried. They ought to have had a fair trial."

"Well, it ain't much use tellin' you things, Daniel," said S. Potts with disgust. "Seems to me like Peter Guppy give them teeth all the trial they deserved. I bet you don't even see the moral what this tale has got in it for you. Do you, now?"

Old Daniel wrinkled his brow and thought deeply. Suddenly he smiled. "Sure I do!" he

said. "Sure I do, S. Potts! When a feller invents Auxiliary Motor Teeth he don't want to use 'em; he wants to sell 'em to other folks."

"Great howling Christmas candles!" said S. Potts, and he got up and went back to his saloon.



"I HAD TO GIT AN AX BEFORE I COULD KILL THEM TEETH, AN' THEN THEY NEARLY SPRANG ON ME AN' BIT ME"



SHE STRUGGLED LIKE A WILDCAT, AND TOM, HE SUDDENLY TURNS RED-HOT JEALOUS

Ben

By Lloyd Osbourne

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

I WAS in the bark *Ransom*, with twenty tons of trade aboard and looking for a station in the Westward, when I fixed it up with Tom Feltenshaw at Arorai Island to buy him out. It was a good little station, and far better than I could have hoped for at the money I had to offer, with a new tin roof and a water-tank and a copra-shed with a cement floor, and an imported banana in an imported ton of earth to give a natty effect to the back view—the front being all reef and dazzle and Pacific Ocean.

Lonesome? Coffin-lid, nail-her-down, lonesome—why, of course! Was there ever a coral island that wasn't? But there was copra in plenty, only one other trader and

him a boozier, quite a bit of pearl-shell, and Tom's book showing how he had cleared thirty-three hundred dollars in a year. He had boils something awful, and for the last two years it had just been a fight to stick it out. I came along when the boils had won all along the line, with Tom ready to leave everything all standing in order to get away quick.

There hadn't been a ship in five months, and he had come mighty near pegging out, having made his will and tacked it to the shed-door, besides giving the natives receipts in advance that he had died a natural death—they being afraid some passing man-of-war might hold them responsible and shoot up the island.

We had settled everything, counted out the money, and shook hands, when Tom

says, over a good-by nip of square-face, "Oh, that girl of mine, Captain—you'll take her, won't you?"

"Girl?" says I.

"She's broke in to cooking and washing and white ways," explains Tom, "and it'd go against my conscience to feel I hadn't left her comfortable."

"Let's see her," I says.

He called her in, and one glance at her settled the matter. She was about eighteen, as slim and straight as a dart and by far and away the prettiest woman I'd seen in the group. She stood there mighty sullen as I sized her up and admired her splendid black hair that was bound by a red ribbon at the nape of her neck, very coquettish and attractive. I've always liked that proud, independent look in a girl, and it seemed to make her better worth having, like there was something to master before you could have your will of her. Yes, it was bargain day for me, all right, and the store wasn't the only thing I was getting cheap.

"What is she saying?" I asked, as she spoke something in Kanaka to Tom, showing real pretty teeth.

"She won't stay if you whip her," grins Tom.

"Bless her heart, I won't whip her," I says, thinking to break the ice by pulling her down on my knee. But she struggled like a wildcat, and Tom, he suddenly turns red-hot jealous.

"Leave that till I'm gone," he says, kind of choking. "If it wasn't for these boils I should never have parted with her or the station." Then, after another nip, he takes his bag of money, and calls out to the Kanakas on the porch to carry his two chests down to the boat that was laying there ready to take him aboard. He ups as though to kiss the girl good-by, but she sprang back from him, as fierce as she had been with me—fiercer, I guess; and when he caught her she twisted away her head like she hated him. Then he swore, and stumbled out of the house without another word or anything, while me and the girl stood side by side, both of us in our different ways deserted, and slung together by the fate of things. She didn't fight this time when I made free with her again, but began to sob like her heart would break, while I squeezed and cuddled her and watched the sinking topsails of the *Ransom*.

Women are all alike at bottom; it's only men that are different. A bit of finery would make Rosie happy for a week. Her hair was an everlasting job; so was her skin, which she kept out of the sun and rubbed down very careful with oil. She took walks to see how the other women wore the single bushy garment that they do in the Gilberts; not much of it, and that around the middle, the fashion varying from time to time—now it is swung very jaunty from side to side; now it's low and now it's high, and sometimes it's thick and sometimes it's thin, and sometimes modest and quiet is the dressy way of it. She took care of the house very nice, and what few clothes and things we had were arranged most tidy in three chests with bell-locks. I never hear a little bell ting-a-ling today but what it brings those days back to me, with her so busy at our funny housekeeping. When I coasted around the island, trading, she would stay behind and guard the place like a bulldog, and never took a thing except a little soap or tobacco or maybe a can of meat for her pa, a nosing old gentleman in a mat, who always bobbed up when I was out of the way, being discouraged at other times from living and dying with us.

Yes, I got very fond of her—loved her, you might call it, for all she was a little savage, and ate squid, and carried a shark-tooth dagger against any of the girls that might show a fancy for me. In time I taught her to play cribbage and checkers and dominoes, so that at night we would sit very sociable under the lamp, she and I, with the surf droning on the outer reef; and it was more like a home than I'd ever had in my wandering, lonely, up-and-down life. She was quick to learn, and loving to beat the band, yet ever kind of imperious and saucy, like I belonged to her instead of its being the other way around. She had no idea of white people—used to say they looked like Kanakas who had been drowned for a week—and was most scornful how it was always copra, copra, copra with us. It was just her way to tease me and make me cross, for then she would snuggle up and ripple over with laughter and hold me tight in her soft, round, girlish arms, and say that I was *her* copra—a whole shipful of it—and how she'd hang herself from a cocoanut-tree if I were to die. And she would have done it, too, them Gilbert women being great on love, and the thing happening often enough.

Several years passed, and I can't recall a

single word of disagreement between us. She was all the world to me in those days, and I doubt if in the whole group there was a pair so happy. Ben's Rosie, they called her—the captains and supercargoes and mates that came our way—and they all thought a lot of her, and brought her many a little present that made her eyes sparkle—such pretty eyes they were, too, and full of fun—goldfish, and rolls of silk, and music-boxes, or a trade hat. It was always a standing joke that she was tired of me and was going to run away with *them*; and if they were quite old, like Captain Smith or Billy Baker, there wasn't any length she wouldn't go to, even to hugging them and playing with their whiskers right before me, and saying in her sweet, broken English: "Oh, you poor old captain, with nobody to love you. But never mind, I go with you this time, sure I go, and Ben, he can get a girl from Big Muggin, oh, so pretty, who bite him like a dog!"

Then little Ben came, and for a time it looked as though he was going to be quite a boy, and grow up. But at the end of twenty-two months he sickened and died; and we dressed him up in his poor little best, and put him away forever in the coral. Rosie took on about it terrible—so terrible that I think something must have broken in her brain. She was never the same afterward; not that she was always mourning, I don't mean that—but grew cranky and queer and changed in every way. She would start into a fury at a word, and throw things about, and scream. She would tell the most awful lies about how I had treated her, and invent things that never took place. Even on a

dot of a coral island there is gossip and slander and a Kanaka Mrs. Grundy, and Rosie was doing her fair best to ruin me, so that I was avoided, and the king and the other high-muck-a-mucks went to Tyson's, the opposition trader, and tabooed my store till I didn't know which way to turn.

I ought to have sold out and quit and left Rosie on the other fellow, like Feltenshaw had done me. But I loved her for what she had been to me and for that poor mite moldering underground, and so just took my medicine for a whole miserable year and let it go at that. Every misfortune I've had in life I seem to trace to what was good and generous in me. Certainly if I'd shaken her off then and there I would have been a happier man, and been saved things that have since almost drove me mad.

The upshot of it was that finally I did sell the station to a couple of Chinamen—brothers—and I'd like to say right here there never was a whiter pair than those two, or any that stood up straighter to a bargain. Once the main price was fixed there was no haggling over valuations, or any backwardness or suspicion, though in the rush I was in not to hold the schooner overlong it would have been easy to beat me out of a hundred dollars or two. They pulled us off to the vessel—me and Rosie and them three camphor-wood chests with the bell-

locks, and a big roll of mats, and a keg of silver dollars; and an hour later six years of my life had sunk with the palms, as lost and disappeared as the schooner's wake in the sea behind us.

After the Line, Apia struck me as a wonderfully bustling, busy little place, and I



HER PA, A NOSING OLD GENTLE-
MAN, ALWAYS BOBBED UP
WHEN I WAS AWAY

took to it like a man does who's had nothing but coral and cocoanuts to look at till all the world seems nothing else. It came over me what a prisoner I'd been up there, and how much I had paid in unthought-of ways for that keg of Chile money. Rosie, too, brightened up considerable with the novelty of it all, and was so gay and laughing and like her old self that I was gladder than ever at having made the change.

It didn't take me long to size up conditions; and the better part of that keg soon put me in possession of a two-story house and store in the center of the town on the main street, with a pretty good stock taken over from the widow of the man who had lately died there. I was hardly what could be called a trader any more, what with a place so big and fine, with a tramway running down to a shaky wharf, and a busted bookkeeper coming in every Tuesday night to post my books. I was a South Sea merchant now, and was reaping the fruit of all them lonely, slaving days on the Line. No more pajamas neither, but a clean white suit every day, and with Rosie perking up like she did them were real good times for me, and pleasant to look back on; and though I do say it myself, my neighbors liked me and I was respected and looked up to, and I was called the Gilbert Island consul from the way I was always ready to befriend anybody from there, whether white or native, once even going before the Supreme Court and being complimented by the chief justice on behalf of some Nonootch people whose wages were being held back.

Then my ward run me for the municipal council, and I was elected by twenty-two votes to four over Grevsmuhl; and I can tell you it made me feel a mighty proud man to be honored like that and placed so high, and if my head didn't swell I guess my heart did to almost bursting, at such a rise in life and one so unexpected and undreamed of. It hardly seemed it could be me the police touched their caps to and the consuls confabbed with about local affairs as they dropped in to buy a tooth-brush or a pair of socks—me who had landed there so short a time before in my pajamas, and kind of dazed at the size and noise of the place after the silence of the Line—just common old me, with earrings in my ears, and gaping like a rube.

It meant a big uplift to me in every kind of a way, and I was a better man for all

that confidence and trust, and wanted to show I was worth it. The week after I was elected to the council I married Rosie, proper and right, thinking a councilor ought to set an example in his community; and everyone was very cordial to me about it, especially in my own ward, where two or three of them even followed my lead, saying that with the mail-steamers now calling, and the town generally on the up-grade, it was time to let go on the old, wrong way of things, and get into line with civilization.

Whether it was the change from the coral island or the lavish new diet or what, Rosie had been laying on flesh for a long time in a quiet, unnoticed kind of way till finally she suddenly plumped up like a balloon. My, but she grew something awful, a waddling, monstrous mountain of a woman, with her eyes burying like a pig's and the whole of her jelly-shaking as she walked. She was ashamed to go out any more except by night, sulking all day indoors instead, and rocking in a hammock. As I said before, she'd never been right since little Benny's death, and though she had pulled up for a time and acted very much improved, she slumped at last, and slumped worse nor she ever had been. Her old surly fits on the Line were nothing compared with the rampageous way she went on now, and if there was ever a she-devil on earth and a man driven plumb distracted, it was Rosie and me in our splendid house. When she was taken with those spells of hers she was nothing less than a cursing, snarling, foaming maniac, and stopped at nothing to make me a spectacle and a byword. Again and again she chased me out with an ax; she would fling into the store with nothing over her but a single dirty garment, and pull down whole shelves of stuff out of sheer devilment, screaming with rage. She slandered everybody and reflected on every woman who was unfortunate enough to know her, so that I was sued twice for defamation—or rather she was—with verdict and damages, all that I could do being to hold up my hands and tell the judge she wasn't answerable for her actions. Hell, that was what it was—straight, unadulterated hell—with no way out that I could see till I died or she.

It was about this time I began to notice a fellow named Tyne on the street—a thin, tall, hungry-looking man in a derby hat, very shabby black clothes, and no socks—who was said to be a busted doctor landed

off of a French bark. His name came up before the council, but as he had no papers or diplomas to show, and was hazy besides where he came from and how, we refused to let him practise, and were insulted besides at his daring to ask us.

Well, one day this Tyne, he comes into my store, very hangdog, and so famished and shaky that I couldn't but feel sorry for him, and he asks for the job of pushing my hand-cart around the beach, getting stuff out of customs and making deliveries—he having heard I had fired my Nieuve boy for pilfering.

"Fifty cents a day, Doc," I says. "It's hardly fit for a white man."

"My God," he says, in a real gentleman's voice, "I'm starving. I'd push anything anywhere for a bite of bread and a corner of a shed to sleep in. Ain't there a spark of charity in this town for a white man who is down on his uppers?"

I answered him with a can of sardines and some ship's bread, which he went out and wolfed right there on the front stoop, and then came back wanting to know where was the cart and what was he to do. This was how we first got acquainted, Doc and me; and a remarkably finely educated man he was, too, and I don't doubt for a minute all that he represented himself. I fixed up a small shed for him with some mats, a tin basin, and a lamp; and after a day or two, seeing how willing he worked and how faithful in spite of everyone staring at a white man between the shafts, I let him take his meals regular with me and Rosie like one of the family.

For all he was down and out and trundled my things about the beach like a donkey, in knowledge and everything he was miles above me, and I knew it—and he made it plain he knew it, too. He was not at all a genial man, but had a rasping, bitter way about him, and a tongue as sharp as a razor, and a line of talk as to how the world was made up of flats and sharpers, all of them hypocrites, and how there wasn't but one sin—and that was to be found out. He talked like the devil might be expected to talk, there being no goodness or honor

anywhere; and in some ways he wasn't unlike him in looks as generally represented, being tall and thin, with keen gray eyes that seemed to bore right through you, and a wicked, sneering mouth like a slit across his face.

Very soon he was doctoring natives on the sly for quarters and half-dollars and bonito-hooks and tapa, and quite a row of bottles and drug-store stuff began to accumulate along the ledges of the shed walls. I didn't think it was my business to interfere as long as he let white people alone, besides feeling sorry for him and appreciating the way he paid no attention to Rosie's outbreaks, sitting there like he was air and not passing a single remark—being, for all his faults, a gentleman through and through. At last he



WHEN HE STARTED OFF ON "THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS SIX, WITH A DRUM-MAJOR PRANCING ALONG IN FRONT

chucked the hand-cart altogether, though he went on messing with me and living in my shed, his Kanaka practice having grown very extensive. It grew and grew till finally the regular doctors called a halt, and he was warned in an official letter, and told he would get three months' imprisonment if he persisted. At this I thought he would go back to the shafts again, though I didn't care to propose it lest it should hurt his feelings. But instead he bought an accordion, and did nothing but play and play on it for days, beginning awful bad like he didn't know one end of it from another, but improving wonderful till it was dandy to hear him.

I guess there was nothing Doc couldn't do if he tried, though why accordion was more than I could answer. But it wasn't loafing that kept him stuffed in a hot shed all day, wheezing two-steps out of the hurdy-gurdy, but a real good idea of improving on the hand-cart. What, if he didn't make a whole band out of himself, with a harness holding a comb across his mouth, and a bass drum for him to kick with one foot, and a tambourine to frisk with the other! My, when he started off on "The Stars and Stripes Forever" you might have thought he was six, with a drum-major prancing along in front! He give a demonstration that night in the Tivoli Hotel, and drew the town; and when he come home it was with a pocketful of silver and a couple of dates—for a wedding and the Kaiser's birthday.

After that Doc became an institution, with a pretty Kanaka girl to carry the drum and pass round the saucer; and every night when he hadn't a special engagement he would make the round of the bars, picking up what he could. If there was to be a ship sold at auction, or a public meeting to protest against a high-handed something, it got to be the fashion to plaster the notice of it on Doc's back, him playing under a tree for all he was worth, with the sweat pouring down his face, while all hands turned out to see what was the rumpus. He made money hand over fist, and would have paid for his keep, only I wouldn't have it. We had grown to be sort of friends, him and me, from both having so much to bear; for he was too proud and highly educated a man to like making a monkey of himself, and it ground into him hard; and with me it was Rosie, Rosie, Rosie.

Oh, God, what things I had to put up

with! What awful mortifications! What everlasting, heart-breaking scenes and scandals! She got to following me to council meetings, bellowing like a wildcat and clawing the policeman who was ordered to put her out; and again and again I had to leave in the middle to try to get her home, half the beach tagging along with us, laughing and jeering till I could have died of shame.

The day I resigned from the council, being unable to stand it any longer, I was sitting in the front room, with my head in my hands, when Doc, he came in and patted me on the back.

"Too bad," he says, "too bad."

"Oh, Doc," I says, "I'm the most miserable chap alive."

"It's bound to end some time," he remarked.

I shook my head. We had no means of taking care of lunatics, and that was about what Rosie was. The colonies all had laws barring out undesirables and such, even if a steamer would have taken her, which none of them would.

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said Doc. "I'd give five hundred dollars to a labor-ship captain, put her aboard at night, and leave it to him to land her in one of those islands where they eat you for dinner."

"I couldn't do that," I said.

"Too fond of your money, eh?" he sneers.

"Oh, Doc," I answered, "I'd give everything I possess, lock, stock, and barrel—and ten years of my life thrown in—to be decently quit of her."

He smiled a bit incredulous. "Suppose an angel came down from heaven and took you at your word," he says. "The next day you'd be beating Mr. Angel out of his price—you know you would—and screaming worse than she does at being held to your bargain."

"Perhaps I would, Doc," I agreed, his manner of speaking somehow making it feel very real. "It's hard to begin without a dollar and nothing but the clothes you stand in. But down-stairs in my safe I have two thousand dollars in hard cash, American gold, which the angel could take and welcome."

"That's a lot of money," he says, wondering-like, "but it would be worth it to you, wouldn't it?"

"My God, yes," I says, rather regretting I'd told him about the safe, for there was a shine in his eyes, and a calculating look I didn't like.

"And you wouldn't bilk the angel when he handed in his little bill?" he went on.

"Oh, hell, Doc," I said, "what's the use of talking of angels! I've just got to grin and bear it."

"But you'd pay, wouldn't you?" he persisted.

I said, "Yes," just to stop his pestering; and after a couple of drinks off of the side-board he went away. That evening I locked myself in the store, took the money out of the safe, and carried it up to the attic where I hid it under an old mattress. I smeared a little varnish around the combination lock with a rag, and next day I looked for finger-marks, but there were none. Yet I was still suspicious, and the money stayed in the attic. The doctor was too bright a man to have left home without a reason.

Things went on as usual for a long time—business middling, Doc rounding up the bars, Rosie raising Cain occasionally, or snarling and muttering in the hammock, just as the humor took her. It was a mean sort of life for a man to lead, just pigging it and worse every day, with no order or anything—a can of meat for lunch, a can of meat for dinner, and the table left slovenly like it was. Then she fell kind of sick, and though I felt sorry to see her doubled up and

groaning, it had a good side to it, for I got a Chinaman in to cook at forty dollars a month, and he straightened things out fine and cleaned up the dirt of ages. I called in Doctor Funk, the port physician, and for a time Rosie improved, getting well enough to nearly bite the cook's finger off when he tried to stop her giving away a consignment of hams. But after a while she took sick again, the cramps coming back worse than

ever, and I let Doc do what he could for her, which wasn't much, though better than Funk, whose stuff didn't seem any good and had lost its effect.

Finally, early one morning, she was taken most awful bad, vomiting blood, and twisting and twitching in a way horrible to see, she being so mountainous fat, and gibbering crazily in the Gilbert language—all about me and little Benny, and devils snapping at her toes, and a giant squid what was dragging her down to drown. Then of a sudden she grew

very quiet, and Doc, looking down close to her face, said she was dead. Yes, dead, just as Doctor Funk hurried in, glaring to see Doc there, and saying something out loud about damned quacks, and looking and smelling savagely at the different bottles. Doc slunk out of sight, and then Funk he calmed down and spoke to me very sym-



"OH, DOC," I SAID, "I'D GIVE EVERYTHING I POSSESS—
AND TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE THROWN IN—
TO BE DECENTLY QUIT OF HER"

pathetic and kind as to what I was to do, and how, after all, it was a merciful release.

I buried her the same day, that being the rule in the tropics, and the better part of the town followed her to the grave in the foreign cemetery—that being a kind of rule or custom, too, in Apia, as well as everybody getting tight afterward at the Tivoli Hotel.

It was a strange feeling to come back to the house and to know that Rosie had gone out of it forever, and that I had passed another big landmark in my life. For all it was such a release, I was bluer than blue, yet I won't deny I was glad, too, but in a frightened kind of way, and half wishing again and again that she was back. Her running on about Benny and me before she died stuck in my throat and seemed awful pitiful; and I remembered how pretty she once had been, and always such a good, true wife, and how me and the little store was all the world to her before sorrow broke her heart.

I went up-stairs and sat looking out on the bay, thinking it all over, and how in time death comes to every one of us, high or low. Thinking, too, that I was a free man now—a prosperous, respected, looked-up-to man, and an ex-councilor, with a home that many a woman would consider well worth sharing. I wondered if Miss Nelson up at the Mission would consider a man as unrefined as I was, and thirty-seven years old, she so sweet and young, and with such gentle, winning ways. She was a governess to their children, and that made me think she might, for no woman likes to be a dependent, and at the beck and call of another. I sat there dreaming of her, and of the place nicely fixed up, and of us driving out of a Sunday to Vailele in a smart little buggy, with me reelected to the council, and people saying, "How d'ye do, won't you drop in a moment?" to me and Miss Nelson, married.

If this sounds wrong remember Rosie had been no wife to me for three years—only a torment and a disgrace—and I deserved some credit for having stood it like I did. I



OF A SUDDEN SHE GREW VERY QUIET, AND DOC, LOOKING DOWN CLOSE TO HER FACE, SAID SHE WAS DEAD

had never dared have such thoughts before, and Miss Nelson had been as far from me as the moon, though I'd often remarked what a pretty creature she was, just like a man does without anything further in his head. Yet, looking back on it and the few times she had been in the store when we had spoken together, I kind of felt she liked me, and she had certainly never been in any hurry to leave. With this much to go on, and the fact that she always smiled at me most winsome the few times we passed each other on the street, I couldn't help thinking I had made a start without my knowing it, and that if I followed it up hard this dream

of her and me might be made to come true.

I was turning this over in my mind when a squall of rain came tearing along, the sky all black with it, and the roof hammering like a boiler-factory. In Samoa you needn't look out the window to see if it is raining. It comes down deafening, and the iron roars with the weight of it. This was how I didn't notice Doc till he stood right there beside me. There was something awful strange and grave about him, and I give a little jump, I was that taken by surprise.

He lit a cigar and waited very impatient for the squall to pass; and as he went to the window and beat a little tattoo on it with his finger-nail, I noticed he was all dressed up like I'd never seen him before. Then he came back, still looking at me very strange, and says,

"Well, Ben, you're out of the woods at last."

"Yes, at last," says I.

"Same here," he says, meaning himself. "When the mail comes in to-night I'm off to San Francisco."

"Why, Doc!" I cried out, utterly flabbergasted.

"Yes," he says, "and for all I care the whole island may sink in the sea behind me and stay there, with nothing but coconuts and my old accordion to mark the place, and maybe one of the wheels of that bloody hand-cart!"

I was still knocked silly. "But, Doc," I says, "you can't have enough to pay your passage."

Then he laughs. "A hundred and seventy-five ain't much out of two thousand," he says.

"Two thousand?" I says, more mystified than ever.

"Yes," he answers, facing me square. "The two thousand that you owe me, Mr. Ben."

I was just going to answer I didn't owe him nothing, when the words stopped mid-

way on my tongue. I began to tremble instead—tremble till my hands could hardly hold to my chair, till I couldn't keep my mouth from dribbling.

"It's a debt of honor," he went on. "You can repudiate it if you want to, and snap your fingers in my face. But I trusted you, I got you out of your mess, and now I ask you for my money."

I couldn't answer or anything, but looked at him speechless while he goes to the door, peeks outside of it very careful lest anyone might be listening, and then comes tiptoeing back. It was so plain what he meant to tell me that I managed to cry out, "No, no," and shook worse nor ever.

"You're a straight man, Ben," he says; "what you owe, you pay. I wouldn't have risked it if I had had any doubt about that."

I stumbled to the sideboard, poured myself out a large drink, never minding what I spilled, and then went up to the attic where the bag of money was still lying under the old mattress. I brought it down and give it to him, only asking him not to count it, as that was more than I could bear.

He made a grab for it, never saying a word, and as he went out the doorway that was the last I ever saw of him.

Was I a fool to pay him? Was it all a bluff, and just his hellish ingeniousness for turning everything to account? Funk never questioned she had died a natural death. Yet, true or untrue, paying Doc that two thousand dollars made me a murderer. In the bottom of my heart I believe he did it, and there are nights when I wake up in a sweat of horror. But wouldn't it have been a dirty act to bilk him of his money, all the more as it would have been so easy? To this day I don't know whether I ought to have paid or not, though if I hadn't it would have lightened my conscience of a shuddering load. But when I think that I always see him closing the door and tiptoeing back, ready to whisper the truth.

If it was the truth.





INTERLUDE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE days grow shorter, the nights grow longer,
The headstones thicken along the way;
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger
For those who walk with us, day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower,
The courage is lesser, to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart runs lower,
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer,
And the better things of the earth seem best;
And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,
And let us speak softly, in love's sweet tone;
For no man knows, on the morrow, whether
We two pass by, or but one alone.



No Peace for the Warring World

SETTLED PEACE WILL NOT BE SECURED AS THE RESULT OF THE NEXT WORLD-WAR—OUR PRESENT PEACE BETTER CONSERVED BY "DREAD-NOUGHTS" AND TORPEDO-BOATS THAN BY HAGUE COMMISSIONS

By Sir Edward Hobart Seymour

Admiral of the British Navy



HERE are obvious restrictions upon individual opinions when they involve the political relations of nations. I prefer always, therefore, in referring to other nations, not to mention names. Just now, there is an impression in England that a certain nation is increasing its navy with a view to hostility. We have no right to assume that this is so, because the navies of the world are in constant activity of construction. We cannot interfere with the right of any nation to increase its navy. If we were to do so, we should prescribe a limit for ourselves. In the present advances and inventiveness of naval construction, there is the necessary industry among the nations of the first magnitude to encourage the inventors, which naturally requires the building of new ships.

Presumably if any nation were asked why it was building new ships of war, the answer would be that it was being done in the interests of national protection, which is a significant necessity of the political maneuvers in Europe. In America you are comparatively much less in need of a navy, as you are isolated and entirely self-contained. In Europe the political situation requires not so much a naval supremacy as a naval efficiency.

I have always felt that the achievement of the *Dreadnought* type was a doubtful wisdom at the moment. It was a model for the

world of the last word in battleships. It inspired the nations to a comparative calculation of their armament. It may be an important question of the future, how far one nation shall advertise to the world its advantages in equipments for war. The supremacy of the British navy and the explanation of it have never been a secret. It consists in the large number of her fighting ships, the strength of her armament, and the efficiency of her officers and enlisted men. The nations now have a complete knowledge of one another's national strength. The guns of the British navy (for that matter, of any navy) can be duplicated to serve any cause. This state of mutual understanding in Europe has its bearing upon the present peacefulness of political situations. For this reason the notoriety which the *Dreadnought* received tended to infuse a sentiment for war, which is not the true spirit of national diplomacy.

If I were asked which of two ships, a *Dreadnought* type or a *King Edward VII*, I would prefer to command were they opponents, I should say the *Dreadnought*, of course. But if I were given my choice of command of a *Dreadnought* against two ships of *King Edward VII* type, I should choose the latter. It takes so little to sink the biggest ship afloat.

The supremacy of the British navy began after our wars with the Dutch and the French. Those events gradually brought about the now universal knowledge that no nation

can be a sea power without a great fleet. Therefore it is not surprising to find any nation of the first magnitude pursuing an active course in naval construction. We are scarcely entitled to assume that because a certain nation is increasing its navy it is preparing for war.

The sea is a spectacular creature of the European drama just now, and it holds the interest of the world as the most promising outlook for warlike display. A sea power means a stupendous fleet. It must have all types of the battleship that can carry big guns, besides flotillas of submarines and torpedo-boats. The fact that a *Dreadnought* is not impervious to torpedo attack does not dispose of its necessity in a sea fight.

The British navy has set the pace in the present activity of naval construction, and it is a question of how much farther the strategy of armament and guns at sea can go. We are, I believe, nearer a finality in naval construction than we were twenty years ago. I would not venture to say what will be the limit of battle craft, but I do not believe they can go any farther effectively in size of ships, for docking and other reasons. If I were to say that we should reach the final word in naval warfare in 1950, it would be no more than if the same thing had been said in 1850. The future of the fighting ship is a great question.

But I do not believe that the nations of the world will build much larger battleships than they now do. It is not advisable, because the sinking of one big ship is a matter of such great cost to the government to which she belongs. In the Russo-Japanese war, you remember, one of the largest Russian ships was the first to be sunk by a mine. The torpedo can sink a large ship almost as easily as a small one.

There are many reasons why the limit has been reached in the building of large battleships. Among them are four important ones. It is so easy to sink a big ship with a war machine of much lesser cost that as a principle of national economy this issue must arise when battleships of greater cost are proposed. Another reason that should seriously interfere with larger ships than we now have is the limitation of harbors. There are only a few harbors in which the great battleships can anchor with ease. Then again, the salvage of ships that run ashore, which is a possible accident to any big battleship, is a far more difficult problem. The

most important of all reasons, however, lies in the fact that few of the world's dry docks can handle any larger ships than are being built to-day. The problem of the battleship larger than the *Dreadnought* type will be to solve the building of a dry dock that will hold the ship. These I consider important reasons—the salvage, the ease with which large ships can be sunk, insufficient harbors, and lack of large dry docks—that will interfere with any construction of battleships on a larger scale than they are being built at present.

There are those who believe that the fighting ship depends upon the increase in size and the greater number of its large guns. Personally I am in favor of the secondary armament as well as the greater—a few powerfully constructed guns and a numerous equipment of small-caliber armament. However, this is a matter upon which there are many differences of opinion.

The cost of a new battleship or a fighting cruiser becomes a serious item of consideration in the equipment of modern navies. The first *Inflexible*, of which I was captain, cost five million dollars. The ship sold for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars twenty-five years later. This is an example of the literal value of great warships in times of peace. These are not considerations, however, that should avail anything in a discussion of naval supremacy. A *Dreadnought* is priceless in naval equipment.

The man behind the gun, as you have immortalized him in America, has done his share to establish the supremacy of the British navy. At the last census there were about a hundred and twenty-three thousand officers and enlisted men in the British navy. We have no difficulty in enlisting men. We need more officers than previously to control the armament and firing-apparatus. The man behind the gun, in the British navy, does his work under command of the officer in charge, but his task is not more necessary than that of the man who loads the gun. The physical standard of Great Britain's fighting men in the navy is well known. In the national sentiment that is aroused under strained political relations the actual human strength of the men themselves, of course, becomes an issue. It is important that the officers and men be equal to their responsibilities. In the British navy the physical character of the service is excellent.

In the early days of its history there are



Copyright, 1909, by Oliver Lippincott

SIR EDWARD HOBART SEYMOUR, ADMIRAL OF THE
BRITISH NAVY, IN WHICH HE HAS SERVED SINCE 1852

E. A. Seymour.

innumerable instances of the heroic bearing of its officers and men. To-day any man of good physical condition is serviceable in the British navy. The rest is a matter of training. The great progress of naval equipment has so systematized the work its fighting men do that the larger extent of that work depends for efficiency upon their training.

Young men who wish to follow the sea as a profession are advised sometimes to choose the merchant marine service instead of the navy. To my mind, the British navy is the best sea service a gentleman's son can find. It is not expensive, and confers the highest social and professional honors, with a chance to see the world at its best. The nature of the naval service makes it more interesting than the merchant marine.

After all, is the naval service aggressive? Isn't it the nearest approach to the patriotism of daily life? The purpose of the navy, like the army, is of course aggressive. The progress in both branches of the service has been so great that we are frequently confronted with the question as to whether the next war will not be the last. It has often been declared, at any rate, that the next naval war will be the last sea fight of the world. In this connection, I have been asked if humanity will not call a halt on future conflicts should such a naval battle occur. My observation of human nature the world over leaves me in wonder sometimes whether we have really escaped its savagery, after all; whether our vaunted civilization is much more than an adornment of the savage. Human nature has not altered. One war will probably not make permanent peace.

The aeroplane, which has just come upon the horizon, has been mentioned as a possible influence in naval warfare. I do not consider it a formidable ally or a dangerous enemy. It may, at some future time, be serviceable for scouting purposes in finding the enemy's ships, but I do not see at present any aid beyond that to sea power in the aeroplane.

The dirigible balloon, on the other hand, could be made extremely effective in a sea battle. Experiments that have been made by the War Department seem to confirm this possibility. The use of the dirigible balloon will probably be to drop explosives upon dockyards or ships. This, however, is merely an unsubstantiated prediction.

The progress of the submarine is keeping pace with the battleship which it is made to destroy.

Of course peace commissions, of a more or less civil nature, have aimed to restrict the mechanical violence of war machinery, but peace organizations of the character of the Hague Commission have been unable to accomplish much more than arouse the interest of public sentiment. The peace of the nations is best insured by sufficient warships to maintain it. The sea must be policed as efficiently as the land. There is as much need for the power of arrest at sea as there is in the street. The British navy has been compelled to discover this fact in the proper control of her colonial lands. Perhaps its supremacy has been established largely upon grounds of police duty rather than national aggressiveness. Navies are police forces of the sea. Upon them the peace of nations very largely depends.





SAMMY TOLD HIS MOTHER ABOUT EVERY SINGLE TOOL IN THAT WONDERFUL CHEST

THE TOOL-CHEST

BY BRUNO LESSING

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY LINNELL

SAMMY LIVATSKY had mastered *aleph, beth, gimmel, and dalet*. You to whom a, b, c, and d are a matter of utmost simplicity can have no idea of the greatness of Sammy's achievement. How often have you used the phrase, "as simple as a, b, c"? But in Hebrew, you must remember, it is an entirely different matter. The letters look so much like one another and they all seem so mixed up and queer—as if a lot of tiny chickens had dipped their feet in ink and had scampered over the page—that it seems a perfect marvel that anyone should be able to tell them apart. Yet Sammy Livatsky was absolutely sure of the first four letters of the Hebrew alphabet

and knew them not only forward, but backward and skipping.

And now, by dim lamplight, for the oil had run low and there was no more oil in the house, Sammy sat upon his father's knee, struggling valiantly to remember the name of the fifth letter. His father was pointing to it and waiting patiently for him to answer—more patiently than usual, because Mr. Livatsky's mind was far away from this Hebrew lesson. Sammy's brow was furrowed with tiny lines of thought. What could the name of that letter be? Only a few nights ago he had known it, and now, to save his life, he could not think of it. His face was resting upon his tiny fist, and his

big, brown eyes roamed up and down that column of weird letters. Suddenly he pointed to one of the letters, a funny-looking, twisted sort of thing near the foot of the column.

"Look, papa," he cried, "that's just like the borer in the tool-chest!"

"What did you say, dear?" asked his father patiently.

"The borer," Sammy prattled on, in Yiddish; "I saw it in the window of the hardware-store. Oh, a whole boxful of beautiful tools, and the thing they bore holes with looks just like that."

"Never mind about the tools," said his father, "you haven't told me the name of this letter yet."

And Sammy, with a deep sigh, turned to his task and tried to remember. Of course he could not remember and his father had to tell him the name of the letter, but for the rest of the lesson the lad had but little heart. You see, he was thinking of the tool-chest that he had seen in the store window. The Hebrew letters on the page before him looked exactly like pictures of so many tools. Several times he spoke of the resemblance, laughing at the quaint thought, but his father was absent-minded and admonished him very gently. His mother, who lay upon the bed, watched Sammy with unblinking eyes, and whenever he turned to look at her she smiled at him. She was very weak, and the doctor had told her to exert herself as little as possible.

The Livatskys were drinking deep of the cup of bitterness. A pogrom—one of those fanatical outbursts of racial prejudice that have become so frequent in southern Russia—had driven them across the ocean. Livatsky had for many years been preparing himself to become a rabbi, but the slaughter of his parents had ended his studies, and in the Ghetto of New York, of course, one cannot keep body and soul together and study the holy books at the same time. So Livatsky was forced to sacrifice the ambition of his life and, for the sake of his wife and baby, take up the occupation of cloak-maker—a fairly satisfactory source of livelihood as long as there was work to be had, but in Livatsky's case it was so frequently interrupted by periods of idleness and strikes and lockouts that he often found himself in the black depths of despair. The climate did not seem

to agree with his wife. She sickened—I never knew just what her ailment was—and Livatsky could only sit by in helplessness and see her slowly sink to her grave. She was

not pretty—to tell the truth, she never had been pretty—but as she lay upon her bed, speechless for days at a time, there ever glowed in her eyes a shining light that comforted her husband in

his most disconsolate hours, but shone brightest when Sammy, walking on tiptoes, came to her side and kissed her.

Upon this night, as I said, Livatsky had but little heart for Sammy's Hebrew lesson.

He had received a letter from his younger brother, describing the latest massacre of Jews in

his native town and appealing pathetically for funds to carry him to America. Livatsky's little hoard had dwindled down almost

to the vanishing-point. His wife needed medicines and nourishing food. Sammy needed shoes and clothes. He himself had been laid off for a week for lack of work, and there was no prospect of obtaining any. No! His brother must suffer. He would write to him, setting forth his own circumstances and pointing out how impossible it was for him to render help. For several days he had tried to muster sufficient courage to write the letter, but each time he had thrown down his pen and burst into a torrent of execration of Christianity and all its disciples. But the paroxysm was of short duration, and as soon as it had passed he had put on his hat and with calmness in his heart had offered a prayer to Jehovah, a prayer for help to bear his burden. His wife heard it all, but she was too feeble to speak, although her eyes shone like stars.

The Christmas season was at hand. Even into the heart of the Ghetto the festive spirit had crept; the stores on Grand Street had increased their stock of holiday goods, the open-air market seemed more active and brighter, the street traffic was greater—the holiday spirit was in the air. Sammy felt it most keenly in the public school. There were a number of Irish and Italian youngsters in his class, and from them he learned the wonderful significance of Christmas in the life of a boy.



THE class had been dismissed for the day. The hubbub of childish voices had subsided, the little footsteps had pattered across the threshold, and the teacher, weary from her day's task, was adjusting her wraps in a corner of the quiet room when she heard a voice say,

"Please, Misses Teacher!"

She wheeled quickly about. A pair of big, brown eyes gazed up into her face intrepidly.

"Why, Sammy, haven't you gone home yet?"

"I was gone, but I comed back," said Sammy. "I comed for to ask about Sandy Claus."

The teacher smiled. "What do you want to know about him, Sammy?" she asked.

Sammy gazed at her in doubtful silence for a moment, then, like one who ventures all upon the cast of a die, he asked, "Is he for real?"

"Is Santa Claus real? Why, of course he's real, Sammy. Hecomes around every Christmas and brings every good little boy a present."

Sammy's pallid countenance lit up with a faint smile of superior wisdom. "Only for Krishts," he said. "He don't come by Jew boys. Maybe if I want for a tool-chest he don't come by me."

The teacher stooped and kissed him. "You run home now, Sammy. Be a good boy, and some day Santa Claus will come to you, too."

And when he had gone a tear rolled down her cheek—such a tear as has rolled down so many cheeks at the misery of it all. And if there had not been many needy ones dependent upon every penny that she earned, who knows but that she might have played Santa Claus to a thousand little Sammys in the Ghetto?

Sammy, with his school-books under his arm, trudged wearily homeward, determined that this time he would pass the hardware-store without looking into the window. What was the use of looking at a tool-chest that he could never possess? He shut his eyes and pressed his lips tightly together, but alas! he miscalculated the distance. When he opened his eyes the first object they beheld was the tool-chest, standing there in the window, with all its contents carefully laid out in the shopkeeper's most alluring fashion. The brace and bit—Sammy always called it the "borer"—occupied the place of honor in the center of the outfit, and it shone like silver. He knew every piece by heart, and, in his imagination, had fondled every individual tool in the box. What a lot of wonderful things he could make if he only possessed a set of tools like that! Such boxes and chairs and tables and all kinds of toys! Everything in the world that could be made out of wood lay within his grasp if only the tools were his.

"Hello, Sammy! Ain't they great?"

It was one of



"I BET MAYBE THEY COST A HUNDRED DOLLARS," SAID SAMMY

The Tool-Chest

his schoolmates, a little Irish lad, who now stood beside him, gazing in admiration at the shining tools.

"I bet maybe they cost a hundred dollars," suggested Sammy.

"More'n that," said the Irish boy. "But I'm go'n' to get one for Chris'mas. You c'n get one, too, if you want."

"From Sandy Claus?" asked Sammy doubtfully.

"Naw! I don't believe that Sandy Claus business. They give 'em out on Chris'mas at the Protestant Sunday-school. I go every Sunday. The girls get dolls and all the fellers get tool-chests on Chris'mas."

"But it's only for Krishts," said Sammy.

"Jews don't go by Proddistant Sunday-schools!"



LIVATSKY'S FACE WAS WHITE. "WHERE DID YOU LEARN THAT SONG?" HE CRIED IN A TERRIBLE VOICE

"Aw, who cares? I'm a Catholic, but it don't make no difference at Chris'mas. You only got to go for a couple of hours on Sunday. You don't have to tell your mother. I'd get a lickin' if my mother knew."

Oh, ye children of Israel upon whom the martyrdom of centuries weighs heavily, be lenient with Sammy! The temptation was too great, and he fell. What were the sufferings of his ancestors compared with a tool-chest? Not a single religious scruple entered his head. He knew *aleph, beth, gimmel*, and *daleth*, and he was a good little Jewish boy. But tool-chests were given away free at Christmas time only to Krishts, and without a moment's hesitation Sammy decided that, until he got that tool-chest, he would become a Krisht.

ON Sunday morning, while his father was looking for work, Sammy presented himself at the Lutheran church on Avenue B. For a while he watched the neatly dressed children enter, recognizing many of his schoolmates among the throng. Then, with great courage, he approached a man who wore a silk hat and who seemed to exercise authority and, looking him full in the eye, said,

"I want to be a Krisht!"

The man looked at him in surprise.

"You want to be a Christian? H'm! What for?"

"For a tool-chest," replied Sammy simply.

The man frowned. There were altogether too many boys in the neighborhood who displayed great religious activity only at Christmas time. But this was such a tiny little chap. The man nodded. "Run in, then. The teacher will put you in a class."

It was far from being the terrible place that Sammy had imagined a Christian Sunday-school to be. On the contrary, it was warm and pleasant, and some one was playing most beautifully upon an organ. There were several familiar faces about him, and in a little while he felt thoroughly at home. Once or twice he glanced furtively

around to see if perchance he might behold some of the tool-chests, but he finally decided that they were safely hidden from sight. The teacher taught him a song, and, with the aid of a book, Sammy was able to sing it with the other boys:

"Glory to God," let the whole world sing,
Glory to God, Glory to God;
Welcome to Jesus, the new-born King,
Glory be to God in the highest!

When he reached home his father did not ask him where he had been, for he had found no work and was sorely depressed. Sammy sat by his mother's side and told her, for perhaps the twentieth time, about every single tool in that wonderful chest in the hardware store, and his mother's eyes did not merely glisten, they shone as though a great fire were smoldering within them.

On the following Sunday, Sammy, without the slightest pang of conscience, went to the Christian Sunday-school again, and this time he learned to sing the song without the aid of a book. And on the third Sunday—the last Sunday before Christmas—he went again, and the man with the silk hat told all the children to come at seven o'clock on Christmas eve and see what Santa Claus had brought for them.

It was upon this Sunday that the doctor told Livatsky his wife could not possibly live another month. "God only knows what keeps her alive!" he said. "She hasn't a bit of strength. All her vitality is gone, and her heart hardly seems to beat."

Livatsky went out into the streets and wandered aimlessly about trying to collect his thoughts. It was all he could do to keep from crying aloud. "What have I done, O Lord, that all this affliction should fall on me?" he asked again and again. But the sky was serenely blue above, and the carpet of snow gave all the streets a cheerful air. As he approached the Lutheran church the children began to come out, and he walked along the outermost edge of the sidewalk, shrinking from them, as if their touch might contaminate his soul. Here, in visible form, was the machinery of that hateful church that had caused his race such anguish! Here was one of the breeding-places whence Christians went forth to persecute, to torment, and to butcher Jews! And then, in the doorway, he beheld his son!

The blood surged to Livatsky's brain, and for a moment he thought he was going to faint. "My God!" he cried. "They are trying to steal my only son!"

The sidewalk, by this time, was crowded with children. Livatsky dashed through the throng, roughly pushing the little ones to right and left, and clasped Sammy in his arms.

"Come home, Sammy! Come home!" he cried. "I will not let them steal you!"

He carried the lad all the way home, moaning pitifully all the while, and not until he had reached the safety of his home and had locked the door did he set him down. And Sammy was too amazed to speak.

"The Christians tried to steal him," Livatsky explained to his wife. "They had him in their church. I saw him coming out!"

Then Sammy saw his father's error. "Nobody stole me," he explained. "I only went all by myself for a tool-chest. They give them out on Christmas. The man told us to come to-morrow night and Sandy Claus would give us something. A boy in the school who is a Catholic, he goes, too. He wants a tool-chest like mine, the one in the hardware store down by the corner."

But the poor man would not believe. "You are too young to understand, Sammy. They promise you a tool-chest so that you will become a Christian. They want you to hate your father and mother. Little by little they will make you hate all your people. Oh, Sammy, Sammy, never go near them again!"

The tears stood in Sammy's eyes. "Can't I go to-morrow night for my tool-chest? They don't say nothing about hate. They only sing nice songs, and it's warm there. Can't I go to-morrow, papa?"

His father turned upon him fiercely. "If ever you go to that church again you are no longer my son."

Then Sammy wept, softly and silently, as if his heart were breaking, and all the little world that he had built upon the foundation of that tool-chest tumbled into ruins, and all the joy went out of his life. Meanwhile his father prayed—prayed fervently and long into the night. But how could prayer enlighten him? How could prayer teach him that he no longer dwelt in Russia and that here, in a free land, he was safe from persecution? There was no peace on earth for

The Tool-Chest



FROM A DRAWER SHE TOOK ALL BUT A DOLLAR OF THE MONEY THAT WAS LEFT IN THE HOUSE

him, and good-will to man extended not to his poor self.

THE next day Livatsky received another letter from his brother: "If you have not yet sent me the money to pay my passage away from this hell, for God's sake send it now. I have not heard from you. There was another outbreak yesterday. Ten Christians came into the synagogue, shot the chazan, and beat four of the worshipers into insensibility. I cannot stand it longer

Sammy, seated upon the floor, was building a house of paper, crooning a melody over and over again, softly. His father, who had sat in silence for nearly an hour, seemed suddenly to become conscious of the lad.

"What is that you are singing, Sammy?" he asked.

Without looking up, Sammy sang the words:

"Glory to God," let the whole world sing,
Glory to God, Glory to God;
Welcome to Jesus, the new-born King,
Glory be to God in the highest!

Livatsky's face was white. He could not understand a word of English, but, whether it was the boy's intonation or the melody itself, or some sense conveyed to him the religious import of the words, he realized their significance.

"Where did you learn that?" he cried in a terrible voice.

Sammy looked up, frightened. "In the Sunday-school," he replied.

With a loud cry his father struck him—struck him for the first time in his life—and Sammy screamed with terror. It was not that the blow hurt, but he had never before seen his father in that mood, and he was afraid. The next moment Livatsky realized what he had done and was overcome with remorse.

He picked up the lad in his arms and caressed him and tried to comfort him, but Sammy sobbed softly

until he fell asleep, and even while he slept his frame, at times, became convulsed with the recurring terror of that moment. His mother had not moved. She had even closed her eyes as if in weakness, and Livatsky, who would have humbled himself before her for that outburst of temper, thought she had fallen asleep. Perhaps she was asleep. Who may tell? This, however, I know:

When all was dark and still she rose from her bed. For the first time in nearly a year, with all her strength and vitality gone, with but a dim spark of life glowing within her, she for whom even now the grave was yawning rose from her bed and slowly dressed herself. From a drawer in the bureau she took all but a dollar of the money that was left in the house, and she smiled as she took

it. Then she went down the steps of the tenement until she came to the street. At the door she almost collapsed, but the keen night air revived her.

The ground was covered deep with snow. It was late, but most of the stores were open, and there was considerable traffic in the street. Ere she had taken a dozen steps her feet were wet, but she did not feel it. The wind was raw and bitter cold, but there was nothing within her to feel the chill. It was as if the dead were walking. Men stared at her in open-mouthed astonishment, she was so white and frail. Her loose hair was flying from under the ragged shawl that only half covered her, but her eyes were glowing brightly and her lips were parted in a smile.

The old man who kept the hardware-store gazed at her in wonderment as she leaned over his counter and laid a handful of money before him. He saw that her lips were moving, but he could hear no sound.

"You are sick, lady?" he asked. "Better sit down." He leaned forward to catch the words that she uttered—they came in the faintest whisper:

"No! Not sick! Tool-chest!"

"You want a tool-chest? We have different kinds. How much do you want to pay?"

She pointed to the money, and with one glance he counted it. It was two dollars and twenty cents.

The man frowned. "I've got one for three dollars that I'll let you have. But you

shouldn't be out on a night like this. You're sick, lady!"

The woman did not look at him—her eyes were glued to the tool-chest that he was wrapping up. She pointed to it, and again her lips moved. "Write! You write!" she breathed.

"You want me to write on it?" She nodded.

"What shall I write?"

"Sandy Claus!"

The old shopkeeper looked into those burning eyes of hers, and it was revealed to him that he was peering over the brink of some awful tragedy. He wrote upon the paper cover, "From Santa Claus," and read it to her. Her smile was a benediction. Then she tried to lift the package, but she could not raise it from the counter. The man called one of his clerks.

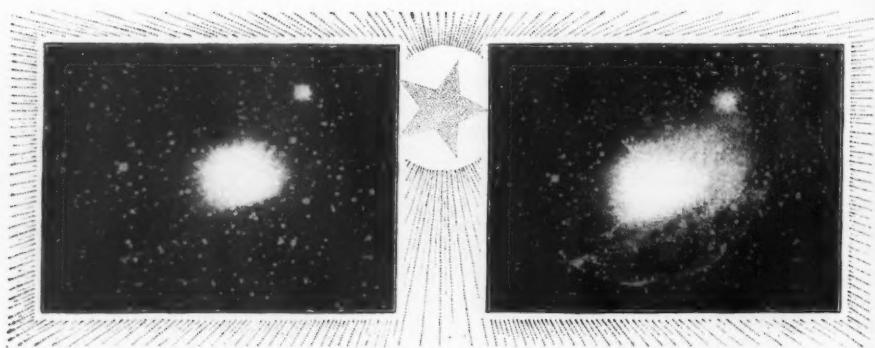
"Take this package to where this woman lives," he said.

Homeward again, and now the snow was falling. Once she stumbled and the clerk had to keep her from falling, but her strength held out until she was at her door, and then, raising a warning finger, she bade the clerk enter upon tiptoe and deposit the box beside the bed whereon Sammy and his father lay, peacefully sleeping. After the clerk had departed she kissed her boy, her only child—kissed him, oh, ever so lightly, upon the forehead. Then she lay down upon her own bed and with a wonderful smile sank into deep slumber. And lo! there was a great light upon her face.

טוירט



THE CLERK HAD TO KEEP
HER FROM FALLING



THE "NEW" STAR THAT FLARED UP IN THE CONSTELLATION PERSEUS IN 1901.
THE STAR'S SUDDEN BRILLIANCE WAS THE RESULT OF THE
COLLISION OF TWO BURNT-OUT SUNS

Was the Star of Bethlehem a Comet?

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor's Note.—In all astronomical history there is no planetary body, no luminary of the night sky, that stirs the fancy more sharply or that offers richer food for the imagination than does the Bible's "Star of Bethlehem." But what *was* the Star of Bethlehem? If it was a real star, of what magnitude was it and where was it placed in the heavens? If a comet, as some astronomers have declared, what were the conditions under which it approached the earth? You have wondered from childhood if any one of the brilliants in the dark canopy over your head was identical with the star that led the wise men of the east to the cradle of Christ. Here is the first comprehensive article ever written on this universally interesting subject, and it is from the pen of a man who knows whereof he speaks.



THE reign of Herod had nearly ended when the Magi arrived in Jerusalem and asked: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

The news that a true "King of the Jews," a possible rival, was born, and that his birth had been heralded by celestial phenomena, caused Herod much concern. He summoned to him the scribes and learned men. When they were questioned where the king was to be born they answered: "In Bethlehem of Judea;

for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel." According to the authorized version it is then stated in the New Testament that "Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and

stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

That is the whole story of the Star of Bethlehem as it is simply and directly told in the second chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew.

It was a cloister fancy of the dark ages, handed down through centuries, that led the Christian world to regard the Star of the East as a miraculous luminary, akin to the pillar of fire that guided the children of Israel in the wilderness—a luminary especially created for the sole purpose of leading the Magi to the birthplace of Christ. The modern Christian is more apt to regard the star as a natural phenomenon and to seek a scientific explanation of its sudden appearance, not for the purpose of casting doubt upon the narrative of Matthew, but of giving it astronomical support.

Who were these wise men, these Magi, of whom St. Matthew speaks? They came from the east, they said, and the east, according to the geographical knowledge of Matthew's day, was Chaldea, Persia, and that Arabian desert where the sons of Ishmael roamed. In that east of which they spoke, star-gazing was to some nations a religious observation, to others a mystical traditional rite. The pseudo-science of astrology out of which our modern science of astronomy was slowly evolved was thus engendered. Exegetes of the New Testament narrative hold these Magi to have been astrologers, members of that strange, non-national, privileged priesthood whose office it was to watch the sky each day and each night, to note the position and apparent motion of the sun from dawn to dark, and to predict those changes in planetary positions which, in that day of astrological superstition, were supposed to shape and reveal the destinies of kings and nations. In them science came an early worshiper at the feet of Christ.

To ancient as well as medieval astrologers, certain groupings of the stars and planets had a fixed prophetic significance. The planets were named in accordance with their supposed influence. Mercury, always lurking near the sun, furtively gleaming in the morning or evening, was the patron of tricksters, knaves, and thieves. Mars, flaming in red, was the symbol of war, the guardian of heroes and warriors. If the Magi were astrologers who believed in stellar influences, the apparition of the Star of Bethlehem must have been

an astronomical phenomenon. But no ordinary astronomical phenomenon could have enticed these practised star-gazers from their temples. We must, therefore, find some celestial event sufficiently extraordinary to warrant a journey from Chaldea or Persia to Bethlehem.

When the Magi arrived in Jerusalem, Herod was within a few weeks of his death. The massacre of the babes of Bethlehem was one of his last cruel deeds. When he inquired diligently what time the star appeared, the reply was evidently such that he felt it necessary to kill all male infants "from two years old and under." It is probable therefore that the Magi first saw the star two years before their arrival in Jerusalem. Herod died in B. C. 4. Hence the Star of Bethlehem must have appeared about two years before that date. We must discover, if we can, an exceptional stellar event near B. C. 6 with which it may be identified.

Johann Kepler, in his peculiar genius last of the Magi (for he showed that the births of Enoch, Moses, Cyrus, Caesar, Charlemagne, and Luther were preceded by important astrological events), led the way in calling attention to the astronomical phenomena that preceded the birth of Christ. He pointed out that there must have been a conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn at about the time of Christ's birth, and even made a few preliminary calculations to prove his case. The conjunction occurred in the sign Pisces, from time immemorial identified with the destinies of Israel. A conjunction in that sign always signified the rising of some mighty master of the Jewish race. Such a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn occurs once in about eight hundred years. It was therefore sufficiently extraordinary in Kepler's eyes to herald the birth of a Messiah.

Not until 1826 was Kepler's suggestion seriously considered by astronomers. In that year Professor Ideler, of Berlin, computed the positions of Jupiter and Saturn and proved that they were actually in conjunction in 7 B. C. His calculations showed that they at no time overlapped to form a single star, but that they were separated by a distance equal to the apparent diameter of the moon. Accordingly, Ideler had the temerity to suppose that the wise men saw the two planets as one star, because they were miraculously near-sighted. In justice to Ideler, it must be stated that he abandoned his theory when Encke, in 1831, repeated the calculations and found

that the actual distance between Jupiter and Saturn, when nearest each other in B. C. 7, was more than the apparent diameter of the moon.

Apart from the fact that Jupiter and Saturn were never sufficiently near each other to be seen as one body, two planets in conjunction can hardly be called a star. Nor is it likely that experienced Chaldean astrologers would so regard it. Moreover, there were other planetary conjunctions at about the same time. Professor Stockwell has demonstrated that a conjunction of Venus and Mars occurred on May 8, B. C. 6, about fifty days less than two years before Herod's death. Because the mandate for the slaughter of the infants was issued some time before Herod's death, Professor Stockwell advances the supposition that this conjunction was the Star of Bethlehem. Since conjunctions occurred so frequently, it is difficult to understand why more of them did not call forth Chaldean or Persian deputations.

Because of these fatal objections to any theory which regarded the Star of Bethlehem merely as a conjunction of two planets, the late Prof. R. A. Proctor cast about for other celestial phenomena and finally decided that the wise men might have been guided by a comet. There is much to be said in favor of the supposition. Comets are discovered nowadays at the rate of two or three a year. Not all of them are particularly brilliant; but it is not inconceivable that in Biblical times comets occasionally appeared that were brilliant enough to strike terror into superstitious hearts. Indeed, before Edmund Halley proved that the law of gravitation applied to the comet which bears his name and which has revisited the earth at intervals of seventy-five and one-half to seventy-nine years, comets were regarded as divine messengers, as omens of good or evil, and particularly as harbingers of pestilence and war. To a poetic Eastern people who revered the stars as symbols especially set in the heavens for the guidance of men, comets were undoubtedly awesome visitors. The Chaldeans, Persians, and Jews were astronomically no more enlightened than the medieval Christians, and if at the fall of Constantinople in 1453 all Christendom was alarmed at the appearance of a comet (a comet which we now know to have been Halley's), it is highly probable that the Orient was no less impressed by these sudden visitations. Comparing, as it does, a nucleus, a "coma"

or envelope surrounding the nucleus and measuring from twenty thousand to one million miles in diameter, and a long tail which streams behind the nucleus for sixty to a hundred million miles or more, a comet is one of the most mysteriously beautiful celestial apparitions that ever meets the eye. But whether or not the Star of Bethlehem really was such an apparition no one can affirm with certainty. An astronomer can merely state that the idea is not untenable and that it is less objectionable than the conjunction hypothesis.

Lastly, the theory has been proposed that the Star of Bethlehem was what is called a "new" star or "nova," a star which suddenly flares up in the heavens and fades away again to its former magnitude after the lapse of weeks or months. Such new stars are not altogether rare. Ten appeared between B. C. 134 and the end of the fifteenth century. Since the fifteenth century no less than sixteen have been recorded. In our own time they are discovered with fair frequency.

On February 22, 1901, for example, a new star blazed wonderfully in the constellation Perseus and was first seen by the Scotch astronomer Anderson. A photograph of the constellation taken only twenty hours before revealed no sign of the nova. It grew brighter and brighter, faded, and then regained something of its former brilliancy. Thus it fluctuated in splendor with noticeable regularity. So ineffably distant is the constellation Perseus that the light of its stars, flashed through space at a speed of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, reaches this earth only after a lapse of one hundred and twenty years. What Anderson really saw, therefore, was a light that suddenly flared up in 1781, while the American colonies were still fighting for independence.

Even before the invention of the telescope such new stars were studied by astronomers. In 1572, for example, Tycho Brahe discovered in Cassiopeia a nova so remarkably beautiful that he wrote a long description of it. "Raising my eyes as usual, during one of my walks, to the well-known vault of heaven," he tells us, "I observed with indescribable astonishment near the zenith in Cassiopeia a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never before seen. In my amazement I doubted the evidence of my senses. However, to convince myself that it was no illusion, and to have the testimony of others, I summoned my assistants from the observatory and inquired of

them and of all the country people that passed by if they also saw the star that had thus suddenly burst forth." Tycho adds that the star was seen by some at noonday, that it declined after a few weeks, and disappeared altogether in sixteen months. The measurements that he made are so exact that the telescope can be directed to the precise spot where he saw his marvelous star; but no such orb as he described is there to be seen. It is suspected, however, that a tenth-magnitude star situated not far from the position indicated by Tycho may be his lost nova.

Such apparitions in Cassiopeia had occurred before Tycho's day, for which reason it was suggested that possibly his star was a body that leaped into visibility at intervals of about three centuries. The suggestion was thrown out that Tycho's star might have been the Star of Bethlehem on one of its assumed previous outbursts. There is no good reason to suppose that Tycho's star ever appeared before 1572. That it could not have been the Star of Bethlehem follows from the fact that Cassiopeia is a northern constellation and that the Magi when they set out from Jerusalem to Bethlehem must have had



"LO, THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST WENT BEFORE THEM." IT IS NOW CONSIDERED PROBABLE THAT THIS "STAR" WAS HALLEY'S COMET, WHICH FIRST VISITED THE EARTH CENTURIES BEFORE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

The telescopic camera is timed to follow the body photographed; hence the stars appear as streaks

the constellation Cassiopeia behind them. For all that, there were many who confidently looked forward to a reappearance of Tycho's star in the early eighties of the nineteenth century and were ready to regard it as an announcement of the second visitation of Christ on earth.

This fitful gleaming of a new star, which Tycho and many later astronomers could not explain, is accounted for very beautifully and very simply by the modern astrophysicist. What Anderson saw in Perseus and Tycho in Cassiopeia was a superb cataclysm. Two giant suns, chilled to black cinders, but still imprisoning within their frozen shells a fierce heat and compounds of terrific explosive energy, crashed together in a celestial head-on collision. When that catastrophe occurred, each dead sun was rushing through space at the rate of four hundred miles a second—faster by seven hundred times than a projectile fired from a modern twelve-inch gun. Two enormous bodies traveling at such frightful speed cannot be suddenly arrested without in some way disposing of their energy. From our knowledge of mechanics we know that part of this energy is converted into a heat so intense that the fragments of the two shattered suns glow with a dazzling light compared with which our sun is as a candle placed beside an electric arc. The remainder of the energy is spent in twisting the fragments around a common center at a speed of hundreds of miles a second, so that a huge celestial Fourth-of-July pinwheel is created.

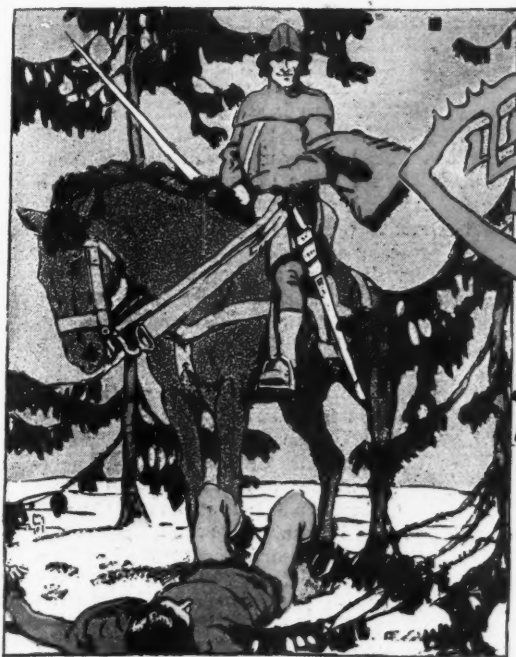
That dizzily whirling celestial pinwheel may be regarded either as the center of a new solar system or as a new-born world—not a rock-bound, sea-swept world such as ours, but a glowing chaotic mass. Gases and fine dust compose the hot spiral streams of the celestial pinwheel; and the dust, gathered in great whirling clouds, is periodically interposed between the earth and the star, and thus causes those more or less regular obscurations which are so characteristic of many new stars. The effect of this whirling on the mass of gas and dust is to produce a flat disk,

intensely hot and dense at the center, extremely attenuated and cold at the remote outer edge. As eons elapse the pinwheel formation is gradually obliterated through the action of gravitation and other forces. Evidences enough of these mysterious processes are found in those vast expanses of misty light which are called nebulae because of their appearance. These nebulae are the products of dust and gases thrown out by colliding dead suns, and out of them planetary systems will be evolved by the age-long process of steady contraction and by the clustering of matter through attraction into globes which will eventually congeal into worlds.

If the Star of Bethlehem was in truth a nova which flashed into being in a night and soon outshone all the other stars, it must assuredly have attracted the notice of a practised Magian astrologer. The occurrence was so unexpected, so extraordinary, that it could not be reconciled with those regularly recurring stellar phenomena which the temple priests were in the habit of observing and even of foretelling. At a time when science was still more or less shrouded in mysticism it was but natural that a peculiar significance should have been given to such a sudden apparition, particularly when it is considered that the Jews were yearning for the birth of a king who would free them from the Roman yoke and whose coming had been mysteriously heralded in those prophetic words of Balaam's, "I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh; there shall come a Star out of Jacob and a Scepter out of Israel."

Apart from the astronomical evidence in favor of the theory that the Star of Bethlehem was a nova, poetically, at least, it seems singularly fitting that a matchless orb blazing forth in sudden magnificence should have marked not only the birth of a Messiah whose destiny it was to save mankind by his own suffering and to make this a new world by purging it of evil, but also the birth of a new sun with embryonic planets wheeling about it in shining clouds of gas and stellar dust.





Gismondi's Wage by Rafael Sabatini

BENVENUTO GISMONDI, thief and scoundrel, sat his horse, breathing hard and grinning. Supine and cruciform, with arms flung wide, lay Messer Crespi in the snow, grinning, too, but breathing not at all. Midway between Forli and Rimini, on the long road that, coming from beyond Bologna, runs southeastward to the sea in a line of rare directness, had this murder been committed in the full glare of a brilliant January noontide. And no witness was in sight as far as eye could reach, onward toward the hazy spires of distant Rimini, or backward in the direction of Forli.

So, well content, Ser Benvenuto, grinning under the shadow of his morion, got him down from his horse to reap the profit of his morning's work. What though in falling the dying man had cursed him? It is true that Benvenuto's superstitious soul had quaked under the awful malediction from those writhing lips, but only for an instant. He was as nimble with spiritual as with lethal tools, and to avert his victim's curse he had crossed himself devoutly, and devoutly breathed a prayer to our Lady of Loreto,

whose ardent votary he had ever been. Moreover, he wore armor against such supernal missiles as the moribund had hurled at him: the scapulary of the Confraternity of Saint Anne hung upon his breast and back, beneath his shirt, to turn the edge of any curse, however keenly barbed.

Easy therefore in mind and conscience he got him down into the snow, all trampled and slushy where their horses had circled in the fight, and having tethered his own beast he fetched Messer Crespi's a cruel cut across the hams that sent it off at the gallop in the direction of Forli. Next he applied himself to the garnering of the spoil. The dead gallant was richly arrayed; it was this very richness of his raiment that had caught in passing the eye of Ser Benvenuto and lured him by its promise. But the raiment that had erstwhile tempted, mocked him now; for his prize, it seemed, was gilt, not solid gold. He rose from an unfruitful search cursing the poverty of the dead man's pockets, cursing himself for the risk he had run in so poor a cause, and weighing in his palm a trumpery jewel he had plucked from Crespi's cap and a silken purse containing but some five gold pieces. Then in a frenzy, half disappointed rage, half greed,

he returned to his investigations; carefully, piece by piece, he examined his victim's garments, nor paused until he reached his skin, but all in vain. Then he bethought him of the dead man's boots. He dragged them off and, handsome though they were, tore them soles from uppers, in the ardor of his search. He had all but flung them from him in despair when a certain stiffness in the leg of one arrested him.

There came a gleam into his foxy, close-set eyes; thoughtfully he rubbed his lean long nose and leered. His perseverance had been, it seemed, rewarded. To rip the outer leather from its lining was an instant's work. He withdrew a package composed of several sheets of paper. With disappointment rising anew, he spread one of these. Swiftly his eye played over it. It was a letter couched in Latin, and from that letter it was that he learned his victim's name. But more he learned, for Ser Benvenuto had been reared for the Church by a doting mother, and had not yet forgotten the knowledge he had gained of the Latin tongue; he learned sufficient to make his eyes to gleam anew. He had chanced upon something that might be worth a hundred times its weight in gold. But not here, not on the open road and in the glare of light from the sun-drenched snow, would he investigate his prize. He stuffed the papers into the bosom of his doublet, and climbed back into his saddle.

His spurs dripping blood he rode his cruelly-punished horse some three hours later into the town of Rimini, and drew rein at the Osteria del Sole. He had a way of command with him, had Messer Gismondi, despite his sinister face, half wolf, half fox, and though a courtier might have mistaken him for a lackey, a lackey would certainly have mistaken him for a courtier. The host of the Sole received him with all deference, and since the common room was thronged with Borgian soldiery, for the Duke of Valentinois was in the town, he set a room apart for Messer Gismondi's convenience. There for an hour the rascal pored over those documents, mastering the details of a plot aimed at the very life of the Lord Cesare Borgia himself—details that the Lord Cesare should pay for handsomely.

He would not stay to sup, but rising presently he took up his cloak and there and then

directed his steps to the Palazzo, where his highness lay. After much questioning—for Duke Cesare had grown cautious since the plot of Sinigaglia some weeks ago—he was at last admitted to the Borgia's presence, to tell of the discovery upon which he had chanced.

The duke, a slender, shapely man, finely featured, auburn haired and with beautiful restless eyes whose glance smote fear into the rascally soul of Messer Gismondi, listened gravely to his tale and scanned the papers which the *masnadiero* set before him. But surely his nature had been misrepresented to Gismondi, for he betrayed none of the ferocious satisfaction that the latter had looked to see in him. Instead he posed Gismondi a question that almost turned the villain sick with sudden apprehension, so cold, so deadly cold, was Duke Cesare's voice.

"How came you by these papers?"

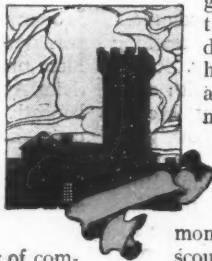
Gismondi paled; he stammered; he was unprepared for this. He could scarce conceive that he had heard aright. He had brought the duke proof and details of a plot against his life—a plot involving some of the best blood in Italy, a plot so far-reaching that scarce a subjected state of any consequence but was sending its envoy to the assassin's

gathering that was to take place that very night in Rimini. Yet the duke could pause coldly to ask him how he came by those papers, as though so small a thing could matter where so great an one was at issue.

Observing his confusion, Cesare smiled, and his smile was the deadliest that Gismondi had ever seen. It turned the scoundrel's soul to water; it froze the marrow in his spine. He felt his skin roughening like a dog's; he sought in vain to dissemble the terror glaring from his eyes; but the duke's smile grew and grew till it ended in a laugh, short and terrible as a note of doom.

"I see," he said, and pushed the papers back across the table to Gismondi. "What is your name?" And under the play of those awful, beautiful eyes Gismondi answered truth, feeling that he dared not lie, that to lie was idle.

Cesare nodded shortly. "Take you these papers of which in the way of your scoundrel's trade you have become possessed. Memorize their contents. Then go at midnight—as the letter appoints—to the Palazzo



Mattoli. Play the part of Messer Crespi, and bring me news to-morrow of what these conspirators intend and who their associates elsewhere."

Gismondi fell back a pace, his cheeks blanching. "My lord," he cried, "my lord, I dare not."

Cesare shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, as you please," said he most sweetly, and raising his voice, "Lorenz!" he called.

The captain in steel who had stood by the door all ears came sharply to attention. The duke made a sign.

"Wait, magnificent!" cried the *masnadiero*, startled by this fresh terror. "If I do this thing—" he began, and stopped, appalled by the very contemplation of it.

"If you do this thing," said Cesare, answering the uncompleted question, "we will not inquire into the death of Messer Crespi. Our forgetfulness shall be your wage. Fail me or refuse the task and the hoist shall extract confession from you, and the hangman make an end of you. The choice is yours," he ended, his tone most amiable.

Gismondi stared and stared into that beautiful young face, so mockingly impassive. His terror gave way to a dull rage, and but for the presence of that captain in steel he might not have curbed his impulse to attempt upon the duke to anticipate the work of Messer Crespi's friends. He cursed his folly in setting trust in the gratitude of princes; he mocked his own credulity in thinking that his tale would be received with joy and purchased at more gold than he could carry. In the end he staggered out of the Palazzo pledged to betake himself at midnight to the house of Mat-



How came you
by these
papers?

toli at the imminent risk of his life, and assured that he would be watched and that did he fail to perform the task he had undertaken the risk to his life would be more imminent still.

He spent the interval closeted in that room of his at the Osteria del Sole, poring over the papers that had been his ruin, and learning by heart—as Duke Cesare had urged him—the matters they contained that he might be well instructed in his fearful rôle.

Midnight found him at a wicket that opened into the garden of the Palazzo Mattoli. He was muffled in a black cloak, a black vizor on his face; for his papers told him—and he gathered some comfort from the knowledge—that the conspirators were to present themselves in masks. The Palazzo Mattoli, be it known, was at the time untenanted, and had therefore been chosen for this secret meeting. Gismondi boldly thrust the gate open, and went in.

A tall figure, black in the faint luminosity the night gathered from the snow, confronted him. "Good evening, friend," the stranger greeted him, and Gismondi was conscious of a thrill of fear. Nevertheless he answered bravely with the countersign in which he had schooled himself.

"It would be a better evening were it warmer."

"Warmer for whom?" the other catechized him. Yet, following his instructions, Gismondi answered not until the question was repeated: "Warmer for whom? A corpse might find it warm enough."

"A corpse shall find it so ere the winter's done," Gismondi answered, at which the

Gismondi's Wage

guardian of that place stood aside, and bade him go forward to the house. Already others were advancing from the gate; but Gismondi stayed not to look at them. He pushed on as he had been bidden. He bent his steps to the small doorway that had been indicated in Crespi's papers. He pushed the door, and it fell open. He entered, closed it after him, and groped his way forward through Stygian darkness till, of a sudden, strong hands gripped him and brought him to a halt. Despite himself he was afraid; yet, mastering his growing terror, he answered in a steady voice the questions that were set him, and so won through.

He was led forward, a guiding hand upon his wrist, round a corner and on until at last they came to a halt. There was a creak, and suddenly he was blinking in the blaze of light that smote him through the open door of a vast apartment. His companion thrust him swiftly across the threshold, and he heard the door closed softly again behind him. The sound chilled him, suggesting to his fevered mind the closing of a trap. He heartened himself with the reflection that he had learned his lesson well; he persuaded himself that he had naught to fear, and he went forward into a handsome and lofty chamber, that had been the late Count Mattoli's library. The room was tenanted by seven other plotters masked and muffled as was he, and they sat apart and silent like so many *beccamorti*. He found himself a chair, sat down and waited, glad enough that the secrecy of these proceedings precluded intercommunion. And presently others came, as he had come, and like himself each held himself aloof from his fellow plotters.

At last the door was opened to admit one who differed from the rest in that his cloak was red, and red the vizard on his face. He was followed by two figures in black, who had the air of being in attendance, and at his entrance the entire company, now numbering fifteen, rose to its feet as by one accord. Had Gismondi known more of this affair in which an odd irony had forced him to play his part, he might have wondered why this man—who was obviously the head and leader of the *congiura*—should come masked at all; for while the identity of the plotters was secret from one to another, yet their leader was known, at least by name, to each and all, as all were known, by name at least, to him.

But the first words the red mask spoke when, having taken his seat at the head of the long table around which all gathered, he had waved the company to their chairs, were in elucidation of this very circumstance.

"You may wonder, my friends," said he, and his voice was rich and musical, "why, since my name is known to all of you, I should come masked among you." He paused a moment, and Gismondi wondered half contemptuously what might be the meaning of this mummerly. When the president's next words made clear that meaning Gismondi was nigh to fainting from affright, and he breathed a prayer of thanks to the Virgin of Loreto that he had a mask upon his face to conceal its deathly pallor.

"I have taken this measure of precaution," the red mask had added, "because among us here there is a traitor, a spy."

There was a rustle as of a wind through trees, as the muffled company stirred at that fell announcement. Men turned about and scanned one another with eyes that flashed fiercely through their eye-holes, as though their glances would have burned their way through the silk that screened their neighbors' countenances. It seemed to Gismondi in that moment of panic that the entire company stared at him; then he knew it for a trick of his imaginings, and betide what might he set himself to do as others did and to glare fiercely in his turn at this and that one. Some three or four were upon their feet.

"His name!" they cried. "His name, magnificent!"

But the magnificent shook his head, and motioned them to resume their seats. "I know it not," said he, "nor in whose place he is here." Whereat Gismondi breathed again more freely. "All that I know is this: a body was brought into Rimini this evening after sunset; it was that of a man who had been found murdered some three leagues from here on the Bologna road. His clothes were disordered, his points untrussed, his pockets empty, from which it was surmised that he had fallen at the hands of some common bandit. But it seemed to me the work had been overarduous for a thief, and when I came to investigate more closely I found that his boots had been torn to shreds in a frenzied search for something." The president paused a moment, then continued.



"That was enough to waken my suspicions. I contrived to have the handling of one of his boots, one in which the lining had been divided at the top from the outer leather. I thrust my hand into that secret pocket that the thief had opened, and at the bottom I found a scrap of paper, no more than a corner that had been torn from one of the documents I now know that it contained. Upon that shred of paper I found but two words written, two words of no account whatever—save that the character of the writing was my own."

He paused again, and in a deathly silence the company waited for him to proceed.

"I knew for certain, then, that the murdered man was one of our comrades in the affair on which we are met to-night. Had I made the discovery earlier, had I known where each of you was lodged, I had found means to warn you not to come here to-night. As it is I can only hope that we are not yet betrayed. But this I know: that the man who became possessed of the secret of our plot sits here among us now."

Again there was that rustling stir, and several voices spoke, harsh and hot with threats of what should be the fate of this rash spy. Gismondi gnawed his lip in silence, waiting and wondering, the strength all oozing from him.

"Eighteen of us were to have foregathered here to-night," said the red mask impressively. "One of us lies dead, yet eighteen are here. You see, my friends," said he, a sardonic note vibrating in his voice, "that there is one too many. That one," he concluded, and from sardonic his voice turned grim, "we must weed out."

He rose as he spoke, a splendid figure, tall and stately. "I will ask you one by one to confer with me apart a moment," he announced. "Each of you will come when summoned. I shall call you not by name, but by the city from which you hail."

He left the table, and moved down into the shadows at the far end of the long chamber,

and with him went the two who had attended him on his arrival. Gismondi watched them, fascinated; the two attendants, no doubt, would do the uprooting when the weed was found; that, he thought, was the purpose for which they accompanied the gentleman in scarlet, and for that was it that they withdrew into the shadow as more fitting than the light for the deed of darkness that would presently be done.

"Ancona!" called the voice of the president, and the name echoed mournfully through the chill air. A masker rose upon the instant, thrusting back his chair, and marched fearlessly down to confer with the master-plotter.

Gismondi wondered how many moments of life might yet be left himself. There was a mist before his eyes, and his heart was thumping horribly at the base of his throat with a violence that seemed to shake him in his chair at each pulsation, and he marveled that the boom of it did not draw the attention of his neighbor.

"Asti!" came the voice from across the chamber, and another figure rose and went apart, passing the returning Ancona on the way. Bologna followed Asti, and now Gismondi began to realize that the president was taking them alphabetically, and he wondered how many more there might be ere Forli was called, for Crespi he knew was from Forli. He wondered, too, what questions would be asked him.

From the knowledge those papers had imparted to him, he found that he was able to surmise them, and he knew what answers he should make. Still, his terror did not leave him; some other question there must be—something for which those papers did not make provision.

"Cattolica!" came the summons, and a fourth conspirator arose, and then of a sudden the whole company was on its feet; mechanically, and from very force of imitation, Gismondi had risen too, and the heart-beats



Forling over the papers that had been his ruin



Does your
excellence know
the villain?

in his throat were quickened now with sudden hope. In the distance there had been a sound of voices, and this was followed on the instant by a heavy tread in the corridor without, a tread accompanied by the clank of armor.

"We are betrayed!" cried a voice, after which in awful silence the masked company stood and waited.

A heavy blow smote the door, and it fell open. Across the threshold, the candle-light reflected from his corselet as from a mirror, came a mighty figure armed cap-a-pie; behind him three men-at-arms, sword on hip and pike in hand, pressed closely.

Three paces within the room the captain came to a halt and surveyed them with eyes that smiled grimly from a bearded face. "Sirs," said he, "resistance will be idle. I have fifty men with me."

The president advanced with a firm step. "What may be your will with us?" quoth he, a fine arrogance in his voice.

"The will of his Highness the Duke of Valentinois," was the man's answer, "to whom your plot is known in its every detail."

"You are come to arrest us?"

"One by one," said the captain with an odd significance and a slight inclination of the head. "My grooms await you in the courtyard."

For an instant there was silence, as well there might be at that pronouncement. The memory of the terrible justice the duke had wrought in Sinigaglia was still fresh in every mind, and Gismondi understood—as all understood—that here in the courtyard of the Palazzo Mattoli these gentlemen caught red handed were to meet the fate that had

overtaken Vitelli and his confederates.

"Infamy!" cried one who stood beside Gismondi. "Infamy! Are we to have no trial?"

"In the courtyard," replied the captain grimly.

"Not I, for one," exclaimed another. "I am as noble as the duke himself. I'll not be strangled in a corner like a capon. If die I must I claim by right of birth the ax."

"By right of birth," the captain mused, and smiled. "Indeed, your very birthright, so it seems. Come, sirs."

But others stormed with interruptions, and one there was who called upon his fellows to draw what steel they carried and die with weapons in their hands.

Gismondi, apart, with folded arms, watched them and grinned behind his vizor. It was with him an hour of exultation in the revolution from his recent terrors. He wondered to what length of folly these rash fools would go. He thought he might witness a pretty fight; but the man in red disappointed him of such expectations. He came forward to the table-head, and his voice was raised to dominate and quell the others.

"Sirs," said he, "the game is lost. Let us pay the forfeit and be done."

Again for a moment a silence fell. Then one, with a sudden strident laugh, stepped forward. "I'll lead the way, my brothers," he said, and bowing to the captain, "I am at your orders, sir," he announced.

The captain made a sign to his men. Two of them deposited their pikes, and coming forward seized that volunteer. Swiftly and without word spoken they hurried him from the chamber. Gismondi smiled. This entertainment amused his cruel nature better than had done that other of a little while ago. Swiftly the soldiers went about their work, and in a brief ten minutes there remained but four of the conspirators. One of them was the man in scarlet, who, as their captain, reserved to himself the honor of going last; two others were the men who had been attendant upon him, and the fourth was Gismondi.

The men-at-arms reentered, and the man in red made a sign to Gismondi that was plain of meaning. Gismondi shrugged, smiled to himself, and stepped forward jauntily. But when the soldiers seized him he shook them off.

"A word with you, sir," said he to the captain.

The captain eyed him keenly. "Ah!" said he. "You will be he whom I was told to look for. Tell me your name that I may know you."

"I am Benvenuto Gismondi."

The captain nodded thoughtfully. "I must permit myself no error here. You are Benvenuto Gismondi, and—?" He paused inquiringly.

"And," answered Gismondi with impatience, "I am here on behalf of Duke Cesare Borgia."

A quiet, wicked laugh broke from the captain's bearded lips. One of his heavy gauntleted hands fell upon Gismondi's shoulder, the other tore the vizor roughly from his face.

"Does your excellence know the villain?"

"I do not," answered the man in red, and added, "God be thanked!"

He clapped his hands, and now it was that Gismondi saw into what manner of trap he had fallen, what manner of ruse the master-plotter had adopted to weed out, as he had promised, the one who had usurped the place of him that had been slain on the Bologna road. That clapping of hands was a summons, in answer to which there came trooping back into the chamber the entire company of muffled plotters. No farther than the corridor had they been taken, and on arrival there, to each had been explained the test that was afoot.

Betimes next morning Don Miguel—Cesare Borgia's Spanish captain—waited upon his master with a dagger and a blood-stained scrap of paper. He had to report the finding of the body of Benvenuto Gismondi under the trees in the square that fronted the Palazzo Mattoli. The dagger that had slain the man had been employed to attach to him the label Don Miguel presented to the duke, on which was written, "The property of Cesare Borgia." Don Miguel wondered did his magnificence desire the culprits to be brought to account.

Cesare shook his head and smiled.

"It has fallen out as I intended," said he, and fell to musing. "It would have grieved me had they not discovered him, for it would have put me to the need of sterner measures. As it is, I think their discovery will have heightened their dread of me and of the ubiquity of my spies, and in their terror they will have scattered, their plot abandoned. It is best so. To give them open trial and expose their plot would be to invite imitators to follow in their lead, for man excels himself in playing the ape. You may go, Miguel. I think Messer Benvenuto Gismondi has served my purpose as excellently as I meant he should, and, incidentally, he has had his wage."



JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Reverend Sewell Dwight Hillis

DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

NOW comes the gracious, hallowed Christmas time, stealing like a beautiful civilization over our earth. The coming event of the golden day flings forward not its shadow, but its sunshine, making the wintry air itself roseate and staining all the hours with rich colors. In his approach to a great city the traveler passes through suburbs, as he journeys toward a center that is increasingly rich and glorious. Not otherwise

the people are now journeying through the outskirts of that rich city of the heart, named Christmas, and soon all will reach the glowing center, where dwells the angel of peace, generosity, and good-will. On the morrow's morrow every window will be wreathed in holly and red berries, the innumerable homes of the Republic will proclaim, through evergreen and mistletoe, through gifts and carols, that the Christmas spirit is journeying across the land, to fling splendor upon every home and heart and life.

Indeed, if a visitor from Mars should appear upon our earth, on Christmas Day, he would discover that the golden age had come for at least one day of the year. To realize that ideal era of universal happiness, of which Vergil sang and toward which the poets and reformers have wrought, it is only necessary to make the Christmas spirit begin, not on Christmas Eve, but weeks and months in advance, and to make the Christmas spirit linger, not until New Year's Day, but until July; for then the warm beams of good-will streaming forward, and the same warm beams lingering in the air, would soon meet and encircle the whole year, clothing our earth for twelve months round with all the sweet blossoms of the heart. Strange that legislators have not discovered the secret! Passing strange that reformers have not learned that without any shock of arms or revolution the golden age will come if Christmas will only last all the year through! It is the Christmas spirit that warms the heart like a winter's fire, that binds like a golden chain, that inspires like the sweetest music, that transforms society like an advancing summer. How grievous an injury would our earth suffer if in December it rolled forward clothed only with ice and snow, instead of wearing garments of holly and evergreen.

By reason of the world's cares and griefs, its adversity and heart-break, Christmas is the greatest event that has befallen our earth, while the passing of Christmas would be the most grievous calamity in the annals of time. To take Christmas out of life would be to take the perfume out of flowers, the sweetness from all songs, the color from the rainbow, the sheaf from the summer, the soul from the body, God from his sky.

This high festival day, with its Christmas gift and rich happiness, has done much to make the home the first of American institutions. Many other threads help to make up the golden cord that binds the youth to the home of his childhood, but the crimson and gold threads are spun of the heart on Christmas Day. Indeed, all the traditions say that John Howard Payne wrote his "Home, Sweet Home" at midnight of Christmas Eve. It seems that the youth had gone abroad, had fallen on ill health and hard times in a foreign city, and when the darkness fell, on the night before Christmas, his little bedroom became a cold cell, in which he could not breathe, and he rushed out into the street, to comfort himself by looking at the lighted windows that held no warmth for him. Suddenly a door opened, a flood of light leaped forth, and in the radiance there stood a young woman, lifting a babe, that stretched out its little hands with shouts of delight to greet the father, just come home. In that moment the poet forgot the dark, the winter, and his sickness of heart, and an hour later, shivering beside his table, the youth lighted his candle, and though the tears fell on the paper within, like the rain upon the streets without, his heart went bounding across the seas, for he knew that it was Christmas Eve, and that there was no place like home. With the inner eye he saw the old house nestled under the trees close to the hill, crossed its sacred threshold, saw again the warm smile of his mother long since dead, saw the old Bible lying on the table, heard his revered father's voice, knew that there was no place like home, no hour like the Christmas Eve, and no joy that lingers like the Christmas joy, and no warmth like the Christmas fire. Standing beside the instrument, the music lingers upon the cords after the song is sung, but the memory of Christmas lingers much longer in the heart. Did not the magician of Abbotsford say that "the Christmas joy can cheer the poor boy's heart through half the year"? For the true schoolroom is the mother's heart, the best college the old home, the high festal day for the soul is Christmas Day. Dickens was right when he made old Scrooge's nephew take his little son upon his knee, with the other children standing about, while he told them all that those who had had a happy Christmas could bid the rest of the year do its worst.



WONDERFUL, too, is the unconscious influence of Christmas upon the American people. Unconsciously the Christmas spirit works transformations unnoticed but immeasurable. Some years ago, in a Western city, a business man entered a great store. He was rich, shrewd, hard as nails, and lived in a palace that seemed to his enemies like a spider's nest built in a morning-glory. The store was crowded with people who had delayed their Christmas shopping until the last hour. The Christmas colors were in the windows, the Christmas spirit in the air; the

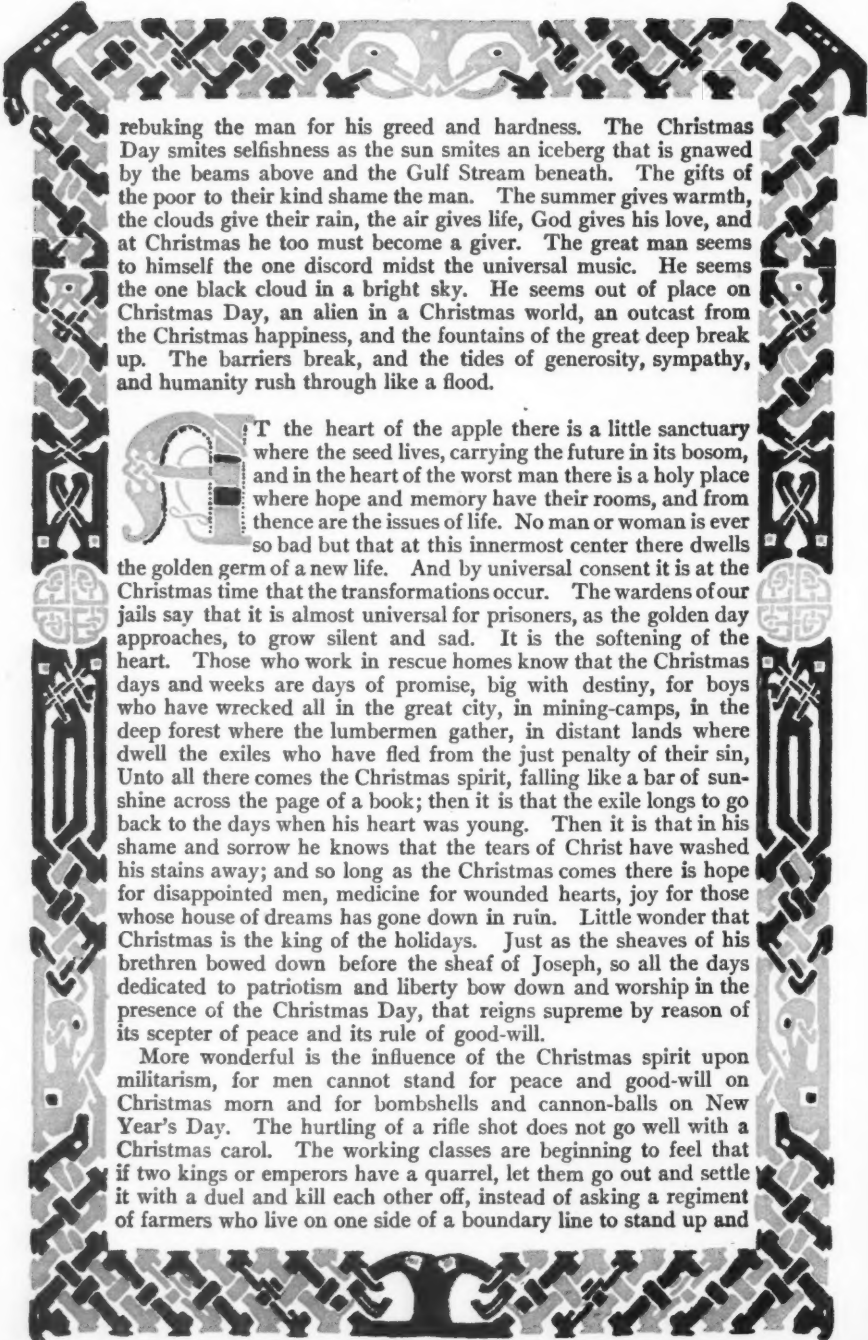
spirit of expectancy and happiness was contagious. Everybody seemed to be buying something for everyone else. In that hour something began to melt the ice in the cold man. It was like the melting of the frost on a winter-bound river, when the ice is honey-combed with sunbeams. A strange restlessness took hold of the man as he drove toward his mansion on the avenue. On the way he passed an asylum for little children. He thought of the babes that were orphaned, and, what was worse, deserted by their parents, and before he slept he went back to leave enough money in that building to pay for finding a home for each of twenty children. It was the Christmas spirit and the Christmas atmosphere, making the sweet flowers of generosity indigenous to the soil. In the old legend the Danish baron dwelt in a castle. When the night fell he drew the curtains close, shut the windows tightly, lest his eyes might perceive the faces of the poor, lest his ears might be disturbed with their piteous appeals for bread. And then, when he was alone, and the fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, he began to feast on his rich foods, and to drink his wines. But suddenly there was a tap at the window that would not cease, and drawing the curtain he saw a little child, and heard the words, "The Christ is an hungered." Sending a servant to drive away the intruder, the baron returned to his feast. Then came a second tapping upon the window, and, angered, he drew the curtains to utter oaths, but heard the words, "The Christ is naked and sick." And lo, in that hour the fruit became ashes, the wine became as gall and the poison of asps, and springing up the iron soldier called his servants, and flinging on his fur coat he plunged through the snow to the poorhouse, brought the children into his palace, and ever afterward the empty halls were filled with shouts of laughter, and its galleries were bright with the faces of little children. Oh, beautiful legend! telling us of the transformations that the Christmas spirit has always brought, to a world that is often cold and selfish.

NOT less significant and striking is the influence of Christmas in safeguarding the ideals of young men and maidens. Our country offers rich rewards to youth, and there is always a migration from the old home of our bravest and most gifted boys and girls. In the older countries the sons are content to walk in the path worn by their fathers through generations. But not so in this new world. Ambitious to get on and to get up, fifty thousand young people go to New York every year to make their fortune, and this movement of young people to large towns holds in every part of our land. Away from home all the hedges are down, all the buttresses that protect virtue are swept away; fiery temptations are turned loose, and they assail the citadel of character. But fortunately these young people are not allowed to go on in an unending journey. In the epoch of weak-

ness and temptation there comes the Christmas time, with its sweet memories tugging at the heart. The youth is brought up with a sharp turn, by the cord of memory. He bethinks himself, and for days and weeks, caught in the Christmas atmosphere, he is conscious of the freshening of his old ideals. And then the Vision Splendid comes, with the Christmas carols and the Christmas morn.

In his soul he builds a house of dreams; crossing the threshold he beholds the girl whom he long has loved. He even dares to dream that she hath become a madonna, and hears her pouring forth a cradle song, while the thoughts that glow and burn are more in number and brilliance than the very stars of the sky. Happiness bubbles in his heart, like a little spring in a garden. For that home and dream he must live. For children's gifts he must save. To keep the Christmas spirit and the Christmas carol he must struggle. On the morrow, therefore, he goes forth to turn that dream into life, to make that vision a substantial reality, to be worthy of his madonna, to be a shield and a defender to the Christ child. For the American family borrows much of its sweetness from the angels' song, borrows its reverence for childhood from the manger child, its emphasis of kindergarten, school, and college from the gifts given by the wise men of the east in the hour of their reverence.

IT is the Christmas spirit also that safeguards the Republic from greed and miserliness, and is yielding a thousand benefactions toward gallery, library and college, toward reform and philanthropy, for the poor and weak. Wealth often dehumanizes. Abundance barbarizes men swiftly. Men's souls are in danger of taking on a thick coat of metal through silver dollars and golden eagles. Luxury stifles, like the sickening atmosphere of the conservatory when flowers are too thick. The youth begins with a democratic spirit, and is kindly, companionable, and welcome everywhere. Having gained his first golden treasure, he begins to look upon it as heaven, with which he can raise a larger lump. When he has attained what he once thought was enough, he thinks that he has only begun. The more he has the more he wants; and now he begins to grow selfish, he drops his old friends, surrounds himself with officials, is more and more difficult of access, and at last is alone, having cut himself off from the great throbbing, companionable, rich, fascinating world of humanity. Down in the man's heart there is a memory of what he once intended to do when he succeeded. In his youth, he used to sing "there is a light about to shine, there is a fire about to glow, there is a stream about to flow." But the light never shines, and the fire does not glow, and the stream of generosity does not flow. Man is in danger of fulfilling Cervantes' words, of a miser who dwelt in "a house named To-morrow, which was on a street called By-and-by, in a city named Never." Then comes the beautiful Christmas spirit,



rebuking the man for his greed and hardness. The Christmas Day smites selfishness as the sun smites an iceberg that is gnawed by the beams above and the Gulf Stream beneath. The gifts of the poor to their kind shame the man. The summer gives warmth, the clouds give their rain, the air gives life, God gives his love, and at Christmas he too must become a giver. The great man seems to himself the one discord midst the universal music. He seems the one black cloud in a bright sky. He seems out of place on Christmas Day, an alien in a Christmas world, an outcast from the Christmas happiness, and the fountains of the great deep break up. The barriers break, and the tides of generosity, sympathy, and humanity rush through like a flood.

AT the heart of the apple there is a little sanctuary where the seed lives, carrying the future in its bosom, and in the heart of the worst man there is a holy place where hope and memory have their rooms, and from thence are the issues of life. No man or woman is ever so bad but that at this innermost center there dwells the golden germ of a new life. And by universal consent it is at the Christmas time that the transformations occur. The wardens of our jails say that it is almost universal for prisoners, as the golden day approaches, to grow silent and sad. It is the softening of the heart. Those who work in rescue homes know that the Christmas days and weeks are days of promise, big with destiny, for boys who have wrecked all in the great city, in mining-camps, in the deep forest where the lumbermen gather, in distant lands where dwell the exiles who have fled from the just penalty of their sin, Unto all there comes the Christmas spirit, falling like a bar of sunshine across the page of a book; then it is that the exile longs to go back to the days when his heart was young. Then it is that in his shame and sorrow he knows that the tears of Christ have washed his stains away; and so long as the Christmas comes there is hope for disappointed men, medicine for wounded hearts, joy for those whose house of dreams has gone down in ruin. Little wonder that Christmas is the king of the holidays. Just as the sheaves of his brethren bowed down before the sheaf of Joseph, so all the days dedicated to patriotism and liberty bow down and worship in the presence of the Christmas Day, that reigns supreme by reason of its scepter of peace and its rule of good-will.

More wonderful is the influence of the Christmas spirit upon militarism, for men cannot stand for peace and good-will on Christmas morn and for bombshells and cannon-balls on New Year's Day. The hurtling of a rifle shot does not go well with a Christmas carol. The working classes are beginning to feel that if two kings or emperors have a quarrel, let them go out and settle it with a duel and kill each other off, instead of asking a regiment of farmers who live on one side of a boundary line to stand up and



shoot another regiment of farmers who happen to live on the other side of the boundary line. A battle is a place where two cyclones have met to turn a city into a heap and ruin a village and an orchard.



HE fathers translated the Christmas spirit into the words liberty, equality, and fraternity. Napoleon reversed this, and made it read infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Now and then some leader talks about the advantages of a periodic war as a tonic to youth and a corrective to softness. As well talk about a periodic chopping down of vineyards and orchards, or an annual day for the workers in a Dresden china factory and the artists in a Sèvres factory to go forth to smash the priceless china on each other's shelves, and when the work of devastation is complete, to return to new artistic achievements, followed by new havoc and destruction. Superficial men say that the biplane and monoplane are to destroy fortresses because a little dynamite dropped into the fort is fatal to the granite defenses. Others declare that wireless telegraphy, which makes each merchant ship a center of warning against the movements of an enemy's navy, has made battleships henceforth a form of folly and waste. Doubtless the balloon and the wireless work against war, but the real enemy of militarism is the increasing Christmas spirit with its good-will toward men, its widening brotherhood. War is dying away like the last rumblings of a thunder-storm upon the horizon. Above the entrance to the World's Fair at Chicago were the words, "Religious toleration is the great achievement of the last four hundred years." Above the new temple of peace and universal arbitration now being erected in the capital of Holland might be written these words, "A temple to the Christmas spirit." For this parliament of mankind that is to meet every four years represents the angel's song of peace on earth and good-will toward men. Never has there been so much happiness and good fortune for the American people as at this Christmas; never have the good things of life been so diffused and evenly distributed. Democracy has vindicated itself. The press and the school are making wisdom universal, the beautiful is increasingly diffused through the magazines the people read, the clothes they wear, the cars in which they ride. Poverty is going, abundance is coming. At this Christmas season labor rejoices, invention is glad, literature sings, science celebrates her new victories, and love, that was once housed in a stable, will soon stand in the market-place and reign triumphant over market-place and field and home and factory. For the golden age is coming when Christmas comes to stay through all the year.



The MIRACLE of LOVE ♥



By Richard Le Gallienne

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

AS I rowed my Beautiful Companion down the river through the opulent golden calm of the late July afternoon, floating along between secret woodland and gleaming pasture, she gave a cry of delight and bade me mark the effect of a mass of bergamot aflower against a cloud of willows. It was an exquisite natural harmony, both of form and color—the tufted, rather ragged, yet queenly lavender-blue flowers against the green rain of the willows, with their combined softness and crispness of texture.

"They go as beautifully together as the words," said the Beautiful Companion—"bergamot and willows! Bergamot and willows! A poem of two words. Don't they suggest a whole world of old romance and beauty—some wonderful distinguished story of wonderful distinguished people long ago? But you are not listening."

"Oh, indeed I am," I answered, though a little absently, for the bergamot had come up-

on me with the suddenness of some beautiful canonized memory, and I was saying to myself,

"It must have been just such a place that he meant."

"Oh, indeed I am," I repeated, "and your words mean more to me than you can have any idea of, unless I were to tell you a story."

"So you know a story about bergamot and willows! Memories, eh?"

"Yes, memories, but only partly mine. It is not my story. I almost wish it were, for it seems to me the happiest love-story I know—though superficial people might consider it the saddest. It is a very sacred story. I wonder if I ought to tell it."

"No story is too sacred to tell to the right ears," said the Beautiful Companion.

"True," I answered; "and I'll tell you what I will do. I will write it for you. I can tell it better that way."

The Beautiful Companion pouted a little

at this delay, but that evening, when the moon rose, I took my boat again, and rowed along past that meadow of bergamot and willows, and thought of my dead friends and their beautiful story; and next day I wrote it down for the Beautiful Companion as follows:

Some ten years or so ago I was suffering from the wreck of what then seemed my most desperate love-affair. It was the End of All Things, my Ragnarök, my Twilight of the Gods. The sun was turned to blackness, and the moon was turned to blood. I despaired of life, being just turned twenty-one; but, my heart still continuing to beat, entirely against my wishes, I decided to spend a hopeless winter catching butterflies in the Riviera. Incidentally, I may say that I have often since found butterfly-hunting a remarkable cure for the blues, and would seriously recommend it to anyone suffering from a broken heart.

Well, to the Riviera I went, trailing my butterfly-net and my undying sorrow. With what self-conscious pathos I had quoted Swinburne:

I will go back to the great sweet mother—
Mistress and mother of men—the sea:

and indeed, the Mediterranean met me like a vast Mater Consolatrix, and on sunny days among the hills I captured many butterflies, securing some very rare species—details of which, alas! would interest only collectors.

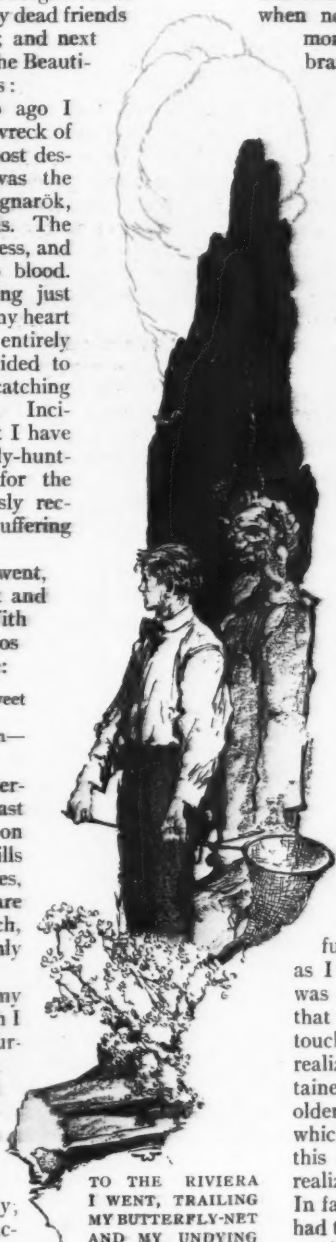
Nor is this the story of my own love-affair, with which I will not ask you any further to concern yourself.

I lived in a typical Riviera hotel, with charming gardens and terraces overlooking the sea, and surrounded by the usual cosmopolitan Riviera society; but I made hardly any acquaintances, with the excep-

tion of two brother entomologists, one a learned little Belgian who looked like an anarchist, and one a Scotchman who, when not out catching butterflies, sat morosely on the terrace and drank brandy, both good cures, he explained, for a sad heart.

I was seated one evening with these cognoscenti, displaying my day's captures, when there was wheeled out onto the terrace, and in our close proximity, a youngish man of long, lean build, with a fine, rough, scholarly-looking head, a face not handsome, but full of rugged attractiveness, particularly noticeable for large, deep-set gray eyes that twinkled and glowed between humor and melancholy under their shaggy brows. His servant adjusted a plaid shawl about his shoulders, helped him light his pipe, laid a book at his side, and left him. A sick man evidently, from these attentions. Yes, a very sick man, you said, as you marked the pallor of his skin and the languor of his well-built figure, yet anything but sick was his deep nonchalant voice, as, with a cheerful word or two, he made himself at once at home in our company.

So I met the dear friend of whom I said to myself, "It must have been just such a place that he meant," as we came yesterday upon those bergamot and willows. He was fully ten years older than I, and as I look back I realize that there was on my side, in the friendship that speedily grew up between us, a touch of youthful discipleship. I realized, too, that he had, and retained for me, a certain mystery of older experience, as of sorrow into which I had not yet entered; and this made him seem older to me, I realize now, than he actually was. In fact, young as he really was, he had traveled all the immense journey—still so long and unknown in front



TO THE RIVIERA
I WENT, TRAILING
MY BUTTERFLY-NET
AND MY UNDYING
SORROW



THE NIGHT AFTER, HE AGAIN
SPOKE OF HER, SUDDENLY AS
BEFORE. "BERGAMOT DOES NOT
KNOW THAT I LOVE HER," HE
SAID. "I NEVER TOLD HER. I
FELT I HAD NO RIGHT TO TELL
HER"

Drawn by J. Scott Williams

of me—between life and death. I had come to the Riviera to catch butterflies. He had come there to die. When a man has traveled so far at thirty, there perhaps naturally steals a gravity into his manner beyond his years—though, indeed, my friend was far from mentioning his business on the Riviera, and smoked his pipe with all the relish, and told stories with all the leisurely laughter, of a man with all the time in the world to spare.

It was not long before this silently magnetic newcomer had become the most popular member of our little band of southern sunshine-seekers, and his wheeled chair was soon the center to which all conversation gravitated. Evidently the loneliest man of us all, he was the rallying-point of all our sociability; and his dry jokes and quaint comments on things provided us with a sort of daily gazette. No one knew anything about him, and he told no one anything, yet seemed to withhold nothing. A scholarly Englishman, with a quaint humor, who smoked innumerable pipes, loved a game of chess, and had come to the Riviera to die. That was all we knew, and needed to know, about him. I have often tried to analyze for myself the secret of his charm. Was it not the austere magnetism of an intense inner life—no merely guarded reticence, but the organic reserve of a strong nature, ardent with interior fires, which rayed themselves forth in no picturesque fascination, but of which only occasional glimpses might be caught in the depths of his glowing eyes? If one might be allowed a literary comparison, very much in keeping in his case—a classical magnetism as compared with a romantic magnetism; the sort of magnetism which he valued in the few books he carried with him as a sort of household gods, the magnetism of a line of Lucretius—his favorite poet; of the winged Victory—his favorite sculpture; of Fielding's prose—his favorite novelist.

In the days of our intimacy—soon growing into weeks, precious and all too few—which followed, it was his delight to have me sit by his side in the long golden evenings and read to him from one of these old masters; and when the time came for me to say good-by to him, it was his copy of Lucretius he begged me to take and keep in memory of him. It is by me as I write, and as I turn over its pages, penciled by his hand, with occasional annotations in his firm monkish writing, I see him again seated there in his chair, with his strong eyes on the setting sun, the Mediterranean

one stretched-out dream of amethyst and gold, and hear his fine voice intoning the noble Latin—*flammanitia menia mundi*—as though his soul were questioning those flaming walls of the world, on the other side of which it was soon to make its mysterious pilgrimage.

Of the nature and progress of his malady he never spoke. He seemed indeed to give no thought to it, or, at most, to regard it as a tiresome and rather vulgar preparation for the journey he was about to take—a sort of mortal packing-up, interesting only to those whom it concerned—physicians, undertakers, and the like transportation agents, whose services he was paying for, and whom, so to say, he begged to relieve him as far as possible of the trivial details. The journey had been decided upon. His passage was taken. The details were in the proper professional hands. That was all. So a gentleman always travels. *Voilà!*

But of the journey itself he would, now and then, as we sat watching the sunset over the sea, let fall a solemn, echoing word. And as he grew plainly feebler, with a sudden rapidity as the time of our companionship grew to an end, it became evident to me that there was something he was struggling to say.

At length, one evening, when the sun was setting in a solemn glory—"more than ever," as he said, "like a line of Lucretius"—he turned to me, his face curiously soft and gentle. "It is time I told you of Bergamot," he said.

I waited in silence.

"I have never spoken of her to any other creature, nor ever shall; but I feel I can speak of her to you. And I want you to do something for me—only you could I ask—when I am," he paused, and added, with characteristic simplicity, "dead. There is," he went on, "in Devonshire a certain meadow by the side of a stream. I will tell you how to find it. It is walled in with great willows, and toward the end of July the bergamot blossoms there in great blue masses. It was there, last July, I met Bergamot—that is why I call her Bergamot. I shall never see her again; but some day I want you, when the bergamot is in flower, to find that meadow and walk a while there, and think of me. Will you do that for me?"

My eyes were flooded with tears, and I could but press his hand, as it lay on the side of his chair. He returned the pressure with a rough tenderness, and then, "Now let us

The Miracle of Love

play a game of chess," he said suddenly, and so no more of Bergamot for that evening.

But the night after, he again spoke of her, suddenly as before. "Bergamot does not know that I love her," he said. "I never told her. I felt I had no right to tell her, for it was only the day before I met her that I had heard my sentence. The day I met her among the bergamot, I was already a dead man." And then as abruptly he closed the door of his heart again. "Now let us have a chapter of the great Middlesex magistrate," he said.

The day or two following this, he seemed to grow suddenly worse, his customary spirits seemed to have deserted him, and there was a painful eagerness in his face, and a feverish restlessness I had not seen

before. His mind seemed full of agitation, and his philosophy seemed momentarily to have deserted him. At length he spoke to me again.

"I am going to do a foolish thing," he said—"I hope it is not a wicked thing. You must tell me if it is. I am going to write to tell Bergamot that I love her."

He paused, eagerly waiting for my answer.

"Is there any harm in that? If I were going to live, I should not tell her, but as I am—well, not—there can't be any harm, do you think? Tell me. It is childish, I suppose, but I should like her to know."

His whole soul shone in his eyes as he spoke. It seemed as though his very life would flame out in this last great desire.

"But you will have to be my scribe," he said after a while. Poor fellow! his hand could no longer control a pen.

It was a strangely solemn, and it seemed to me an indescribably sacred, task, the writing of that letter. Shall I ever forget his face and his voice, as he dictated to me the beautiful simple words, again with us, as always, the dying sun over the splendid sea?

"Bergamot," he said, "because you were

kind to me as no one has ever been, and because you are more beautiful than any living creature, I want you to know something about me that I dared not tell, those days we walked together in that bergamot meadow. I think you knew that I was dying even

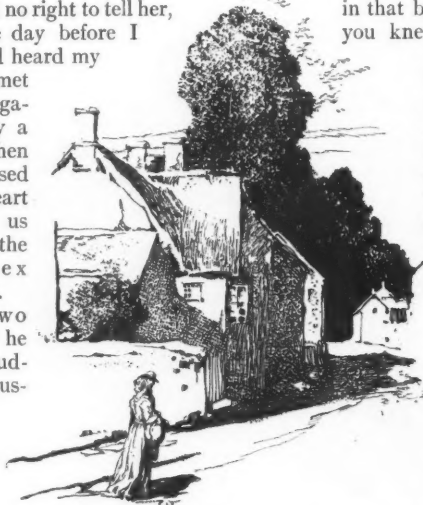
then—perhaps that was why you were so kind to me, but that was why I could not tell you then. Now perhaps I am weaker, more foolish, more selfish than then; but will it harm you, pain you too much,

Bergamot—or dare I ask you to bear this one pain with me?—to know that I love you, and that to have seen you and walked by your side, to have heard you speak, has made of my life an unspeakable glory, a divine success, and that because of your face and that meadow of bergamot I am sitting here by the sea, the happiest man in the

whole world? I shall never see you again, yet shall always see you. So happy I am, Bergamot, to say your name—just to say your name. You who were so kind, will you not be glad to know how happy you have made me? How full of peace and rest and victory is the sound of your name—Bergamot! Be happy for me, Bergamot; promise me to be very happy. Farewell."

After this letter had gone he grew more like his own self again, and it was evident to me that he had told Bergamot the simple truth, and that his spirit was supremely at peace. He did not seem to hope for an answer. His love seemed to be complete in his own heart, consummate in the act of pure worship. I felt as I sat by his side in the still evenings that the great vault of heaven and the sacred spaces of the sea were the temple of his great, pure feeling and I knelt there with him in an awed companionship of divine things. Verily, I said to myself, the human heart is a mysteriously holy thing.

Then suddenly, after a few more days had passed, as again we sat together in the sunset, there came toward us a boy carrying a tray. On the tray was a letter. It was from Bergamot.



AT LENGTH HE HAD GROWN SO STRONG THAT
THEY COULD GO BACK TOGETHER TO
A LITTLE DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE

He kept it there on his lap a long time, neither of us saying a word. When at last he read it, I turned my eyes away. I did not look at him for a long time. There was a rustling of the paper, then a long silence. Still I dared not look at him. I was afraid. I almost feared that he was dead, he sat so silent. Then at last he said,

"Friend, look at me."

I looked. His face shone with an unearthly light. I thought then indeed that he was dying—dying of joy.

"God is marvelously good," he said.

The letter had told him that Bergamot loved him.

Now this story has a very strange sequel, a sequel of miracle, one of those miracles that are sometimes wrought on this strange earth by the divine power of human love. My own affairs would not suffer me to stay many more days with my friend, but, in the few that remained for us together, a marvelous change began to come over him. Color seemed to be welling into his pale cheeks, his shrunken frame began to fill out, and his shaking limbs to knit themselves together. Doctors and nurses—ministrants of that strange journey—began to look at him in wonder. What was happening to him—what had happened? A great light of life seemed to be mysteriously rekindling within him. Was it the last flaming up of the fires of life before they went out forever?

With anguish I had at length to bid him good-by, but shall I ever forget how his face shone with an unearthly happiness as I pressed his hand, and left him sitting there

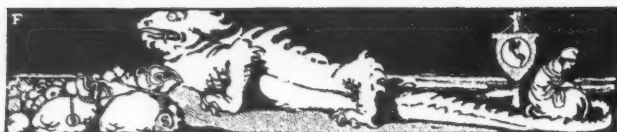
alone by the sea? I never saw him again. A wandering life in a far land saw the years go by without the possibility of my coming again to his side. But a very few weeks had gone by when a letter came to me, written in his own hand, still tremulous, but still his writing. Will you believe what beautiful thing had happened? But it was true—true as love is true.

Bergamot had left all, to come and take her place beside him. And they were married. And still the strength continued marvelously to well into his worn frame; and at length he had grown so strong that they could go back together to a little Devonshire village hard by that meadow of bergamot and willows. There, for six beautiful years, they lived in a happiness for which I can imagine no mortal words. The shadow was still with them. They knew that it must some day fall; but meanwhile even it was transfigured by the light of their immortal love.

During those years many letters came to me out of that great light, and because the shadow had at last to fall, and my friend at last to start on his miraculously interrupted journey, will you deny that, as I said, the love of these two is one of the perfect love-stories of the world? It was not long after his going that Bergamot, too, went on the same journey, and there is a little churchyard in Devonshire where you may read their names on the same stone.

So, you see, I never met Bergamot. I have only dreamed about her. No one can ever meet her now. But I love to dream of her and my happy friend, whenever the bergamot comes out against the willows in the July meadows.





Tragedies of the Sugar Trust

By Charles P. Norcross

Editor's Note.—The previous articles of this series have dealt with the American Sugar Refining Company as an enemy of the common good by reason of its corrupting influence upon Congress in securing tariff legislation favorable to it; as a pirate of business jealous of and preying upon the successes of its competitors, which it bought out at its own terms or ruined; as a rebater demanding its toll on every hand and using its dishonest gains to fight its rivals; and as a sneak thief robbing the government of petty pennies. In all these operations, however, the officers of the trust kept their skirts clear of indictable crime. But in the following instalment, showing how these officers ruined a rival and drove another man to suicide by refusing him a chance to step back from his dishonor, it is related how the hand of the law was stretched out to check in its wreck-strewn career this corporation whose whole history is close written with records of petty, miserable business crime.



AGUN-FIGHT had broken out in a notorious dive in a Western mining town. An excited citizen rushed to the local sheriff and besought him to interfere to prevent a wholesale massacre. The sheriff refused to act as urged and sagely said,

"Anyone that gets killed within them walls is entitled to the penalty, and the world will be a sweeter place after the clean-up."

This little story is dragged in by the hair because it seems so wonderfully apropos of the dealings between the American Sugar Refining Company directorate and Adolph Segal, the Philadelphia plunger. There need be little sympathy for Segal. The sugar trust manifestly broke the law. Six of its directors and two agents were justly indicted, and a criminal conspiracy in restraint of trade was revealed, but there was great provocation. Almost any red-blooded man would have taken after Segal with little regard for the law. Segal had once mulcted the company out of a million dollars through a scheme which has been characterized as commercial blackmail. So successful was that undertaking that he tried it again on a scale five times as big. When his hand was revealed in the second attempt the trust, unlawfully, it is true, but with broadly human justifica-

tion, completely ruined him, and, incidentally, landed itself at the bar of justice, where it now stands.

The story of Segal's dealings with the American Sugar Refining Company makes a lurid tale. With all its malefactions—its defrauding of the government by false weighing, its throttling of the beet-sugar industry, its wholesale rebating, its corrupting of Congress, and its other illegal methods—never, until the Segal case arose, did a single officer of power and influence in the corporation feel the hand of the law laid on his shoulder. To be sure, the corporation had been indicted, heavy fines had been imposed, and the character of the trust had been besmirched almost beyond redemption, but the powerful men in the company had evaded the law. The deal with Segal was too open, however, to escape; the evidence was too conclusive; the minutes showed too acutely the activities of individuals for the responsible men in the company to escape, and when the government had finished its investigation of the maze of transactions between Segal and the trust, down came eight indictments, and struggling in the net were six directors of the trust. The only one to escape was Horace Havemeyer, who entered the board after his father's death and did not participate in the conspiracy to ruin Segal.

On July 1st of the present year, the federal

grand jury, which had been investigating the affairs of Segal and the sugar trust in so far as they related to a loan made by the trust to Segal on December 30, 1903, handed down indictments against the corporation and eight individuals connected with it. The men indicted were: Washington B. Thomas, president, John E. Parsons, chief counsel, Arthur Donner, John Mayer, George H. Frazier, and Charles H. Senff, directors; Gustav E. Kissel, agent for the trust; and Thomas B. Harned, counsel for Segal at the time the loan was made.

Back of these indictments lies a story of commercial piracy, unscrupulous reprisal, and disregard for all legal and moral obligations that is almost unparalleled. The ramifications are vast. A giant financial structure in Philadelphia, the Real Estate Trust Company, was dragged down to ruin; its president, considered one of the bulwarks of American finance, died by his own hand; Segal went into bankruptcy; and, as has been told, for the first time the real men in the sugar trust faced the bar of justice as defendants.

Adolph Segal, whose dealings with the trust caused this great financial upheaval, is one of the most interesting characters in America. One of his attorneys referred to him in a Philadelphia courtroom as "a steam-engine in breeches." That characterization fits him more nearly than anything else. For years he operated on a cash capital so slender that it was necessary to lay it on a white background to get even a shadow. It is recounted that when he came to this country from Austria, where he was born, he threw dice with his landlord to see whether he

should pay two years' rent or nothing for one year. He won. His career has been meteoric. Whether it was building a soap-factory, a giant apartment-house, a tannery, a hotel, or buying the famous old Elkins mansion in Philadelphia and making a social campaign that opened the eyes of Philadelphians and is said to have cost three million dollars, his movements have always been spectacular. None of these things, however, are pertinent to the story except the dealings of Segal with the trust.

How Segal ever met Frank K. Hipple, president of the Real Estate Trust Company, and won his confidence to the point where Hipple practically gave him the keys to the company's vaults and allowed him to use the deposits as he saw fit must always remain a mystery, but in Hipple's hand, clutched tightly, when his self-slain body was found was the following note:

"I alone am to blame. Segal got all the money. I was fooled."

According to the generally accepted belief, Segal, relying on his great personal magnetism, his winning speech, his ability to build air-castles, and his impressive way of presenting a case, visited Hipple in 1901. He went without any letters of introduction and stated his case with no circumlocution.

Segal is a rather undersized man, broad of shoulder, rotund as to trunk, with black waving hair, the eyes of a dreamer, and the soft, liquid voice of a singer. He speaks with just a trace of an accent, but he is one of the most alluring talkers that one is likely to encounter. At all events, equipped with nothing but an



ADOLPH SEGAL, "AN UNDERSIZED MAN, WITH BLACK WAVING HAIR, THE EYES OF A DREAMER, AND THE SOFT, LIQUID VOICE OF A SINGER," WHO DUPED FRANK K. HIPPLE INTO EMBEZZLING THE MONEY TO BUILD THE PENNSYLVANIA SUGAR REFINERY

Tragedies of the Sugar Trust

idea and nerve, he visited Mr. Hipple in his bank and made his proposition. "The sugar trust," he said, "is cornering the market. It is crushing all competition. It is buying all refineries that oppose it and dismantling them. I want five hundred thousand dollars. With that sum I will build a refinery and they must buy me out."

Hipple hesitated, but the cooing voice ran glibly on:

"And besides, we could make your son treasurer of the company and insist on a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year for him. There would be a million to split."

"The risk is too great," said Hipple, but he was wavering. His son was the apple of his eye, and the chance seemed good. The respected president of the Trust Company, treasurer of the funds of the trustees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and the man who was considered one of the most conservative bankers in the country, finally yielded. The money was advanced. The refinery was built. Segal's promise came true. The trust did meet the "strike," and there was a million to split.

After that Segal seemed to own Hipple. Hipple advanced him money on schemes that afterward seemed of such a wildcat character that the directors rubbed their eyes in blank amazement when they were uncovered.

Over five million dollars was found tied up in Segal's ventures, and no little part of it was in the new Pennsylvania Sugar Refinery, which Segal had built to sell to the trust.

This is the finest sugar-refinery ever built in the world. That is one of the things about Segal. The man has a genius for perfection. He works out details with a thoroughness that is amazing, and he spares neither himself nor

money to create the highest type of any work he has in hand. It is so of his hotel, of his private home, of the white-lead plant he put up in Chester, and everything he touches. Financiers will tell

you that such exhaustive detail and decoration prove costly, and that Segal is not a good

builder from the financiers' side, although he has no equal on the artistic and practical side. Segal has promoted over thirty enterprises. It is doubtful if three have proved successful. His Majestic Hotel in Philadelphia is almost barbaric in its splendor, and his personal suite rivals in splendor the royal apartments of European palaces.

The Camden factory had proved highly successful. The trust was easy

prey. Hipple was fascinated by the adroitness and ability of Segal. Over eight millions of dollars rested in the vaults of the Real Estate Trust Company. Segal cast wonderful colors on the screen. Hipple sat fascinated. Then the big Pennsylvania Refinery was started, with levies upon the millions of the Trust Company. But the work dragged. There were other ventures, none of which



FRANK K. HIPPLE, PRESIDENT OF THE REAL ESTATE TRUST COMPANY, PRACTICALLY GAVE SEGAL THE KEYS TO THE COMPANY'S VAULTS AND ALLOWED HIM TO USE THE DEPOSITS AS HE SAW FIT

paid an immediate return. Even the vast resources of the Trust Company were inadequate to meet Segal's enormous drafts upon them. It was necessary to get the refinery running to utilize it either to make money or to perfect it as a menace to the trust so that it would be bought out. In the fall of 1903 Hipple had thrown up his hands. He could supply no more money; he had gone to the limit of falsification of books, juggling and embezzling trust funds. He had far outstripped even injudicious loans.

All the time the sugar trust had its eye on the Philadelphia giant. A gray old fox in the office of the trust was laying a trap to make the power of the giant refinery ineffective. Cunning spies had told John E. Parsons that Segal was at the end of his rope. The trust knew in a hazy way of the hold that Segal had on Hipple. It knew that the millions of the Trust Company were open to him, but it did not suspect the actual truth. When Segal sent up rockets of distress the gray old fox at the office of the American Sugar Refining Company was the first to know it. Segal was in the market to borrow money, and the new refinery was the collateral offered. The time was ripe for the *coup d'état*.

At that time Segal had an attorney named Thomas B. Harned. Harned was later indicted as guilty of a part in the conspiracy. He sold out his client to the trust. The gray old fox reached around for a tool. To hand came Gustav E. Kissel, impeccable, well connected in the financial world, suave, and, above all, close mouthed. Kissel undertook the contract as outlined to him. The net was being drawn fine. Kissel reached Harned and through him let Segal know that under certain conditions certain sums would be advanced to him.

At the time these negotiations were opened, the situation at the refinery was peculiar. Twenty-six thousand shares of the stock of the concern had been placed in Hipple's hands, as trustee, to be voted as directed by a committee of stockholders to be appointed later. Therefore when Segal opened negotiations with Kissel, Hipple had in his possession a majority of the stock of the refinery, and he was abjectly Segal's tool.

The letters that passed between Segal, Kissel, and others relating to the loan are models of business perspicacity. There is never a hint of the real principal behind the loan. It was not until long afterward that Segal suddenly awoke to the fact that he had

been trapped. He must have been singularly stupid, for if ever a loan was made under more peculiar conditions there is no public record of it. These conditions are outlined in the following paragraph:

The borrower agrees that he will so arrange that the absolute voting power of the 26,000 shares of stock of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Co. shall be in the lender; that the lender shall have the right to use such voting power as may be suitable to aid or effectuate the purposes hereof; and as the control thereby given is a material part of the consideration for the said note, the borrower further agrees that he will so arrange that of the seven directors of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Co., four to be nominated by the lender, of whom one shall be Kissel, shall be put in place of four of the present directors; that they or their substitutes, to be nominated by the lender shall be directors, so long as any part of the loan shall remain unpaid; that the control and possession of the property of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Co. shall be in such a way so effectually subject to the control of the Board of Directors that so long as the note or any part thereof remains unpaid the refinery of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Co. shall only be run or operated, or do business, as shall be directed by said Board.

Kissel, it is noted, was to be one of the seven directors of the corporation, and he was to name three others, so that he would have a majority of the board under his control. The plant could then be run or shut down just as Kissel elected, and Kissel was taking his orders from H. O. Havemeyer.

Supplemental to the extract printed above is an interesting memorandum of the items to be considered in the agreement under which the loan was made. This memorandum is in addition to the agreement attached to the note, the extract from which has been given.

MEM. RE SEGAL LOAN

1. Agreement to be made and exchanged.
2. Stock note to be signed and securities to be turned over.
3. Mr. Hipple must give a certificate or other paper that he holds the 26,000 shares subject to the control of the lender, and that he will not accept directions from the proposed committee, or does accept notice from the majority of the stockholders that they will not appoint or consent to the appointment of the committee.

(Add to Item 3.)

Let the Construction Company notify Mr. Hipple that inasmuch as no names for a committee have been agreed to in the pooling agreement of July 1, 1903, the Construction Company, as owner of 26,000 shares [a majority of the stock of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company] notifies Mr. Hipple, as the depository of the stock, that it elects to treat the agreement as not complete; and that Mr. Hipple will be so good as to act accordingly, accepting no directions from a committee, should

Tragedies of the Sugar Trust

names for a committee be proposed, and accepting this as a notice that the Construction Company, as the holder of a majority of the stock, will not until this notice is countermanded in writing by the Construction Company or its assigns participate in the appointment of such a committee or consent to the appointment. Let Mr. Hipple acknowledge the receipt of this communication by a letter or certificate in which he shall say that he has received it, that he will act in accordance with it, and that he holds the 26,000 shares of stock of the Construction Company subject to this notice, to any right, if any, under the pooling agreement, and subject, as thus stated, to the ownership and control of the Construction Company and its assigns. Then let the Construction Company transfer this certificate, with trust certificates, if trust certificates are to be issued, to Mr. Kissel, under the terms of the Segal agreement.

A note from the president of the company addressed to Mr. Kissel, in substance or effect as follows, will answer: "Mr. Gustav E. Kissel:

"Dear Sir: Referring to the resolution of the directors of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company, passed this day, with reference to the starting of the refinery, I wish to say that I recognize the authority of that resolution, and will act in conformity with it, subject to any change that may hereafter be made by a majority of the Board of Directors."

4. If the stock is in the name of the Construction Company, it must give an irrevocable proxy, and should assent to whatever is the arrangement with Mr. Hipple.

5. The changes in the board to be arranged as proposed.

6. The insurance policies to be procured and turned over as arranged.

7. The \$200,000 to be deposited in the U. S. M. & T. Co. under the terms of the agreement.

8. The lender should be satisfied that the executive officers will obey the orders of the directors in respect to the running of the refinery.

9. The resolution of the directors may be in this form:

"Whereas, to start the refinery at the present time would involve an outlay of a large sum of money, which would need to be provided, and for which the time is inopportune:

"RESOLVED that the refinery do not run, and that no proceedings looking to the beginning of operations be taken until the further order of the Board."

Some of the items in this memorandum may need explaining. Items No. 1 and No. 2 refer respectively to the note of loan and the formalities of turning over the stock as col-

lateral. Item No. 3 compelled Hipple to relinquish whatever rights he might have as trustee of the stock and to pledge himself to ignore any instructions from the stockholders or a committee. Item No. 4 is explained by the fact that some of the stock stood in the name of the construction company that built the plant, and a waiver of its rights was necessary. Items 5 and 6 are routine. Item No. 7 explains an agreement for the deposit of a certain sum. The loan was not made in a lump. It was split into varying

sums, and the \$200,000

is one of the payments. Item No. 8 binds the executive officers. And then came the joker. The resolution the directors were to pass was drafted. This resolution shut down the plant, and here

the sugar trust attained the end it was after. The addition to item No. 3 was simply to make more certain the elimination of the pool or trustee stock and to place it absolutely without the reach of the stockholders. Even a letter from the president of the company turning over the whole plant to Kissel was attached. It was a complete clean up.

The loan was made December 30, 1903. Segal had \$1,250,000, and Kissel had the whole proposition sewed up. Now take the minutes of the meeting of the executive committee of the American Sugar Refining Company held December 28th, two days before the actual transfer of obligations:

"Meeting executive committee, held at 117 Wall Street, New York, on Monday, December 28, 1903, at 11 o'clock A. M. Present H. O. Havemeyer, W. B. Thomas, Lowell M. Palmer, and Arthur Donner.

"The president was authorized to execute the contract with Gustav E. Kissel as approved by Counsel John E. Parsons."

And there you are. The whole scheme was cooked up in the office of the American Sugar Refining Company. John E. Parsons approved. The sugar trust advanced the money to Kissel, who in turn paid it over to Segal.

Segal's awakening came a few days later. He wanted to open the plant and operate it. The directorate—that is, the Kissel-



GUSTAV E. KISSEL, TOOL OF THE SUGAR TRUST
IN NEGOTIATING THE LOAN WITH SEGAL
WHICH GAVE THE TRUST CONTROL OF
THE PENNSYLVANIA SUGAR REFINERY

controlled directorate—were obdurate. The only way that Segal could get money to repay the loan was to make the plant a going concern. Kissel wouldn't permit the plant to run. Then the lenders began to press Segal for payment with the idea of forcing the stock to an auction sale. John E. Parsons suddenly appeared as counsel for Kissel. Segal's eyes were opened. He saw the trap he was in.

This revelation probably more than any other broke the heart of Hipple. He had hoped against hope. He had seen the former deal with the Camden refinery go through easily. The million cleaned up was so quickly paid that he thought it could be duplicated on a bigger scale. He was waiting, waiting for the coup. He thought, once in the field and running, the refinery could be speedily sold to the trust, or, failing that, would have an earning capacity which would make its stock valuable and allow him to realize on the investment by stock sales.

Segal, as soon as he found the trap he was in, tried desperately to raise money to liquidate the loan and get started.

His financial reputation, however, was shaky. Grave whisperings about the status of the Real Estate Trust Company were going around. Hipple had no further resources. Pathetic letters went from Segal to Parsons, asking for time and a change in arrangements. The answer was always the same, "Pay or we foreclose." While this situation was most acute Hipple sud-

denly took his own life, and the great Trust Company fell with a crash. Segal was thrown into the spot-light. He failed. Everything was tied up, and the sugar trust agents sat back appalled at their own handiwork.

When the Real Estate Trust Company toppled to its fall, practically cleaned out, Philadelphia could not have been more surprised had City Hall, a mountain of masonry, toppled into crowded Broad Street. It was considered impregnable. Then came a strong man to sift the rotten wreck to the bottom. He was George H. Earle, a fighter and a man of wonderful sagacity and penetration. He found the Segal deal in the wreck, and he started to probe it.

So clear cut was the evidence that he started a suit on behalf of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company to recover enormous damages. Not only that, he placed before the Attorney-General in Washington all the facts relating to the transaction. Events moved swiftly. The government had no interest in the civil side of the transaction,

and Earle and his associates were left to recover their own dam-

ages, but the evidence supplied a case for the government to indict Kissel and Harned for a conspiracy in restraint of trade. Evidence was taken before the grand jury in New York by John S. Wise, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. Books were subpoenaed *duces tecum*. The indictments were all drawn and ready to be handed



ELIHU ROOT, EX-SECRETARY OF WAR AND STATE AND PRESENT SENATOR, TO WHOM THE SUGAR TRUST APPEALED TO SAVE ITS OFFICERS FROM THE GOVERNMENT'S PROSECUTION

Tragedies of the Sugar Trust

down when there was a sudden interruption of the proceedings.

Enter Elihu Root, formerly secretary of war and secretary of state and at present senator from New York. Whenever any covert and furtive corporation work is afoot it is always well to try to locate Root. He may not be guilty, but there is a great possibility that he is. It has been pointed out how he instigated the great movement in Cuba to repeal the tariff on Cuban sugars. This would help the trust alone and cripple the beet-sugar men. In the hour of need therefore the sugar trust turned to Root. He was not able to prevent the indictments from being handed down, but he did succeed in warding off the law for a time at least.

John S. Wise and his assistants had the indictments all ready for public announcement. Parsons, Kissel, and others had been pleading the statute of limitations. They insisted that the loan was made at a period antedating the law's jurisdiction. While Wise was deliberating this question he received a letter from the Attorney-General of the United States. This letter was written, in his own hand, at the dead of a Sunday night, by the Attorney-General and sent to Mr. Wise. It read as follows:

WASHINGTON, Sunday, 6/27/09.

MY DEAR WISE:

Senator Root has sent me the proof of a petition signed by Bowers, Milburn, and Guthrie, in support of their contention that the statute of limitations has run in favor of Messrs. Parsons, Kissel, and Harned. If the only overt acts done to carry out the objects of the unlawful conspiracy were those referred to in the brief, I should think they were insufficient to save the bar of the statute. A strong effort will be made to-morrow to persuade the President to interfere in some way to prevent the indictments, but, aside from that, no indictments should be returned against anyone if there is no reasonable ground to believe they can be sustained—if, for instance, the offenses charged are clearly barred by the statute. I need hardly say this to you. What I want to impress upon you is that if you have any reasonable doubt in the matter, you either have the Grand Jury ask the Court for instructions, or, if that is not feasible, that you advise the Department of the specific charges on which you rely to save the statute before actually having the indictments brought in. You may telephone either to me or to Mr. Ellis, if I should be out of the Department when you call, on this point.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) GEO. W. WICKERSHAM.

P.S.—As I am writing from my house and have no copy of this, will you kindly have your typewriter make and send me a copy?

Mr. Milburn, counsel for the trust, had turned to his natural ally, Mr. Root. A

strong effort will be made to-morrow to persuade the President to interfere in some way to prevent the indictments.

It is a fact that the next day Elihu Root visited the White House. Did he urge the President to interfere? You must judge. If he did his influence did not run strong enough. The President sustained the Department of Justice that the offense was a continuing one as long as the refinery remained closed under the provision of the loan agreement and that the statute of limitations would not hold. Down came the indictments, and to the bar of justice came Mr. John E. Parsons and his associates. There they are now desperately invoking the statute of limitations, whose mantle, according to one interpretation of the law, has already been thrown protectingly around two of the offenders, Harned and Kissel.

In the meantime, terrified and panic-stricken, the trust rushed to Philadelphia and settled the civil suit. It cost them over two million dollars, but it was the only way out.

So endeth the first lesson. Rather many lessons, for one thing after another has piled upon the trust until it seems that there is nothing further that can develop. It is probable that with the adjudication of the case against the directors and their associates, Kissel and Harned, the score will be clean. As has been said earlier in this article the men facing the bar of justice to-day can hardly be blamed for their actions—further than runs censure for supine acquiescence in criminal deeds instigated and carried into effect by a superior—always excepting John E. Parsons. Thomas, Donner, Senff, and others were mere puppets of Havemeyer. Parsons is something more. He has the cunning brain to plan, the merciless ferocity to execute, and the atrophied conscience that never leaves a pang of remorse. For years he has posed as the leader of the bar, creaking with respectability, oozing oleaginous philanthropy, a lesson and a pattern for all to follow. In his old age he stands at the bar stripped of his honors, pitilessly exposed as a jackal of commerce and law whose name will be anathema. Havemeyer has gone to his grave—the good he did buried with him, the evil to live on. The others are of little moment. But the trust itself? That is hard to say. It has been purified by fire. Whether it will stay purged remains to be seen. Its lesson has certainly been salutary enough.



COMPOSING-ROOM SCENE FROM "THE FOURTH ESTATE"

The Tear-Drenched Drama

By Alan Dale

THREE actresses, weeping all sorts of anguished tears for our ruthless theatrical delectation, seem to project once more the ever undecided question as to whether people patronize the drama for grief or for joy. The average unthinking man, when confronted with the problem, generally imagines that he has settled it when he says: "Oh, if I want worry and woe, I needn't go to the theater at all. I can stay at home." This gentleman would be indignant at the gallant suggestion that he might possibly find joy at home occasionally. Then there is the eternal "tired business man" who is made the excuse for so many trumpery musical comedies. He wants slap-stick and horse-play. You couldn't drag him to see a play that had a melancholy story any more than you could induce him to read a novel that ended unhappily.

Oddly enough, most men voice the sentiments of the above types. Few men have much use for the lachrymose and the dismal. Their contact with the world is usually very

close, and they feel that in the mimic world there is not much place for grief. They prefer to be cheered, inspired, or exalted. There are gently sad plays, of course, that inspire and exalt. With these, the masculine theatergoer has but scant complaint. It is with the dramas whose great specialty is undiluted woe, and whose plots swim in a sea of turbulent tears, that men have little patience.

Women are quite different. They are perfectly willing to spend money in order to see other people consistently miserable. They can appreciate a heroine who is minus a happy moment. They savor the joys of a problem that can be answered only by a tear-drenched interrogation-mark. They have no objection to an unhappy ending. They *never* see the humor of some of these laboriously miserable plays. In fact, the man who pokes fun at them is usually looked upon as heartless. All this is perfectly consistent with woman's nature. As all dramatic woe is the result of love in some form or other, we can confidently expect that it will appeal forcefully to women.

If miserable plays dealt with science, fi-

The Tear-Drenched Drama

nance, politics, or diplomacy, then we should probably find the men eager for them. But they do not. They deal quite exclusively with love, which is woman's stronghold, with scarcely room for the sole of a man's foot. Marriage and its many variations being the biggest factor in the feminine life, women take a breathless interest in weebegone stories that delay it, or render it impossible, or offer it as the result of terrific struggle. Even if women have ended their own love-affairs satisfactorily, they are personally stimulated by those of other people. This is a peculiarity of the sex. It accounts for the popularity that certain plays, nearly obnoxious to men, acquire. It is the reason why the drama of heart-ache that men would carefully avoid, if they went to the theater alone, often enjoys a tremendous vogue. Woman, being quite devoid of the sense of humor, wants sorrow, anguish, and struggle in her love-story. To her the love-story is a perfectly serious affair—not a bit less serious than her life-story.

The three actresses who have been weeping all sorts of anguished tears for our ruthless theatrical delectation are Miss Margaret Anglin, Miss Viola Allen,

and Miss Hedwig Reicher—the last having translated herself from the German into the sheer pleasure of weeping real tears in English.

Miss Margaret Anglin has been miserable for years. Her great specialty has been real tears, and always for some sort of love. Any old sort! This in itself, inasmuch as Miss Anglin has usually been a success, shows the rapacity of women for the love-woe. What man really cares to see an actress shedding *real* tears? Does not the real man squirm at the sight of a woman weeping wetly, and invariably on his account? Not so the real woman. She loves it. So, in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" we get another salty drama with a moral that, in early Victorian days, would have been considered quite dreadful. The play is a dramatization by Charlotte Thompson of Margaret Deland's novel. The heroine lived a life of unwedded marriage with a gay deceiver who, in the eyes of the world, was her brother. This fragrant idea is worked out in all its details. When the guileless people of Old Chester, Pennsylvania, were present, Helena Richie was a formal and coldly affectionate sister to the man; when they were alone—with none but the audience to watch them—she would spring into



LILLIAN RUSSELL AND FREDERICK TRUESDELL IN "THE WIDOW'S MIGHT"



ANN MURDOCK, GERTRUDE COGHLAN, AND CYRIL CHADWICK IN "THE NOBLE SPANIARD"

his arms and fervently tell him how much she loved him!

Later on, of course, her "past" was discovered by the "strait-laced" people of the village, who had "early Victorian" ideas unlike those of Helena, who talked about "living her own life" in her own way. She had adopted a boy whom she grew to love. When her "past" was revealed the good gentleman who had assigned the boy to her care felt it his duty to remove the lad. She was not a fit person to be entrusted with the care of children. Her lover, who had an adult daughter of his own, betrayed a marked disinclination to marry Helena. The heroine was indeed "up against it." At this point the tears were shed lavishly. After scenes of pointless agony, in which Helena's soul underwent all sorts of contortions and gyrations, her "awakening" took place, and when she said good-by to the little boy, in the unhappy "big" act, of course there wasn't a "dry eye in the house."

One cannot review such a play seriously.

It is much too serious for serious criticism, being simply one of those eternal love-conflicts that are offered for the delectation of women, and to which men are forced to subscribe for the sake of peace in the family. And woe to the man who meekly avers that such stories are immoral! Better—ininitely better—assert that they are trite and stupid, which they are. However, it is futile to controvert them in any way. Women will go to see them, and will derive more satisfaction in that way than they would get from the wittiest, most original, and most brilliant comedy. And when the play encloses an actress like Miss Margaret Anglin, who can, and will, weep *real* tears, then there is nothing more to say. The drama has established itself.

"The White Sister," which is Marion Crawford dramatized, is even more emphatically anguished than "The Awakening of Helena Richie." It is the story of a nun's love. She had thought that the man she loved was dead, and proceeded immediately to take the vows. No sooner had she become a complete nun

The Tear-Drenched Drama

than she discovered that he wasn't a bit dead, but was there, not only waiting for her, but determined to get her! Charming conflict! What could she do? She loved him with all her heart and soul, but she was a nun freighted with solemn vows. Thereupon her misery set in thickly and lugubriously, and she never had another happy moment. To get rid of him she threatened to go among the lepers. She couldn't induce him to budge from her, but she was resolved not to listen to him. Her woe grew and grew. He begged her to sign a dispensation paper to be presented to the Pope. Then, when she refused, he abducted her from the convent, took her to his rooms at night, and threatened suicide unless she signed the paper. (Breathless suspense on the part of the women in the audience.) This decision on the part of the lover settled her, and she signed the paper. And this was but the cue for tenser grief. When he realized completely her terrible situation his better nature sprang into the ascendant, and with delightful altruism he tore the paper to bits.

Did this improve the case? Not one little bit. This sorely coveted and direly loved nun, by her presence in her lover's room at night, had been compromised. There was but one thing for her lover to do, and he did it. It was to shoot himself, which he might more appropriately have done in the first act, or even before the curtain rose upon it. The lovely white-veiled sister, moaning over his prostrate body, in the center of the stage, was a perfectly bee-yoo-ti-ful picture for the lachrymose ladies in the audience. Yet he did not die at once. He lingered for another act,



SCENE FROM "THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD"—
SAM BERNARD AND KITTY GORDON

in order that the agony might have a satisfactory inning. He left the fair nun, at the end, reveling in her own highly pictorial misery.

Miss Viola Allen played this grief-laden rôle in her own peculiar gutta-percha way. It is not likely that any man felt the slightest emotion at the variations of her woe. It is more than likely that most women did, for it was love-woe of the most rigid kind, and this is all that feminine theatergoers ask for. They can have it!

"On the Eve" is Russian misery, adapted by Miss Martha Morton from Dr. Leopold Kampf's play. This might have been a loveless legend, in which case it would not have had a fighting chance. Fortunately for women, the Russian revolutionary heroine was pictured as reluctantly in love with the Russian revolutionary hero. I say reluc-

tantly, because this was really not the motive of the play until the last act. No, Doctor Kampf was much too busy depicting the horrors of peasant life, which we know, alas! too well, and of which we are most heartily tired. The dark-green atmosphere of "On the Eve" was of the most forbidding quality, and it needed a really feminine fortitude to stay until the last act, when the love-interest became paramount. The fervid heroine was asked to manipulate a situation that involved the life of her lover. He was to throw a dynamite bomb at the carriage of the evil and archly oppressive Teploff, chief of the police. This would send him to kingdom come, along with the aforesaid Teploff. And she, at a window with a lighted candle, had to direct the proceedings. So you can quite see the strength of that scene, and its significance to women. I need not dwell upon it. Let it pass as "strong."

Hedwig Reicher, a German actress new to the English-speaking stage, played this heroine's part, and played it extremely well. She is a good, reliable, and interesting actress, with a certain amount of personality, and I should say that she will be a useful addition to our list of leading ladies—or perhaps I should make it “stars.” She lacks the original methods of a great actress, but has all the qualities of a good one. These are nice and comforting things to possess, and Hedwig Reicher will probably be heard of again—let us hope, in a more cheerful and a more appropriate drama.

“Inconstant George” gave us the im-

maculate Mr. John Drew as a flirt in pajamas. Mr. Drew was magnanimously displayed in his bedstead, from which he occasionally hopped, wearing a very elegant—I believe “nobby” is the correct word—set of night-clothes. An hour after seeing the play one forgets everything it contained, *except* Mr. Drew's pajamas. Perhaps he realized this possibility, and made those garments as unforgettably interesting as lay in his dramatic power. “Inconstant George” is a feeble, unsubstantial, and frivolous little comedy in which Mr. Drew elected to play the part of a flighty person in love with every woman he met, very fond of clandestine meetings and compromising letters; in fact, incorrigibly incorrigible until the last act, when he chastely emerged as a serious lover.

It seemed a pity to watch a representative American actor, such as Mr. Drew must be considered, disporting himself in such drivel, and trying to do it in a dignified way. It was unsatisfactory and a bit pathetic. Mr. Drew has grown, or is growing, old in the service of the theater, and yet he can find nothing better to offer than “Inconstant George”—dragged



“THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE”—HELENA (MARGARET ANGLIN) PARTING WITH HER ADOPTED SON (MASTER RAYMOND HACKETT)

The Tear-Drenched Drama

across the ocean, by the way, as though it were a gem of wit and construction. Some things are so odd that they call for little discussion, and this is assuredly one of them.

Miss Lillian Russell in "The Widow's Might"—wasn't! "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'" Yet it is always a pleasure to look at Lillian Russell under any pretext, and it was such an awfully bad play that we very quickly gave up its consideration, and surrendered ourselves to Miss Russell's delightful personality.

She was cheerful, amusing, beautiful, and even vivacious, and we let it go at that. Her dramatic work may induce the young reviewer to remark that she has a future. Even the older and more cynical chronicler may at least suggest that in a well-fitting and rational comedy Miss Russell leads one to believe that she will not be found lacking. In "The Widow's Might" a far cleverer actress would have been hopelessly swamped.

The most delightful comic opera that New York has known since the Gilbert and Sullivan days (not good old days, either, for Gilbert and Sullivan are just as captivating now as they were then) is "The Chocolate Soldier," founded upon Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," with music by Oscar Strauss. And when I say music I mean music, and not molasses. Such a collection of rippling entrancing airs are seldom offered us, and we could scarcely realize our good fortune at first. Mr. Stanislaus Stange adapted Bernard Shaw from the *German* (England and America please sit up and pay attention), and did it remarkably well. Naturally, liberties were taken with Mr. Shaw, and he was freely tampered with for comic-opera purposes. I sincerely hope that other librettists will tamper with some more of Mr. Shaw, if we can get further results as

delicious and as inspiring as "The Chocolate Soldier."

Another musical success, of a less unconventional kind, is "The Girl and the Wizard," with Mr. Sam Bernard as the star, and, this time, an extremely worthy star. Mr. Bernard has completely seen the errors of his ways—he can never complain that they have not been pointed out to him—and he has developed into a genuine actor of force and distinction.

In this musical comedy one cannot doubt his acute dramatic perception, and when any musical comedy allows that sort of thing to creep in I say that it is worth while. Mr.

Bernard has the support of a very interesting and admirable English girl, Miss Kitty Gordon, and between the two of them they have made a "go" that is beyond all shadow of doubt.

I'm so glad that I have no space to devote to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's sermon, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," in which Mr. Forbes-Robertson has been playing. The piece contains a number of sordid and picturesque characters whom it is the object of Mr. Robertson, impersonating Our Better Self, to reform. He does it. He does it in such a rapid-transit way that reformation seems rather perplexingly easy. The reformation of Mr.

Jerome K. Jerome, who began as a humorist and develops as a preacher, is the most startling piece of reformation that the "play" contains.

"The Fourth Estate," a newspaper play, proved to be unsympathetic, if dramatic, and relied more upon its setting than anything else. Exactly what it meant I did not discover.

I *did* discover what "The Noble Spaniard" meant. I can reply at once: nothing. That is a laconic criticism, but it goes.



EDITH BRADFORD, PLAYING IN
"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER"



IDA ST. LEON, STARRING IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS," A PLAY IN ITS
SECOND SUCCESSFUL SEASON



FRANCES ROSS AND SADIE LIVERMORE
IN A SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL
PLAY, "THE MAN WHO
OWNS BROADWAY"



VIOLA ALLEN AND WILLIAM FARNUM IN A
SCENE FROM "THE WHITE SISTER." A
DRAMATIZATION OF THE NOVEL
BY F. MARION CRAWFORD



VIRGINIA HAMMOND, WHO IS GERMAINE IN THE DETECTIVE PLAY,
"ARSENE LUPIN"



HEDWIG REICHER, THE HEROINE IN THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY,
"ON THE EVE"



Copyright, 1909, by
Charles Frohman



MARY BOLAND, AND JOHN DREW IN A SCENE FROM "INCONSTANT GEORGE,"
A THREE-ACT COMEDY



MABEL TALIAFERRO AND SCENE FROM "SPRINGTIME," A PLAY OF LOUISIANA IN 1815



Drawn by Hermann C. Walt

THE GIRL KNELT AT ELZIKA'S KNEES. "I AM NOT THE STUFF OF WHICH
GREATNESS IS MADE," SHE SAID, LOOKING WITH TEARS INTO
THE EYES WHICH WERE AS WET AS HER OWN

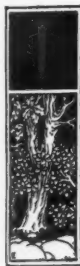
(*"The Other Side"*)

The Other Side

A RENUNCIATION FOR THE SAKE OF A SOUL

By Anne Warner

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall



It was a pitifully plain room, the kind of room in which a man and a woman whose whole life and every penny have been pressed out to one end may spend their evenings, still working, still pressing out a little more life, a few more pennies.

It was evening now, and there they sat, he copying music, she sewing. Both were silent, their lips closed in resolute lines. Neither stopped for anything other than a fresh dip in the ink-well or a fresh threading of the needle that flew back and forth with machine-like swiftness and precision. His temples were bare, his hair prematurely thin and gray; her face was deeply lined, every line telling of struggle and hardship.

Suddenly the bell rang.

"It's the evening post!" the woman exclaimed, starting up.

He lifted his head and looked vacantly after her as she hurried from the room. Then his senses seemed to gather in the meaning of her words, and his eyes brightened as he drew a deep sigh and pushed his hair from his temples with tired, cramped fingers.

She came back, the hand that held the letter trembling. "It's from her. It's come at last. The date for the début must be set. We'll know now! We'll know now!"

His hands shook, too. "Open it," he said hoarsely. "It's our reward, it's what we've lived for all these years. Open it quick!"

She opened it and drew out the closely written sheets. Then together they read.

Elzika sat in her glorious, sunny morning-room with its rugs and cushions and its walls and curtains of royal red and tawny yellow,

all streaked and shaded with ruby and gold. There were pictures, there were autographed sketches, there were portraits of the great singer herself, made in days before she was absolutely porcine in appearance—made by men who wanted to send something on to future generations that should give truth to the dying echoes of that marvelous voice. There were marbles, there were carvings, there were books bound in bronzed leather and coroneted with the coronet which she had married—and outlived. There were a piano, presented by its makers, and a harp, acquired on the same terms, and a spinnet that Mozart had played upon. And there were other treasures, hung up, put away behind glass, or heaped together in the shadowy hinterland of that great and gorgeous room.

Elzika herself sat well to the fore, in the brightest sunbeam of all. She loved brightness now as well as she had ever loved it when it came in its fulness of comfort only in the summer once a year and left her to feel its absence keenly the long winter through as the Gipsy band moved along the frozen road and she either rode cold in a jolting cart or trudged wearily with the rest. The experiences of that time had never been forgotten. They heaped the softest of cushions around the cantatrice and fed every beggar that crossed her path. She never saw cold bare feet in the street without feeling her own feet stinging and swelling upon the stony, biting road. She never saw pride behind an outstretched hand without seeing herself begging, knowing that a man with a stick waited behind the tree or around the corner. How she had longed for freedom—and for gold, for food, for warmth, for love! All the primitive savage had fought in her nature. The day had come that it had burst out of her throat. She had never known that that outlet was for her. She had found it—Eureka! How it had

poured out of her then! Pride, hunger, thirst, rebellion, power, love—she could sing them all. An ugly Gipsy bantling singing so loudly that passers-by paused, puzzled. Such a quaint little gnome-like face and *such* a voice! One passer-by investigated gnome and voice. He promised freedom, gold, food, drink, and love. What more could she ask? She stole away from her tribal band and ran off with the man of promises. He kept none of the promises, but he left Elzika a woman—a woman, aged fifteen, hungry some more, and with a baby, also hungry, in her arms. But her voice had now grown to where it would carry even her ugly, pathetic face to greatness—could it once gain a hearing.

And she had never been faint hearted. She fought for that hearing with double courage now that there were two to starve without it. And she won it, and became great and famous. She reared her daughter with the greatest care and luxury. Everything that she had longed for she lavished on that child. The things that she could not give, such as beauty and grace, Heaven gave, so that the world seemed very fair to Elzika's daughter. But none of the mother's courage and battle was bred in that younger life, and the daughter came to a terrible end. That was the great singer's great grief. She gave up the stage after that and turned her gift to teaching. She became the foremost teacher of them all. But she became something else, too. She became an altogether different woman. First there developed in her a sort of tough, resistant asceticism which rang in oddly with her past as a woman and her present as a trainer of prima donnas. She began to live a different life and to think different thoughts. The costly rings and bracelets fell one by one from her fat fingers, the fingers became slenderer, and then, after a while, into her small, pig-like eyes there crept a new expression, an expression of pleading and sympathy—the old desire for love played now in the minor key of humanity's need. Her dress dropped in plain, simple folds, the glossy black ringlets became braids, the smile upon her ugly mouth turned gently tender, and that unknown grave of the only child she ever bore stretched its length before every young girl who came—full of the glamour of hope—to be taught by her. They were voices no longer. They were women now, and she—more woman than any one among them, for she had suffered longest—never forgot that.

Thus much for Elzika—so far, so good. So far, not too good—for Gipsy blood is hot, and hot blood and a voice of divine magic do go charm's way often—and yet, in the end, good. And often very good. Tender, sympathetic, understanding. Ringing frequently to the old tunes of pride and power, gold, hunger, and thirst, but ringing oftener to the hymn of God that whispers in every heart until it also, perchance, swells as the voice of Elzika had swelled, and hushes all else before it.

So the great teacher sat in the sunshine this morning waiting for her favorite pupil, a very little girl from over the seas—one upon whom she had spent much time and thought, for the girl was poor, and her voice was resplendent, and she was beautiful of face and form. When they were beautiful the ugly old woman with the curious spiritual kindness alight on her shapeless features used to look at them wistfully, yearningly, not because she was so ugly herself, but because her child—the only child she had ever borne—had been so fair. Thoughts stirred in her then that were too deep for speech. She often tried to help—she often helped; but that strange incense that drifts across the footlights intoxicated her as well as them. She knew both sides. She knew both sides well. She had never been fair, but she had been tempted. And her child—her only child—ah, *she* had been fair.

The pupil came in. She was very young, barely eighteen, and one saw at a glance that she had worked terribly hard for many, many moons. She was very beautiful, and her figure had the ideally sylph-like lines that send a voice heavenward with the eyes of all who listen. And her eyes were full and blue, and her chin was a chin that quivered easily. A woman who has a battle to fight should have a broad, straight line from her ear down, or the battle will make for defeat. Elzika knew that and sighed.

The pupil came and stooped beside her mistress, taking her hand and carrying it to her lips with the easy grace of one whose training has been well pushed along all lines.

"Well, little one," said the Gipsy, smiling, "so we each have news to tell. I had your letter when you had mine. Will you wager that my news is not the better?"

The girl hastened to bring a low chair to her teacher's side and sat down there with the familiarity of one privileged. "I dare not wager," she said, smiling only slightly her-

self. "I do not know what you will say to mine." And then the easily quivering chin quivered visibly.

"Nothing bad from the father or mother, I hope?"

"Oh, no."

"Ah, then it can't be so very bad."

"It isn't bad," said the girl, and hesitated.

"Come, I'll tell you mine first, then," said the teacher. "I've arranged for you to have Marguerite the fourth night of the first week of the opera. That means that your name is made. Now what do you say to that?"

The girl turned quite white. "Oh, madame," she stammered; "oh, madame!" Her bosom heaved quickly, she pressed her hands hard against it. "Oh, my parents—my parents!" she whispered, gasping like pain.

"Why, my dear, is it like that?" said Elzika. "Are you of no better stuff than that? See—see—this will never do. Go and pour yourself some wine."

"It isn't that," said the girl. "It's only—it's only—"

"It's only what?"

"It's only that I'm going—I'm getting frightened."

"Of what?" Then the old woman's face and tone altered suddenly. "You have some new trouble?" she asked quickly.

"No, no trouble."

"Etienne hasn't been to you again, has he?"

The girl shook her head. "No, but he is always there when I go to sing. And of course—if I sing Marguerite he will be Faust—he will take me in his arms"—suddenly she began to sob—"he will kiss me many times—you know that, madame—he will kiss me many times."

There was a pause.

"That is only acting," said the teacher finally; "you must learn that that is only acting."

"But he looks at me so," cried the girl, suddenly starting to her feet, "he looks at me so. He is always measuring me with his eyes. And there is Rudolph, too. When he speaks to me it is kindly enough meant, but he touches me, he lays his hand on my shoulder, he calls me 'my dear' and 'little one,' and then he looks at Etienne, and the way they look frightens me."

"It is all acting," said Elzika again. Then her eyes grew somber. "Of course it is through Rudolph that you get your chance the first week; you must not offend him."

"And that frightens me, too," said the girl. "I know that I must not offend them—not one of them. If Etienne chooses to hold me and kiss me passionately in the opera the audience will like him all the better, and I must not rebel or he can throw me from my key any moment and ruin me—and ruin me."

"Yes, that is true," said the older woman, nodding slowly. "That is very true."

"And afterward, when I am changing my dress, if they wish to come and compliment me I must let them in—I must receive their good wishes even if I am half dressed, as Lili had to last year."

"Yes, that is true. That is also true."

"And as the time goes on they will bring others, and I shall become used to it, as Laure did—you remember Laure? Oh, I've been thinking so much about it lately! So much about it!"

"It is all quite true."

"And it will not end there. It never ends there."

"No," said Elzika, the shadow of a grave before her eyes, "it never ends there. I must not deny that. It never ends there."

There was another pause.

"I do not seem very grateful for your news," the girl said then, trying to smile.

"No, but you are right in all you say. If you feel it in that way one has to admit that it is all true."

"It is all true, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is all true."

"I never knew this side until I came into it."

"No," said the old woman with a sigh, "no one can ever know it until they live it." She was under the spell of her own past now. All its brilliance and brightness were forgotten. Her child wailed in her arms again. And then that unknown grave lay before her haunted eyes.

"You must consider well," she said, herself considering the loveliness before her as she spoke and also marking afresh that sweet, ir-resolute chin. "What was your news?" she asked after a while.

"My news?" The girl came back to herself with a start.

"Yes, what you had to tell me."

"It is that I love."

"Ah!" The exclamation came sharply.

"You love! That is partially why."

"Yes; that has made me learn myself."

"One of us? Is he one of us?"

"No; I came to know him through a friend. He is a student. He will be a doctor."

"Ah!" Elzika nodded again. "I'm glad," she said briefly.

"It seems as if I could not bear to have Etienne sing Faust to me now. How could I bear it?"

Elzika laid her hand upon her heart at that. "You could not bear it," she said hoarsely; "it must not be. You must not have to bear it." So easily did the hymn of God rise up in the heart of this woman who had worked hard for years training prima donnas. They had not all stayed prima donnas. And some had stayed prima donnas. Oh, hymn of God! "I would never counsel anyone to go on who felt strong enough to draw back," said Elzika.

The girl quitted her chair and knelt at Elzika's knees. "I am not the stuff of which greatness is made," she said, looking with tears into the eyes which were wet as her own. "I am finding it out."

"Yes," said Elzika, "I am finding it out, too. I was not of that stuff either—I found that out, too. That is curious stuff—that stuff of which greatness is made. I think it is better to be little."

"Then you counsel that I should give it all up? You do not think that I—that I ought—" she stammered hopelessly. "My parents have made so many sacrifices for me," she managed to say at last, "but you know it is for my soul that I fight. They do not know, but you know."

"Yes, I know. I gave it all up."

"But my parents will be so disappointed."

"But not as I was disappointed in my child," said the old woman, and then she put her hands over her face and was quiet a little. "Parents may be disappointed and yet be happy afterward," she said finally. "With me there was no afterward. I lost her before I guessed her danger. And then she died—afar—alone."

The girl laid her hand upon Elzika's arm. "Dear madame," she said in a tone of utmost entreaty, "it seems to me that life is all problem."

"All problem," said Elzika, wiping her eyes, "and the woman's is the hardest. God guard you." Then she opened her arms and took the girl to her heart. "You will write to your parents that you have given up the opera to be married," she said, "and I will make the marriage possible. I will be the fairy godmother."

The girl seemed not to hear. "They will be so disappointed," she murmured, "they will be so disappointed. Oh, they have worked so hard!"

"They know not what they do," quoted Elzika tensely; "you did not know for a long time yourself."

"But you know," said the girl.

"And if I know," said the old Gipsy, "do you think that I do not live up to my knowledge? Who else will understand your change as I have? Ah, my child, 'tis not often that you will be understood—you who might have sung Marguerite to Etienne's Faust before you were nineteen! And I, what will the world say of me, who have trained such a voice to croon over a cradle! But I care not what the world says. I have sung, I have suffered, I have sorrowed, I have been betrayed, I have learned the right. The world matters not to me." And she meant it.

Across the seas, in that dim, dingy room, they had finished reading the letter and now lifted eyes of dumb despair to each other's pained, strained regard. It was long before either spoke.

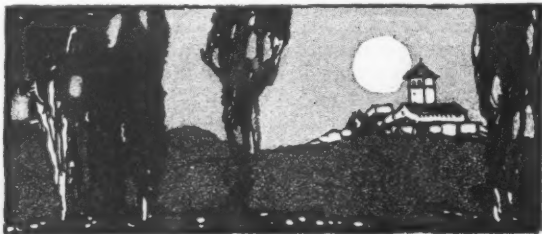
Finally, "She has given it all up," the mother whispered.

"To be married," the father murmured.

"And Madame Elzika will give them money enough for him to finish learning how to be a doctor," said the mother.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" the father said, opening and shutting his tired, cramped fingers; and then again: "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"I guess we may as well go to bed," the mother said, rising; "it's no use burning oil to talk about it."





The Illustrious Prince

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Will Foster

SYNOPSIS: As the story opens the *Lusitania* has dropped anchor with her impatient passengers within sight of Liverpool. One man, however, presents a letter to the captain and is immediately given permission to go ashore. At the railway station another letter electrifies the station-master, and a special for London is soon ready. With only the crew in addition to the mysterious passenger the train rushes through the night with undiminished speed until London is approached, when an obstructing signal almost halts the train. The master at Euston station meets the special and is astonished to find the man dead with a knife sticking through his heart. And a country doctor not far from London has as a patient that night a man who is badly bruised, but who claims to have been run down by an automobile.

The following day Miss Penelope Morse, a charming American girl with English connections, goes to the Carleton Hotel to take lunch with Mr. Hamilton Fynes. He does not appear, and a question to the clerk about him meets with an account of the murder. She immediately becomes the center of interest of the reporters, who are balked by the mystery, and of Inspector Jacks, of Scotland Yard. Denying that she had had more than a casual acquaintance with the murdered man, she leaves the hotel. Her taxicab is pursued by reporters, but she eludes them and calls at his club for "Dicky" Vanderpole, the young secretary to the American ambassador. He is all interest when she tells him that Fynes was a despatch-bearer for the American government, and that somebody else probably had a duplicate of the message.

At the same time Mr. James B. Coulson, another passenger from the *Lusitania*, has attracted attention to himself by a newspaper interview. It seemed that he was the only person on board ship who had even spoken to Hamilton Fynes. The interview produces a stream of callers, among them Inspector Jacks, Penelope Morse, and Vanderpole. To the latter Mr. Coulson gives a letter which he fetches from his room, and Dicky starts to hunt the American ambassador.

VIII

THE MISSING GUEST



EATED upon a roomy lounge in the foyer of the Savoy were three women who attracted more than an average amount of attention from the passers-by. In the middle was the Duchess of Devonham, erect, stately, and with a figure which was still irreproachable notwithstanding her white hair. On one side sat her daughter, Lady Grace Redford, tall, fair, and comely; on the other, Miss Penelope Morse. The two girls were amusing themselves watching the people; their chaperon had her eye upon the clock.

"To dine at half-past seven," the duchess remarked, as she looked around the *entresol* of the great restaurant through her lorgnette, "is certainly a little trying for one's temper and for one's digestion, but so long as those men accepted, I certainly think they ought

to have been here. They know that the play begins at a quarter to nine."

"It isn't like Dicky Vanderpole in the least," Penelope said. "Since he began to tread the devious paths of diplomacy he has brought exactness in the small things of life down to a fine art."

"He isn't half so much fun as he used to be," Lady Grace declared.

"Fun!" Penelope exclaimed. "Sometimes I think that I never knew a more trying person."

"I have never known the prince to be unpunctual," the duchess murmured. "I consider him absolutely the best mannered young man I know."

Lady Grace smiled, and glanced at Penelope. "I don't think you'll get Penelope to agree with you, mother," she said.

"Why not, my dear?" the duchess asked. "I heard that you were quite rude to him the other evening. We others all find him so charming."

Penelope's lip curled slightly. "Perhaps I am a little prejudiced. At home, you

know, we have rather strong opinions about the fusion of races."

The duchess raised her eyebrows. "But a Prince of Japan, my dear Penelope!" she said. "A cousin of the Emperor, and a member of an aristocracy which was old before we were thought of! Surely you cannot class Prince Maiyo among those to whom any of your countrymen could take exception."

Penelope shrugged her shoulders slightly. "Perhaps," she said, "my feeling is the result of hearing you all praise him so much and so often. Besides, apart from that, you must remember that I am a patriotic daughter of the Stars and Stripes, and there isn't much friendship lost between Washington and Tokio just now."

The duchess turned away to greet a man who had paused before their lounge on his way into the restaurant. "My dear General," she said, "it seems to me that one meets everyone here. Why was not restaurant dining the vogue when I was a girl?"

General Sherrif smiled. "It is a delightful custom," he admitted. "It keeps one always on the *qui vive*; one never knows whom one may see. Incidentally, I find it interferes very much with my digestion."

"Digestion!" the duchess murmured. "But then, you soldiers lead such irregular lives."

"Not always from choice," the general reminded her. "The Russo-Japanese War finished me off. They kept us far enough away from the fighting, when they could, but, by Jove, they did make us move!"

"We are waiting now for Prince Maiyo," the duchess remarked. "You know him?"

"Know him!" the general answered. "Duchess, if ever I have to write my memoirs, and particularly my reminiscences of that war, I fancy you will find the name of your friend appearing there pretty frequently."

The duchess turned to Penelope. "Do you hear that?" she asked.

Penelope smiled. "The fates are against me," she declared. "If I do not like, I shall at least be driven to admire."

"To talk of his bravery when one speaks of that war," the general remarked, "seems invidious, for it is my belief that throughout the whole of the Japanese army such a thing as fear did not exist. They simply did not know what the word meant. But I shall never forget that the only piece of hand-to-hand fighting I saw, during the whole time,

was a cavalry charge led by Prince Maiyo against an immensely superior force of Russians. Duchess," the general declared, "those Japanese on their queer little horses went through the enemy like wind through a cornfield. That young man must have borne a charmed life. I saw him riding and cheering his men on when he must have had at least half a dozen wounds in his body. You will pardon me, Duchess? I see that my party is waiting."

The general hurried away. The duchess shut up her lorgnette with a snap, and held out her hand to a man who had come from behind the palms.

"My dear Prince," she exclaimed, "this is charming of you! Some one told me that you were not well—our wretched climate, of course—and I was so afraid, every moment, that we should receive your excuses."

The newcomer, who was bowing over her hand, was of medium height or a trifle less, dark, and dressed with the quiet exactness of an English gentleman. Only a slight narrowness of the eyes and a greater alertness of movement served to distinguish him in any way, as regards nationality, from the men by whom he was surrounded. His voice, when he spoke, contained no trace of accent. It was soft, and singularly pleasant. It had, too, one somewhat rare quality—a delightful ring of truth.

"My dear Duchess," he said, "my indisposition was nothing. And as for your climate, I am beginning to delight in it. One never knows what to expect, or when one may catch a glimpse of the sun. It is only the grayness which is always the same."

"And even that," the duchess remarked, smiling, "has been yellow for the last few days. Prince, you know my daughter Grace, and I am sure that you have met Miss Penelope Morse. We are waiting for two other men—Sir Charles Somerfield and Mr. Richard Vanderpole."

The prince bowed, and began to talk to his hostess's daughter.

"Here comes Sir Charles, at any rate," the duchess exclaimed. "Really, I think we shall have to go in. We can leave a message for Dicky; they all know him at this place."

A footman, at that moment, brought a note to the duchess, which she tore open.

"This is from Dicky!" she exclaimed, glancing through it quickly. "Savoy newspaper, too, so I suppose he has been here. He says that he may be a few minutes late

and that we are not to wait; he will pick us up either here or at the theater. Prince, shall we let the young people follow us? I haven't heard your excuses yet. Do you know that you were a quarter of an hour late?"

He bent toward her with troubled face. "Dear Duchess," he said, "believe me, I am conscious of my fault. An unexpected matter, which required my personal attention, presented itself at the last moment. I think I can assure you that nothing of its sort was ever accomplished so quickly. It would only weary you if I tried to explain."

"Please don't," the duchess begged, "so long as you are here at last. And after all, you see, you are not the worst sinner. Mr. Vanderpole has not yet arrived."

The prince walked on, for a few steps, in silence. "Mr. Vanderpole is a great friend of yours, Duchess?" he asked.

The duchess shook her head. "I do not know him very well," she said. "I asked him for Penelope."

The prince looked puzzled. "But I thought," he said, "that Miss Morse and Sir Charles——"

The duchess interrupted him with a smile. "Sir Charles is very much in earnest," she whispered, "but very, very slow. Dicky is just the sort of man to spur him on. He admires Penelope, and does not mind showing it. She is such a dear girl that I should love to have her comfortably settled over here."

"She is very intelligent," the prince said. "She is a young lady, indeed, for whom I have a great admiration. I am only sorry," he concluded, "that I do not seem able to interest her."

"You must not believe that," the duchess said. "Penelope is a little brusque sometimes, but it is only her manner."

They made their way through the foyer to the round table which had been reserved for them in the center of the restaurant.

"I suppose I ought to apologize for giving you dinner at such an hour," the duchess remarked, "but it is our theatrical managers who are to blame. Why they cannot understand that the best play in the world is not worth more than two hours of our undivided attention, and begin everything at nine or a quarter past, I cannot imagine."

The prince smiled. "Dear Duchess," he said, "I think that you are a nation of sybarites. Everything in the world must run smoothly for you or you are not content. For my part, I like to dine at this hour."

"Tell me," the duchess asked, "is it true that you are thinking of settling down among us? Your picture is in the new illustrated paper this week, you know, with a little sketch of your career. We are given to understand that you may possibly make your home in this country."

"I have no plans, Duchess," he said. "Your country is very delightful, and the hospitality of the friends I have made over here is too wonderful a thing to be described; but one never knows."

Lady Grace bent toward Sir Charles, who was sitting by her side. "I can never understand the prince," she murmured. "He always seems to take life so earnestly. He has a look upon his face which I never see in the faces of any of your other young men."

"He is a bit on the serious side," Sir Charles admitted.

"It isn't only that," she continued. "He reminds me of that man whom we all used to go and hear preach at the Oratory. He was the same in the pulpit and when one saw him in the street. His eyes seemed to see through one; he seemed to be living in a world of his own."

"He was a religious Johnny, of course," Sir Charles remarked. "They do walk about with their heads in the air."

Lady Grace smiled. "Perhaps it is religion with the prince," she said, "religion of a sort."

"I tell you what I do think," Sir Charles murmured. "I think his pretense of having a good time over here is all a bluff. He doesn't really cotton to us, you know. Don't see how he could. He's never touched a polo-stick in his life, knows nothing about cricket, is indifferent to games, and doesn't even understand the meaning of the word 'sportsman.' There's no place in this country for a man like that."

Lady Grace nodded. "I think," she said, "that his visit to Europe, and his stay among us, is, after all, in the nature of a pilgrimage. I suppose he wants to carry back some of our civilization to his own people."

Penelope, who overheard, laughed softly and leaned across the table. "I fancy," she murmured, "that the person you are speaking of would not look at it in quite the same light."

"Has anyone seen the evening paper?" the duchess asked. "Is there any more news about that extraordinary murder?"

"Nothing fresh in the early editions," Sir Charles answered.

"I think," the duchess declared, "that it is perfectly scandalous. Our police system must be in a disgraceful state. Tell me, Prince, could anything like that happen in your country?"

"Very probably," the prince answered. "Life moves very much in the East as with you here. Only with us," he added, a little thoughtfully, "there is a difference, a difference of which one is reminded at a time like this, when one reads your newspapers, and when one hears the conversation of one's friends."

"Tell us what you mean?" Penelope asked quickly.

He looked at her as one might have looked at a child, kindly, even tolerantly. He was scarcely as tall as she was, and Penelope's attitude toward him was marked all the time with a certain frigidity. Yet he spoke to her with the quiet, courteous confidence of the philosopher who unbends to talk to a child.

"In this country," he said, "you place so high a value upon the gift of life. Nothing moves you so greatly as the killing of one man by another, or the death of a person whom you knew."

"There is no tragedy in the world so great!" Penelope declared.

The prince shrugged his shoulders very slightly. "My dear Miss Morse," he said, "it is so that you think about life and death here. Yet you call yourselves a Christian country—you have a very beautiful faith. With us there is, perhaps, a little more philosophy and something a little less definite in the trend of our religion. Yet we do not dress death in black clothes or fly from his outstretched hand. We fear him no more than we do the night. It is a thing that comes—a thing that must be."

He spoke so softly, and yet with so much conviction, that it seemed hard to answer him. Penelope, however, was conscious of an almost feverish desire either to contradict him or to prolong the conversation by some means or other.

"Your point of view," she said, "is well enough, Prince, for those who fall in battle, fighting for their country or for a great cause. Don't you think, though, that the horror of death is a more real thing in a case like this, where a man is killed in cold blood for the sake of robbery or perhaps revenge?"

"One cannot tell," the prince answered thoughtfully. "The battle-fields of life are there for everyone to cross. This mysterious gentleman who seems to have met with his death so unexpectedly—he, too, may have been the victim of a cause, knowing his dangers, facing them as a man should face them."

The duchess sighed. "I am quite sure, Prince," she said, "that you are a romanticist. But, apart from the sentimental side of it, do things like this happen in your country?"

"Why not?" the prince answered. "It is as I have been saying: for a worthy cause, or a cause which he believed to be worthy, there is no man of my country worthy of the name who would not accept death with the same resignation that he lays his head upon the pillow and waits for sleep."

Sir Charles raised his glass and bowed across the table. "To our great allies!" he said, smiling.

The prince, who drank wine only on very rare occasions, and then under compulsion, drank his glass of water thoughtfully. He turned to the duchess. "A few days ago," he said, "I heard myself described as being much too serious a person. To-night I am afraid that I am living up to my reputation. Our conversation seems to have drifted into somewhat gloomy channels. We must ask Miss Morse, I think, to help us to forget. They say," he continued, "that it is the young ladies of your country who hold open the gates of paradise for their mankind."

He was looking into her eyes. His tone was half bantering, half serious. From across the table, Penelope knew that Somerfield was watching her closely. Somehow or other, she was irritated and nervous, and she answered vaguely. Sir Charles intervened with a story about some of their acquaintances, and the conversation drifted into more ordinary channels.

"I think that it is absolutely wicked of Dicky," the duchess declared, as they rose from the table. "I shall never rely upon him again."

"After all, perhaps it isn't his fault," Penelope said, breathing a little sigh of relief as she rose to her feet. "Mr. Harvey is not always considerate, and I know that several of the staff are away on leave."

"That's right, my dear," the duchess said, smiling; "stick up for your countryman. I suppose he'll find us some time during the

evening. We can all go to the theater together; the omnibus is outside."

Sir Charles turned to Penelope as they passed into the hall. "Penelope," he said, "you are queer to-night. Tell me what it is? You don't really dislike the prince, do you?"

"Why, of course not," she answered. "He is odd, though, isn't he? He is so serious and, in a way, so convincing. He is like a being transplanted into an absolutely alien soil. One would like to laugh at him, and one can't."

"He is rather an anomaly," Sir Charles said, humming lightly to himself. "I suppose, compared with us matter-of-fact people, he must seem to your sex quite a romantic figure."

"He makes no particular appeal to me at all," Penelope declared.

Somerfield was suddenly thoughtful. "Sometimes, Penelope," he said, "I don't quite understand you, especially when we speak about the prince. I have come to the conclusion that you either like him very much or you dislike him very much or you have some thoughts about him which you tell to no one."

"I like your last suggestion,"

she declared. "You may believe that that is true."

On their way out to the carriage the prince was accosted by some friends, and remained talking for several moments. When he entered the omnibus there seemed to Penelope, who found herself constantly watching him closely, a certain added gravity in his demeanor. The drive to the theater was a short one, and conversation consisted of only a few disjointed remarks. In the lobby the prince laid his hand upon Somerfield's arm.

"Sir Charles," he said, "if I were you I would keep that evening paper in my pocket. Don't let the ladies see it."

Somerfield looked at him in surprise. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"To me, personally, it is of no consequence," the prince answered, "but your women feel these things so keenly, and Mr. Vanderpole is of the same nationality, is he not, as Miss Morse? If you take my advice, you will be sure that they do not see the paper until after they get home this evening."

"Has anything happened to Dicky?" Somerfield asked quickly.

The prince's face was impassive; he



IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THAT YOUNG LADY DID NOT ALTOGETHER APPRECIATE THE HONOR PAID TO HER BY A VISIT FROM MR. INSPECTOR JACKS

seemed not to have heard. Penelope had turned to wait for them.

"The duchess thinks we had better all go into the box," she said. "We have two stalls as well, but as Dicky is not here there is really room for all of us. Will you get some programs, Sir Charles?"

Somerfield stopped for a minute, under pretense of seeking some change, and tore open his paper. The prince led Penelope down the carpeted way.

"I heard what you and Sir Charles were saying," she declared quietly. "Please tell me what has happened to Dicky?"

The prince's face was grave. "I am sorry," he replied. "I did not know that our voices would travel so far."

"It was not yours," she said. "It was Sir Charles's. Tell me quickly what it is that has happened?"

"Mr. Vanderpole," the prince answered, "has met with an accident, a somewhat serious one, I fear. Perhaps," he added, "it would be as well, after all, to break this to the duchess. I was forgetting the prejudices of your country. She will doubtless wish our party to be broken up."

Penelope was suddenly very white. He whispered in her ear.

"Be brave," he said. "It is your part."

She stood still for a moment, and then moved on. His words had had a curious effect upon her. The buzzing in her ears had ceased; there was something to be done—she must do it! She entered the box.

"Duchess," she said, "I am so sorry, but I am afraid that something has happened to Dicky. If you do not mind, I am going to ask Sir Charles to take me home."

"But, my dear child!" the duchess exclaimed.

"Miss Morse is quite right," the prince said quietly. "I think it would be better for her to leave at once. If you will allow me I will explain to you later."

Penelope left the box without another word and took Somerfield's arm. "We two are to go," she murmured. "The prince will explain to the duchess."

The prince closed the box door behind them. He placed a chair for the duchess so that she was not in view of the house.

"A very sad thing has happened," he said quietly. "Mr. Vanderpole met with an accident in a taxicab this evening. From the latest reports, it seems that he is dead."

IX

A FOIL TO INSPECTOR JACKS

THERE followed a few days of pleasurable interest for all Englishmen who traveled in the tube and read their halfpenny papers. A great and enlightened press had already solved the problem of creating the sensational without the aid of facts. This sudden deluge, therefore, of undoubtedly tragical happenings became almost an embarrassment to them. Black headlines, notes of exclamation, the use of superlative adjectives, scarcely met the case. The murder of Mr. Hamilton Fynes was strange enough. Here was an unknown man, holding a small position in his own country—a man, apparently, without friends or social position. He traveled over from America, merely a unit among the host of other passengers, yet his first action, on arriving at Liverpool, was to make use of privileges which belonged to an altogether different class of persons and culminated in his arrival at Euston in a special train, with a dagger driven through his heart. Here was material enough for at least a fortnight of sensations and counter-sensations, of rumored arrests and strange theories. Yet within the space of twenty-four hours the affair of Mr. Hamilton Fynes had become a small thing, had shrunk almost into insignificance by the side of this other still more dramatic, still more wonderful, happening. Somewhere between the Savoy Hotel and Melbourne Square, Kensington, a young American gentleman of great strength, of undoubted position, the nephew of a minister, and himself secretary to the ambassador of his country in London, had met with his death in a still more mysterious, still more amazing, fashion. He had left the hotel in an ordinary taxicab, which had stopped on the way to pick up no other passenger. He had left the Savoy alone, and he was discovered in Melbourne Square alone. Yet somewhere between those two points, notwithstanding the fact that the aggressor must have entered the cab either with or without his consent, Mr. Richard Vanderpole, without a struggle, without any cry sufficiently loud to reach the driver or attract the attention of any passer-by, had been strangled to death by a person who had disappeared as though from the face of the earth. The facts seemed almost unbelievable, and yet they were facts. The

driver of the taxi knew only that three times during the course of his drive he had been caught in a block and had had to wait for a few seconds—once at the entrance to Trafalgar Square, again at the junction of Haymarket and Pall Mall, and, for a third time, opposite the Hyde Park Hotel. At none of these places had he heard anyone enter or leave the taxi. He had heard no summons from his fare. He had known nothing, in fact, until a policeman had stopped him, having caught a glimpse of the ghastly face inside.

There was no evidence which served to throw a single gleam of light upon the affair. Mr. Vanderpole had called, at the Savoy Hotel, upon a traveling American, who had written to the embassy asking for some advice as to introducing American patents into Great Britain and France. He left there to meet his chief, who was dining down in Kensington, with the intention of returning at once to join the Duchess of Devenham's theater-party. He was in no manner of trouble. It was not suggested that anyone had any cause for enmity against him. Yet this attack upon him must have been carefully planned and carried out by a person of great strength and wonderful nerve. The newspaper-reading public in London love their thrills, and they had one here which needed no artificial embellishments from the pens of those trained in an atmosphere of imagination. The simple truth was, in itself, horrifying. There was scarcely a man or woman who drove in a taxicab about the West End of London, during the next few days, who did so without a little thrill of emotion.

The murder of Mr. Richard Vanderpole took place on a Thursday night. On Monday morning, a gentleman of middle age, fashionably but quietly dressed, wearing a flower in his buttonhole, was closeted with Miss Penelope Morse. It was obvious that that young lady did not altogether appreciate the honor done to her by a visit from so distinguished a person as Mr. Inspector Jacks.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you should find my visit in the least offensive, Miss Morse. I have approached you, so far as possible, as an ordinary visitor, and no one connected with your household can have any idea as to my identity or the nature of my business. I have done this out of consideration for your feelings. At the same time I have my duty to perform, and it must be done."

"What I cannot understand," Penelope said coldly, "is why you should bother me about your duty. When I saw you at the Carleton Hotel I told you exactly how much I knew of Mr. Hamilton Fynes."

"My dear young lady," Inspector Jacks said, "I will not ask for your sympathy, for I am afraid I should ask in vain; but we are just now, we people at Scotland Yard, up against one of the most extraordinary problems which has ever been put before us. We have had two murders occurring in two days, which had this much, at least, in common—that they were the work of so accomplished a criminal that, at the present moment, we have not, in either case, the ghost of a clue."

"That sounds very stupid of you," Penelope remarked, "but I still ask—"

"Don't ask for a minute or two," the inspector interrupted. "I think I remarked just now that these two crimes had one thing in common, and that was the fact that they had both been perpetrated by a criminal of unusual accomplishments. They also have one other point of similarity."

"What is that?" Penelope asked.

"The victim, in each case, was an American," the inspector said.

Penelope sat very still. She felt the steely eyes of the man who had chosen his seat so carefully fixed upon her face. "You do not connect the two affairs in any way?" she asked.

"That is what we are asking ourselves," Mr. Jacks answered. "In the absence of any definite clue, coincidences such as these are always interesting. In this case, as it happens, we can take them even a little farther. We find that you, for instance, were to have lunched with Mr. Hamilton Fynes on the day when he made his tragical arrival in London; we find, too, curiously enough, that you were one of the party with whom Mr. Richard Vanderpole was to have dined and gone to the theater, on the night of his decease."

Penelope shivered, and half closed her eyes. "Don't you think," she said, "that the shock of this coincidence, as you call it, has been quite sufficient, without having you come here to remind me of it?"

"Madam," Mr. Jacks said, "I have not come here to gratify any personal curiosity. I have come here in the cause of justice. You should find me a welcome visitor, for both those men were friends of yours."

The Illustrious Prince

"I should be very sorry indeed," Penelope answered, "to stand in the way of justice. No one can hope more fervently than I do that the perpetrator of those deeds will be found and punished. But what I cannot understand is your coming here and reopening the subject with me. I tell you again that I have no possible information for you."

"Perhaps not," the inspector declared, "but, on the other hand, there are certain questions which you can answer; answer them, I mean, not grudgingly and as though in duty bound. They may seem to you irrelevant, yet please answer them if you can. Mr. Hamilton Fynes, for instance—was he, to your knowledge, acquainted with Mr. Richard Vanderpole?"

"I have never heard them speak of one another," Penelope answered. "I should think it very unlikely."

"You have no knowledge of any common pursuit or interest in life which the two men may have shared?" the inspector asked.

She shook her head. "I knew little of Mr. Fynes's tastes. Dicky—I mean Mr. Vanderpole—had none at all except an enthusiasm for his profession and a love of polo."

"His profession?" the inspector repeated. "Mr. Vanderpole was attached to the American embassy, was he not?"

"I believe so," Penelope answered.

"Mr. Hamilton Fynes," the inspector continued, "might almost be said to have followed the same occupation."

"Surely not!" Penelope objected. "I always understood that Mr. Fynes was employed in a government office at Washington—something to do with the customs, I thought, or forest duties."

Mr. Jacks nodded thoughtfully. "I am not aware, as yet," he said, "of the precise nature of Mr. Fynes's occupation. I only knew that it was government work."

"You know as much about it," she answered, "as I do."

"We have sent," the inspector continued smoothly, "a special man out to Washington to make all inquiries that are possible on the spot, and, incidentally, to go through the effects of the deceased, with a view to tracing any complications in which he may have been involved in this country. I am not very sanguine of success. In the case of Mr. Vanderpole, by the by, there could have been nothing of the sort. He was too young, altogether too much of a boy, to have had

enemies so bitterly disposed toward him. There is another explanation somewhere, I feel convinced."

Penelope bowed. "You do not believe, then," she asked, "that robbery was really the motive?"

"Not ordinary robbery," Mr. Jacks answered. "A man who was capable of those two crimes is capable of easier and greater things. I mean," he explained, "that he could have attempted enterprises of a far more remunerative character, with a prospect of complete success."

"Will you forgive me," she said, "if I ask you to go on with your questions, providing you have any more to ask me? Notwithstanding the excellence of your disguise, I might find it somewhat difficult to explain your presence if my aunt or any visitors should come in."

"I am sorry, Miss Morse," the inspector said quietly, "to find you so unsympathetic. Had I found you differently disposed, I was going to ask you to put yourself in my place. I was going to ask you to look at those two tragedies from my point of view, and from your own at the same time, and I was going to ask you whether any possible motive suggested itself to you, any possible person or cause which might be benefited by the removal of those two men."

"If you think, Mr. Jacks," Penelope said, "that I am keeping anything from you, you are very much mistaken. Such sympathy as I have would certainly be with those who are attempting to bring to justice the perpetrator of such unmentionable crimes. What I object to is the unpleasantness of being associated with your inquiries, when I am absolutely unable to give you the least help, or to supply you with any information which is not equally attainable by you."

"As, for instance?" the inspector asked.

"You are a detective," Penelope said coldly. "You do not need me to point out certain things to you. Mr. Hamilton Fynes was robbed and murdered—an American citizen on his way to London. Mr. Richard Vanderpole was also murdered, after a call upon Mr. James B. Coulson, the only acquaintance whom Mr. Fynes is known to have possessed in this country. Did Mr. Fynes share secrets with Mr. Coulson? If so, did Mr. Coulson pass them on to Mr. Vanderpole, and, for that reason, did Mr. Vanderpole meet with the same death, at the same hands, as had befallen Mr. Fynes?"

"It is admirably put," Inspector Jacks assented; "and to continue."

"It is not my place to make suggestions to you," Penelope said. "If you are able to connect Mr. Fynes with the American government you arrive at the possibility of those murders having been committed for some political end. I presume you read your newspapers?"

Inspector Jacks smiled, picked up his hat, and bowed, while Penelope, with a sigh of relief, moved over to the bell.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you do not understand how important even the point of view of another person is to a man who is struggling to build up a theory. Whether you have helped me as much as you could," he added, looking her in the face, "you only can tell, but you have certainly helped me a little."

The footman had entered. The inspector turned to fol-

low him. Penelope remained as she had been standing, the hand which had touched the bell fallen to her side, her eyes fixed upon him with a new light stirring their quiet depths.

"One moment, Morton," she said. "Wait outside. Mr. Jacks," she added, as the door closed, "what do you mean? What can I have told you? How can I have helped you. Tell me, please?"

The inspector stood very still for a brief space of time, very still and very silent. His face, too, was quite expressionless. Yet his tone, when he spoke, seemed to have taken to itself a note of sternness. "If you had chosen," he said slowly, "to become my ally in this matter, to range yourself alto-

gether on the side of the law, my answer would have been ready enough. What you have told me, however, you have told me against your will, and not in actual words. You have told me in such a way, too," he added, "that it is impossible for me to doubt your intention to mislead me. I am forced to conclude that we stand on opposite sides of the way. I shall not trouble you any more, Miss Morse."

He turned to the door.

Penelope remained motionless for several moments, listening to his retreating footsteps as he

went down the carpeted hall. Then the woman in her overcame her mask of unconcern, and with a little sob she sank into her seat.

X

THE INTERVIEW AT THE SAVOY

MR. JAMES B. COULSON settled down to live what was, to all appearances, a very or-



dinary life. He rose a little earlier than was customary for an English man of business of his own standing, but he made up for this by a somewhat prolonged visit to the barber, a breakfast which bespoke an unimpaired digestion, and a cigar of more than ordinary length over his newspaper. At about eleven o'clock he went down to the city, and returned, sometimes to luncheon, sometimes at varying hours, never later, however, than four or five o'clock. From that time until seven he was generally to be found in the American bar, meeting old friends or making new ones.

On the sixth day of his stay at the Savoy Hotel, the waiter who looked after the bar smoking-room accosted him as he entered, a little after half-past four. "There's a gentleman here, Mr. Coulson, been asking for you," he announced. "I told him that you generally came in about this time. You'll find him sitting over there."

Mr. Coulson glanced in the direction indicated, and saw that it was Mr. Jacks who awaited him. For a single moment his lips tightened and the light of battle flashed in his eyes. Then he crossed the room, apparently himself again—an undistinguished, perfectly natural figure.

"It's Mr. Jacks, isn't it?" he asked, holding out his hand. "I thought I recognized you."

The inspector rose to his feet. "I am sorry to trouble you again, Mr. Coulson," he said, "but if you could spare me just a minute or two, I should be very much obliged."

Mr. Coulson laughed pleasantly. "You can have all you want of me from now till midnight," he declared. "My business doesn't take very long, and I can only see the people I want to see in the middle of the day. After that, I don't mind telling you that I find time hangs a bit on my hands. Try one of these," he added, producing a cigar-case.

The inspector thanked him and helped himself, and then they sat down. The corner was a retired one, and there was no one within earshot.

"Say, are you still on that Hamilton Fynes business?" Mr. Coulson asked.

"Partly," the inspector replied.

"You know I'm not making reflections," Mr. Coulson said, sticking his cigar in a corner of his mouth and leaning back in a comfortable attitude, "but it does seem to

me that you are none too rapid on this side in clearing up these matters. Why, a little affair of that sort wouldn't take the police twenty minutes in New York. No offense, Mr. Jacks."

"I am not taking any, Mr. Coulson," the inspector replied. "I must admit that there's a great deal of truth in what you say. It is rather a reflection upon us that we have not, as yet, even made an arrest, but I think you will also admit that the circumstances of that murder were exceedingly curious."

Mr. Coulson knocked the ash from his cigar. "Well, as to that," he said, "and if we are to judge only by what we read in the papers, they are curious. But I am not supposing, for one moment, that you fellows at Scotland Yard don't know more than you've let on to the newspapers. You keep your discoveries out of the press over here—and a good job, too—but you couldn't persuade me that you haven't some very distinct theory as to how that crime was worked, why it was done, and the sort of person who did it. Eh, Mr. Jacks?"

"We are not quite so ignorant as we seem," the inspector answered, "and of course you are right when you say that we have a few more facts to go by than have appeared in the newspapers. Still, the affair is an extremely puzzling one—as puzzling, in its way," Mr. Jacks continued, "as the murder on the very next evening of that young American gentleman."

"Has any arrest been made yet?" Mr. Coulson asked.

"Not yet," the inspector admitted. "You read the particulars of the murder of Mr. Vanderpole, I suppose?" he asked.

"Every word," Mr. Coulson answered. "Most interesting thing I've seen in an English newspaper since I landed. Didn't sound like London, somehow. Gray old law-abiding place, my partner always calls it."

"I am going to be quite frank with you, Mr. Coulson," the inspector continued. "I am going to tell you exactly why I have come to see you again to-day."

"Why, that's good," Mr. Coulson declared. "I like to know everything a man's got in his mind."

"I have come to you," the inspector said, "because, by a somewhat curious coincidence, I find that, besides your slight acquaintance with and knowledge of Mr. Hamilton Fynes, you were also acquainted

with Mr. Richard Vanderpole—that you were the last person except the driver of the taxicab known to have seen him alive.”

“Now how the devil do you know that?” Mr. Coulson demanded.

The inspector smiled tolerantly. “Well,” he said, “that is very simple. The taxicab started from here. Mr. Vanderpole had been visiting some one in the hotel. There was not the slightest difficulty in ascertaining that the person for whom he asked, and with whom he spent some fifteen minutes in this very room, was Mr. James B. Coulson, of New York.”

“Seated on this very couch, sir!” Mr. Coulson declared, striking the arm of it with the flat of his hand; “seated within a few feet of where you yourself are at this present moment.”

The inspector nodded. “Naturally,” he continued, “when I became aware of so singular an occurrence, I felt that I must lose no time in coming and having a few more words with you.”

Mr. Coulson became meditative. “Upon my word, when you come to think of it,” he said, “it is a coincidence, sure! Two men murdered within twenty-four hours, and I seem to have been the last person who knew them, to speak to either. Tell you what, Mr. Jacks, if this goes on I shall get a bit scared. I think I shall let the London business alone, and go on over to Paris.”

The inspector smiled. “I fancy your nerves are quite strong enough to bear the strain,” he remarked. “However, I am sure you will not mind telling me exactly why Mr. Richard Vanderpole, secretary to the American embassy here, should have come to see you on Thursday night.”

“Why, that’s easy,” Mr. Coulson replied. “You may have heard of my firm—the Coulson & Bruce Company, of Jersey City. I’m at the head of a syndicate that’s controlling some very valuable patents which we want to exploit on this side and in Paris. Now my people don’t know exactly how we stand under this new patent bill of Mr. Lloyd-George’s. Accordingly they wrote across to Mr. Blaine Harvey, putting the matter to him, and asking him to give me his opinion the moment I arrived on this side. You see, it was no use our entering into contracts if we had to build the plant and make the stuff over here. We didn’t stand any earthly show of making it pay that way. Well, Mr. Harvey cabled out

that I was to let him know the moment I landed, and before I opened up any business. So I called him up on the telephone, an hour or so after I got here, and this young man came round. I can tell you he was all right, too—a fine, upstanding young fellow, and as bright as they make ’em. He brought a written opinion with him as to how the law would affect our proceedings. I’ve got it in my room, if you’d care to see it.”

Mr. Jacks listened to his companion’s words with unchanged face. “If it isn’t troubling you,” he said, “it would be of some interest to me.”

Mr. Coulson rose to his feet. “You sit right here. I’ll be back in less than five minutes,” he declared.

Mr. Coulson was as good as his word. Within the time mentioned he was seated again by the inspector’s side with a sheet of foolscap spread out upon the round table. The inspector ran through it hurriedly. The paper was stamped “American Embassy,” and was the digest of several opinions as to the effect of the new patent law upon the importation of articles manufactured under processes controlled by the Coulson & Bruce Company. At the end there were a few lines in the ambassador’s own handwriting, summing up the situation. Mr. Coulson produced another packet of letters and documents.

“If you’ve an hour or so to spare, Mr. Jacks,” he said, “I’d like to go right into this with you, if it would interest you any. It’s my business over here, so naturally I am glad enough of an opportunity to talk it over.”

Mr. Jacks passed back the paper promptly. “I am extremely obliged to you,” he said. “I am sure I should find it most interesting. Another time I should be very glad indeed to look through those specifications, but just now I have this affair of my own rather on my mind. About this Mr. Richard Vanderpole, then, Mr. Coulson,” he added. “Do I understand that he came to you as a complete stranger?”

“Absolutely,” Mr. Coulson answered. “I never saw him before in my life. As decent a young chap as ever I met with, all the same,” he went on. “They tell me there’s going to be an inquest and that I shall be summoned, but I know nothing more than what I’ve told you. If I did, you’d be welcome to it.”

Mr. Jacks leaned back in his chair. Cer-

tainly the situation increased in perplexity! The man by his side was talking now of the adaptation of one of his patents to some existing machinery, and Jacks watched him covertly. He considered himself, to some extent, a physiognomist. He told himself it was not possible that this man was playing a part. Mr. James B. Coulson sat there, the absolute incarnation of the genial man of affairs, interested in his business, interested in the great subject of dollar-getting, content with himself and his position—a person, apparently, of little imagination, for the shock of this matter concerning which they had been talking had already passed away. He was doing his best to explain with a pencil, on the back of an illustrated paper, some new system of wool-bleaching.

"Mr. Coulson," the inspector said suddenly, "do you know a young lady named Miss Penelope Morse?"

It was here, perhaps, that Mr. Coulson sank a little from the heights of complete success. He repeated the name, and obviously took time to think before he answered.

"Miss Penelope Morse," the inspector continued. "She is a young American lady, who lives with an invalid aunt in Park Lane, and who is taken everywhere by the Duchess of Devenham, another aunt, I believe."

"I suppose I may say that I am acquainted with her," Mr. Coulson admitted. "She came here the other evening with a young man—Sir Charles Somerfield, Bart."

"Ah!" the inspector murmured.

"She'd read that interview of mine with the *Comet* man," Mr. Coulson said, "and she fancied that perhaps I could tell her something about Hamilton Fynes."

"First time you'd met her, I suppose?" the inspector remarked.

"Sure!" Mr. Coulson answered. "As a matter of fact, I know very few of my compatriots over here. I am an American citizen myself, and I haven't too much sympathy with anyone, man or woman, who doesn't find America good enough for them to live in."

The inspector nodded. "Quite so," he agreed. "So you hadn't anything to tell this young lady?"

"Not a thing that she hadn't read in the *Comet*," Mr. Coulson replied. "What brought her into your mind, anyway?"

"Nothing particular," the inspector an-

swered carelessly. "Well, Mr. Coulson, I won't take up any more of your time. I am convinced that you have told me all that you know, and I am afraid that I shall have to look elsewhere to find the loose end of this little tangle."

"Stay and have another drink," Mr. Coulson begged. "I've nothing to do. There are one or two boys coming in later who'll like to meet you."

The inspector shook his head. "I must be off," he said. "I want to get into my office before six o'clock. I dare say I shall be running across you again before you go back."

He shook hands and turned away. Then Mr. Coulson made what was, perhaps, his second slight mistake.

"Say, Mr. Jacks," he exclaimed, "what made you mention that young lady's name, anyway? I'm curious to know."

The inspector looked thoughtfully at the end of the fresh cigar which he had just lit. "Well," he said, "I don't know that there was anything definite in my mind, only it seems a little strange that you and Miss Penelope Morse should both have been acquainted with the murdered man, and that you should have come across each other."

"Sort of bond between us, eh?" Mr. Coulson replied. "She seemed a very charming young lady. Cut above Fynes, I should think."

The detective smiled. "All your American young ladies who come over here are charming," he said. "Good-by, Mr. Coulson, and many thanks!"

The inspector passed out, and the man whom he had come to see, after a moment's hesitation, resumed his seat.

"These aren't American methods," he muttered to himself. "I don't understand them. That man Jacks is either a simpleton or he is too cunning for me."

XI

A MISSION OF IMPORTANCE

MR. BLAINE HARVEY, American ambassador to England, was a man of great culture and surprising personal gifts, and with a diplomatic instinct which amounted almost to genius. And yet there were times when he was puzzled. For at least half an hour he had been sitting in his great library, looking across the park and trying to make



Drawn by Will Foster
THE FROWN ON THE AMBASSADOR'S FOREHEAD DARKENED. "THE SECRETS OF WHICH DICKY
WAS ROBBED HAVE GONE TO THE ONE COUNTRY INTERESTED IN THEM," HE DECLARED

up his mind on a very important matter. It seemed to him that he was face to face with what amounted almost to a crisis in his career. His two years at the court of St. James's had been pleasant and uneventful enough. The small questions which had presented themselves for adjustment between the two countries were, after all, of no particular importance, and were easily arranged. The days seemed to have gone by for that overstrained sensitiveness which was continually giving rise to senseless bickerings, when every trifling breeze seemed to fan the smoldering fires of jealousy. The two great English-speaking nations appeared finally to have realized the absolute folly of continual disputes between countries whose destinies and ideals were so completely in accord, and whose interests were, in the main, identical. A period of absolute friendliness had ensued. And now there had come this little cloud. It was small enough, at present, but Mr. Harvey was not the one to overlook its sinister possibilities. Two citizens of his country had been barbarously murdered, within the space of a few hours, and there was a certain significance attached to this fact which the ambassador perfectly well realized. He glanced once more at the most recent letter on the top of his pile of correspondence, and again out into the park. It was a difficult matter, this. His friends at Washington did not cultivate the art of obscurity in the words which they used, and it had been suggested to him in black and white that the murder of these two men, under the particular circumstances existing, was a matter concerning which he should speak very plainly indeed to certain august personages. Mr. Harvey, who was a born diplomatist, understood the difficulties of such a proceeding a good deal better than those who had proposed it.

There was a knock at the door, and a footman entered, ushering in a visitor. "The young lady whom you were expecting, sir," he announced.

Mr. Harvey rose at once. "My dear Penelope," he said, "this is charming of you. I should not have sent for you, but I am really and honestly in a dilemma. Do you know that, apart from endless cables, Washington has favored me with one hundred and forty pages of foolscap about the events of the week before last?"

Penelope shivered a little. "Poor Dicky!"

she murmured, looking away into the fire. "And to think that it was I who sent him to his death!"

Mr. Harvey shook his head. "No," he said, "I do not think that you need reproach yourself with that. As a matter of fact, I think that I should have sent Dicky in any case. He is not so well known as the others, or rather he wasn't associated so closely with the embassy, and he was constantly at the Savoy on his own account. If I had believed that there was any danger in the enterprise," he continued, "I should still have sent him. He was as strong as a young Hercules. The hand which twisted that noose around his neck must have been the hand of a magician with fingers of steel."

Penelope shivered again. Her face showed signs of distress. "I do not think," she said, "that I am a nervous person, but I cannot bear to think of it, even now."

"Naturally," Mr. Harvey answered. "We were all fond of Dicky, and such a thing has never happened before, so far as I am aware, in any European country. My own private secretary murdered in broad daylight, and with apparent impunity!"

"Murdered—and robbed!" she whispered, looking up at him with white face.

The frown on the ambassador's forehead darkened. "Not only that," he declared, "but the secrets of which Dicky was robbed have gone to the one country interested in them."

"You are sure of that?" she asked hoarsely.

"I am sure of it," Mr. Harvey answered.

Penelope's thoughts flashed back to a recent dinner-party. The prince was once more at her side. Almost she could hear his voice—low, clear, and yet with that note of inexpressible, convincing finality. She heard him speak of his country, reverently, almost prayerfully; of the sacrifices which true patriotism must always demand. What had been back of his inscrutable eyes, she wondered, gazing, even at that moment, past the banks of flowers, across the crowded room with all its splendor of light and color, through the walls—whither? She brushed the thought away. It was absurd, incredible! She was allowing herself to be led away by her old distrust of this man.

"I remarked just now," Mr. Harvey continued, "that such a thing had never before happened, so far as I was aware, in any European country. My own words seem to suggest something to me. These methods

are not European. They savor more of the East."

"I think you had better go on," she said quietly. "There is something in your mind. I can see that. You have told me so much that you had better tell me the rest."

"The contents of those despatches," Mr. Harvey continued, "entrusted in duplicate, as you have doubtless surmised, to Fynes and to Coulson, contained an assurance that the sending of our fleet to the Pacific was in fact, as well as in appearance, an errand of peace. It was a demonstration, pure and simple. Behind it there may have lain, indeed, a masterful purpose, the determination of a great country to affirm her strenuous existence in a manner most likely to impress the nations unused to seeing her in such a rôle. It became necessary, in view of certain suspicions, for me to be able to prove to the government here the absolutely pacific nature of our great enterprise. Those despatches contained such proof. And now listen, Penelope. We know for a fact that, before the murder of poor Dicky Vanderpole, a great nation who chooses to consider herself our enemy in Eastern waters was straining every nerve to prepare for war. To-day, those preparations have slackened. A great loan has been withdrawn in Paris, an invitation cabled to our fleet to visit Yokohama. These things have a plain reading."

"Plain, indeed," Penelope assented, and she spoke in a low tone because there was fear in her heart. "Why have you told me about them? They throw a new light upon everything—an awful light!"

"I have known you," the ambassador said quietly, "since you were a baby. Every member of your family has been a friend of mine. You come of a silent family. I know very well that you are a person of discretion. There are certain small ways in which a government can occasionally be served by some one outside its diplomatic service altogether, some one who could not possibly be connected with it. You know this very well, Penelope, because you have already been of service to us on more than one occasion."

"It was a long time ago," she murmured.

"Not so very long," he reminded her. "But for the first of these tragedies, Fynes's despatches would have reached me through you. I am going to ask your help even once more."

In the somewhat cold spring sunlight which came streaming through the large window, Penelope seemed a little pallid, as though the fatigue of the season, even in this its earlier stages, were leaving its mark upon her. There were violet rings under her eyes. A certain alertness seemed to have deserted her usually piquant face. She sat listening with the air of one half afraid, of one who has no hope of hearing pleasant things.

"It has been remarked," Mr. Harvey continued, "or rather I may say that I myself have noticed, that you are on exceedingly friendly terms with a very distinguished nobleman who is at present visiting this country. I mean, of course, Prince Maiyo."

Her eyebrows were slowly elevated. Was that really the impression people had? Her lips just moved. "Well?" she asked.

"I have met Prince Maiyo myself," Mr. Harvey continued, "and I have found him a charming representative of his race. I am not going to say a word against him. If he were an American, we should be proud of him. If he belonged to any other country, we should accept him at once for what he appears to be. Unfortunately, however, he belongs to a country which we have some reason to mistrust. He belongs to a country in whose national character we have no confidence. For that reason, my dear Penelope, we mistrust Prince Maiyo."

"I do not know him so well as you seem to imagine," Penelope said slowly. "We are not even friends, in the ordinary acceptance of the word. I am, to some extent, prejudiced against him. Yet I do not believe that he is capable of a dishonorable action."

"Nor do I," the ambassador declared smoothly. "Yet, in every country, almost in every man, the exact standard of dishonor varies. A man will lie for a woman's sake, and even in the law courts, certainly at his clubs and among his friends, it will be accounted righteous. A patriot will lie and intrigue for his country's sake."

"Go on, please," Penelope murmured.

"The prince is over here on some sort of an errand which it isn't our business to understand," Mr. Harvey said. "I have heard it rumored that it is a special mission, entirely concerned with the renewal of the treaty between England and Japan. However that may be, I have come to this con-

clusion, ridiculous though it may seem to you at first. I believe that somewhere behind the hand which killed and robbed Hamilton Fynes and poor Dicky stood our friend Prince Maiyo."

"You have no proof?" she asked.

"No proof at all," the ambassador admitted. "I am scarcely in a position to search for any. The conclusion I have come to has been arrived at simply through putting a few facts together and considering them in the light of certain events. In the first place, we cannot doubt that the secret of those despatches reached the very people whom we should have preferred to remain in ignorance of them. Haven't I told you of the sudden cessation of the war-alarm in Japan, when once she was assured, by means which she could not mistrust, that it was not the intention of the American nation to make war upon her? The subtlety of those murders, and the knowledge by which they were inspired, must have come from some one in an altogether unique position. You may be sure that no one connected with the Japanese embassy here would be permitted for one single second to take part in any such illegal act. They know better than that, these wily Orientals. They will play the game from Grosvenor Place right enough. But Prince Maiyo is here, and stands apart from any accredited institution, although he has the confidence of his ambassador and can command the entire devotion of his own secret service. I have not come to this conclusion hastily. I have thought it out, step by step, and in my own mind I am now absolutely convinced that both those murders were inspired by Prince Maiyo."

"Even if this were so," Penelope said, "what can I do? Why have you sent for me? The prince and I are not on especially friendly terms. It is only just lately that we have been decently civil to one another."

The ambassador looked at her with some surprise. "My dear Penelope," he said, "I have seen you together the last three or four evenings. The prince looks at no one else while you are there. He talks to you, I know, more freely than to any other woman."

"It is by chance," Penelope protested. "I have tried to avoid him."

"Then I cannot congratulate you upon your success," Mr. Harvey said grimly.

"Things have changed a little between us, perhaps," Penelope said. "What is it that you really want?"

"I want to know this," the ambassador said slowly. "I want to know how Japan became assured that America had no intention of going to war with her. In other words, I want to know whether those papers which were stolen from Fynes and poor Dicky found their way to the Japanese embassy or into the hands of Prince Maiyo himself."

"Anything else?" she asked, with a faint note of sarcasm in her tone.

"Yes," Mr. Harvey replied, "there is something else. I should like to know what attitude Prince Maiyo takes toward the proposed renewal of the treaty between his country and Great Britain."

She shook her head. "Even if we were friends," she said, "the very closest of friends, he would never tell me. He is far too clever."

"Do not be too sure," Mr. Harvey said. "Sometimes a man, especially an Oriental, who does not understand the significance of your sex in these matters, can be drawn on to speak more freely to a woman than he would ever dream of doing to his best friend. He would not tell you in so many words, of course. On the other hand, he might show you what was in his mind."

"He is going back very shortly," Penelope remarked.

Mr. Harvey nodded. "That is why I sent for you to come immediately. You will see him to-night at Devenham House."

"With all the rest of the world," she answered, "but a man is not likely to talk confidentially under such conditions."

Mr. Harvey rose to his feet. "It is only a chance, of course," he admitted, "but remember that you know more than any other person in this country except myself. It would be impossible for the prince to give you credit for such knowledge. A casual remark, a word, perhaps, may be sufficient."

Penelope held out her hand. The servant for whom the ambassador had rung was already in the room. "I will try," she promised. "Ask Mrs. Harvey to excuse my going up to see her this afternoon. I have another call to make, and I want to rest before the function to-night."

The ambassador bowed, and escorted her to the door. "I have confidence in you, Penelope," he said. "You will try your best?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered "I shall do that. But I don't think that even you quite understand Prince Maiyo."

The next instalment of "*The Illustrious Prince*" will appear in the February issue.



The Old Folks at Home

By *Rupert Hughes*

Illustrated by *J. Patrick Nelson*

THE old road came pouring down from the wooded hills to the westward, flowed round the foot of other hills, skirting a meadow and a pond, and then went on easterly about its business. Almost overhanging the road, like a mill jutting upon its journeyman stream, was an aged house. Still older were the two lofty oaks standing mid-meadow and imaged again in the pond. Younger than oaks or house or road, yet as old as Scripture allots, was the man who stalked across the porch and slumped into a chair. He always slumped into a chair, for his muscles still remembered the days when he had sat only when he was worn out. Younger than oaks, house, road, or man, yet older than a woman wants to be, was the woman in the garden.

"What you doin', Maw?" the man called across the rail, though he could see perfectly well.

"Just putterin' 'round in the garden. What you been doin', Paw?"

"Just putterin' 'round the barn. Better come in out the hot sun and rest your old back."

Evidently the idea appealed to her, for the sunbonnet overhanging the meek potato-flowers like a flamingo's beak rose in air, as she stood erect, or as nearly erect as she ever stood nowadays. She tossed a few uprooted weeds over the lilac-hedge and, clumping up the steps of the porch, slumped into a chair. Chairs had once been her luxury, too. She carried a dish-pan full of green peas, and as her gaze wandered over the beloved scene her wrinkled fingers were busy among the pods, shelling them expertly, as if they knew their way about alone.

The old man sighed, the deep sigh of ultimate contentment. "Well, Maw, as the fellow says in the circus, here we are again."

"Here we are again, Paw."

They always said the same thing about this time of year, when they wearied of the splendid home they had established as the capital of their estate and came back to the ground from which they had sprung. James Coburn always said,

"Well, Maw, as the fellow says in the circus, here we are again."

And Sarah Gregg Coburn always answered,

"Here we are again, Paw."

This place was to them what old slippers are to tired feet. Here they put off the manners and the dignities their servants expected of them, and lapsed into shabby clothes and colloquialisms, such as they had been used to when they were first married, long before he became the master of a thousand acres, of cattle upon a hundred hills, of blooded thoroughbreds and patriarchal stallions, of town lots and a bank, and of a record as Congressman for two terms. This pilgrimage had become a sort of annual elopement, the mischief of two white-haired runaways. Now that the graveyard and the city had robbed them of all their children, they loved to turn back and play at an Indian-summer honeymoon.

This year, for the first time, Maw had consented to the aid of a "hired girl." She refused to bring one of the maids or the cook from the big house, and engaged a woman from the village nearest at hand—and then tried to pretend the woman wasn't there. It hurt her to admit the triumph of age in her bones, but there was compensation in the privilege of hearing some one else faintly clattering over the dishwashing of evenings, while she sat on the porch with Paw and watched the sunset trail its gorgeous banners along the heavens and across the little toy sky of the pond.

It was pleasant in the mornings, too, to lie abed in criminal indolence, hearing from afar the racket of somebody else building the fire. After breakfast she made a brave beginning, only to turn the broom and the bedmaking over to Susan, and dawdle about after Paw or celebrate matins in the green aisles of the garden. But mostly the old couple just pretended to do their chores, and sat on the porch and watched the clouds go by and the frogs flop into the pond.

"Mail come yet, Maw?"

"Susan's gone for it."

He glanced up the road to a sunbonneted figure blurred in the glare, and sniffed amiably. "Humph! Country's getting so citified the morning papers are here almost before breakfast's cleared off. Remember when we used to drive eleven mile to get the *Weekly Tribune*, Maw?"

"I remember. And it took you about a week to read it. Sometimes you got one number behind. Nowadays you finish your paper in about five minutes."

"Nothing much in the papers nowadays except murder trials and divorce cases. I guess Susan must have a mash on that mail-carrier."

"I wish she'd come on home and not gabble so much."

"Expectin' a letter from the boy?"

"Ought to be one this morning."

"You've said that every mornin' for three weeks. I s'pose he's so busy in town he don't realize how much his letters mean to us."

"I hate to have him in the city with its dangers—he's so reckless with his motor, and then there's the temptations and the scramble for money. I wish Stevie had been contented to settle down with us. We've got enough, goodness knows. But I suppose he feels he must be a millionaire or nothing, and what you've made don't seem a drop in the bucket."

The old man winced. He thought how often the boy had found occasion to draw on him for help in financing his "sure things" and paying up the losses on the "sure things" that had gone wrong. Those letters had been sent to the bank in town and had not been mentioned at home, except now and then, long afterward, when the wife pressed the old man too hard about holding back money from the boy. Then he would unfold a few figures. They dazed her, but they never convinced her.

Who ever convinced a woman? Persuaded? Yes, since Eve! Convinced? Not yet!

It hurts a man's pride to hear his wife impliedly disparage his own achievements in contrast with his son's. Not that he is jealous of his son; not that he does not hope and expect that the boy will climb to peaks he has never dared; not that he would not give his all and bend his own back as a stepping-stone to his son's ascension, but just that comparisons are odious. This disparagement is natural, though, to wives, for they compare what their husbands have done with what their sons are going to do.

It was an old source of peevishness with Paw Coburn, and he was moved to say—answering only by implication what she had unconsciously implied, and seeming to take his theme from the landscape about them:

"When my father died, all he left me was this little—bungalow they'd call it nowadays, I suppose, and a few acres 'round it. You remember, Maw, how, when the sun first came sneakin' over that knob off to the left, the shadow of those two oaks used to just touch the stone wall on the western border of father's property, and when the sun was just crawlin' into bed behind those woods off yonder the shadow of the oaks just overlapped the rail fence on the eastern border? That's all my father left me—that and the mortgage. That's all I brought you home to, Maw. I'm not disparaging my father. He was a great man. When he left his own home in the East and came out here, all this was woods, woods, woods, far as you can see. Even that pond wasn't there then. My father cleared it all—cut down everything except those two oak-trees. He used to call them the Twin Oaks, but they always seemed to me like man and wife. I kind o' like to think that they're you and me. And like you and me they're all that's left standin' of the old trees. They were big trees, too, and those were big days."

The greatness of his thoughts rendered him mute. He was a plain man, but he was hearing the unwritten music of the American epic of the ax and the plow, the more than Trojan war, the more than ten years' war, against forests and savages. His wife brought him back from the hyper-Homeric vision to the concrete.

"Thank heaven, Susan's finished gossipin' and started home."

The mail-carrier in his little umbrellaed cart was vanishing up the hill, and the sun-bonnet was floating down the road. The sky was an unmitigated blue, save for a few masses of cloud, like piles of new fleece on a shearing-floor. Green woods, gray road, blue sky, pale clouds, all were steeped in heat and silence so intense it seemed that something must break. And something broke.

Appallingly, abruptly, came a shattering crash, a streak of blinding fire, an unendurable noise, a searing blast of blaze as if the sun had been dynamite exploded, splintering the very joists of heaven. The whole air rocked like a tidal wave breaking on a reef; the house writhed in all its timbers. Then silence—unbearable silence.

The old woman, made a child again by a paralytic stroke of terror, found herself on her knees clinging frantically to her hus-

band. The cheek buried in his breast felt the lurch and leap of his pounding heart. Manlike, he found courage in his woman's fright, but his hand quivered upon her hair; she heard his shaken voice saying,

"There, there, Maw, it's all over."

When he dared to open his eyes he was blinded and dazed like the stricken Saul. When he could see again he found the world unchanged. The sky was still there, and still blue; the clouds swam serenely; the road still poured down from the unaltered hills. He tried to laugh; it was a sickly sound he made.

"I guess that was what the fellow calls a bolt from the blue. I've often heard of 'em, but it's the first I ever saw. No harm's done, Maw, except to Susan's feelings. She's pickin' herself up out the dust and hurryin' home like two-forty. I guess the concussion must have knocked her over."

The old woman, her heart still fluttering madly, rose from her knees with the tremulous aid of the old man and opened her eyes. She could hardly believe that she would not find the earth an apocalyptic ruin of uprooted hills. She breathed deeply of the relief, and her eyes ran along the remembered things as if calling the roll. Suddenly her eyes paused, widened. Her hand went out to clutch her husband's arm.

"Look, Paw! The oaks, the oaks!"

The lightning had leaped upon them like a mad panther, rending their branches from them, ripping off great strips of bark, and leaving long, gaping wounds, dripping with the white blood of trees. The lesser of the two oaks had felt the greater blow, and would have toppled to the ground had it not fallen across its mate, which, though grievously riven, held it up, with branches interlocking like cherishing arms.

To that human couple the tragedy of the trees they had looked upon as the very emblems of stability was pitiful. The old woman's eyes swam with tears. She made no shame of her sobs. The old man tried to comfort her with a commonplace,

"I was readin' only the other day, Maw, that oaks attract the lightning more than any other trees," and then he broke down. "Father always called 'em the Twin Oaks, but I always called 'em you and me."

The panic-racked Susan came stumbling up the steps, gasping with experiences. But the aged couple either did not hear or did not heed. With old hand embracing old

hand, they sat staring at the rapine of the lightning, the tigerish atrocity that had butchered and mutilated their beloved trees. Susan dropped into Mrs. Coburn's lap what mail she brought and hurried inside to faint.

The old couple sat in a stupor long and long, before Mrs. Coburn found that she was idly fingering letters and papers. She glanced down, and a familiar writing brought her from her trance.

"Oh, Paw, here's a letter from the boy! Here's a letter from Stevie. And here's your paper."

He took the paper, but did not open it, turning instead to ask,

"What does the boy say?"

With hands awkwardly eager she ripped the envelope, tore out the letter, and spread it open on her lap, then pulled her spectacles down from her hair, and read with loving inflection:

"MY DARLING MOTHER AND DAD: It is simply heinous the way I neglect to write you, but somehow the rush of things here keeps me putting it off from day to day. If remembrances were letters, you would have them in flocks, for I think of you always and I am homesick for the sight of your blessed faces.

"I should like to come out and see you in your little old nest, but business piles up about me till I can't see my way out at present. I do wish you could run down here and make me a good long visit, but I suppose that is impossible, too. There are two or three big deals pending that look promising, and if any one of them wins out I shall clean up enough to be a gentleman of leisure. The first place I turn will be home. My heart aches for the rest and comfort of your love.

"Write me often and tell me how you both are, and believe me, with all the love in the world,

"Your devoted son,

"STEPHEN."

She pushed her dewy spectacles back in her gray hair and pressed the letter to her lips; she was smiling as only old mothers smile over letters from their far-off children. The man's face softened, too, with the ache that battle-scarred fathers feel, thinking of their sons in the thick of the fight. Then he unfolded his paper, set his glasses on his big nose, and pursed his lips to read what was new in the world at large. His wife sat still, just remembering, perusing old files and back numbers of the gazettes of her boy's past, remembering him from her first vague thrill of him to his slow youth, to manhood, and the last good-by kiss.

Nothing was heard from either of them for a long while, save the creak of her chair and the clatter of his paper, as he turned to

the page recording the results in the incessant Gettysburgs over the prices of corn, pork, poultry, butter, and eggs. They were history to him. He could grow angry over a drop in December wheat, and he could thrill at a sign of feverishness in oats. To-day he was profoundly moved to read that October ribs had opened at 10.95 and closed at 11.01, and depressed to see that September lard had dropped from 11.67 to 11.65.

As he turned the paper, his eye was caught by the headlines of an old and notorious trial at law, and he was confirmed in his wrath. He growled,

"Good Lord, ain't that dog hung yet?"

"What you talkin' about, Paw?"

"I was just noticin' that the third trial of Tom Carey is in full swing again. It's cost the state a hundred thousand dollars already, and the scoundrel ain't punished yet."

"What did he do, Paw?"

The old man blushed like a boy as he stammered:

"You're too young to know all he did, Maw. If I told you, you wouldn't understand. But it ended in murder. If he'd been a low-browed dago they'd have had him railroaded to Jericho in no time. But the lawyers are above the law, and they've kept this fellow from his deserts till folks have almost forgot what it was he did. It's disgraceful. It makes our courts the laughing-stock of the world. It gives the anarchists an excuse for saying that there's one law for the poor and another for the rich."

After the thunder of his ire had rolled away there was a gentle murmur from the old woman. "It's a terrible thing to put a man to death."

"So it is, Maw, and if this fellow had only realized it, he'd have kept out of trouble."

"He was excited most likely and out of his head. What I mean is, it's a terrible thing for a judge and a jury to try a man and take his life away from him."

"Oh, it's terrible, of course, Maw, but we've got to have laws to hold the world together, ain't we? And if we don't enforce 'em, what's the use of havin' 'em?"

Silence and a far-away look on the wrinkled face resting on the wrinkled hand; and then a quiet question,

"Supposing it was our Steve?"

"I won't suppose any such thing. Thank God there's been no stain on any of our family, either side; just plain hard-workin' folks—no crazy ones, no criminals."



THEY SMILED AND STEPPED FORWARD WITH OPEN ARMS, BUT HE RECOILED AGAIN, AND HIS WELCOME TO HIS FAR-COME, HEART-HUNGRY PARENTS WAS A GROAN

"But supposing it was our boy, Paw?"

"Oh, what's the 'use of arguin' with a woman! I love you for it, Maw, but—well, I'm sorry I spoke."

He returned to his paper, growling now and then as he read of some new quibble devised by the attorneys for the defense. As softly and as surreptitiously as it begins to rain on a cloudy day, she was crying. He turned again with mock indignation.

"Here, here! What you tuning up about now?"

"I want to see my boy. I'm worried. He may be sick. He'd never let us know."

The old man tried to cajole her from her forebodings, tried to reason them away, laugh them away. At last he said, with a poor effort at gruffness:

"Well, for the Lord's sake, why don't you go? He's always askin' us to come and see him. I'm kind o' homesick for a sight of the boy m'self. You haven't been to town for a month of Sundays. Throw a few things in a valise, and I'll hitch up. We'll just about make the next train from the village."

She needed no coercion from without. She rose at once. As she opened the squeaky screen-door he was clumping down the steps. He paused to call back,

"O Maw!"

"Yes, Paw!"

"Better tuck in a jar of those preserves you been puttin' up. The boy always liked those better'n most anything. Don't wrap 'em in my night-shirt, though."

She called out, "All right," and the slap of the screen-door was echoed a moment later by a similar sound in the barn, accompanied by the old man's voice,

"Give over, Fan."

II

THE elevator-boy hesitated. "Oh, yes-sum, I got a pass-key all right, but I can't hahdly let nobody in Mista Coburn's 'pahtment 'thout his awdas."

"But we're his mother and father."

"Of co'se I take yo' wud for that, ma'am, but, you see, I can't hahdly let nobody—er

—um'm—thank you, sir—well, I reckon Mista Coburn might be mo' put out ef I didn't let you-all in than ef I did."

The elevator soared silently to the eighth floor, and there all three debarked. The boy was so much impressed with the tip the old man had slipped him that he unlocked the door, put the hand-baggage into the room, snapped the switch that threw on all the lights, and said, "Thank you, sir," again, as he closed the door.

Paw opened it to give the boy another coin and say:

"Don't you let on that we're here. It's a supprise."

The boy, grinning, promised and descended, like an imp through a trap.

The old couple stood stock still, hesitating to advance. So many feelings, such varied timidities, urged them forward, yet held them back. It was the home of the son they had begotten, conceived, tended, loved, praised, punished, feared, prayed for, counseled, provisioned, and surrendered. Years of separation had made him almost a stranger, and they dreaded the intrusion into the home he had built for himself, remote from their influence. Poor, weak, silly old things, with a boy-and-girlish gawkishness about them, the helpless feeling of uninvited guests!

"You go first, Paw."

And Paw went first. On the sill of the drawing-room he paused and swept a glance around. He would have given an arm to be inspired with some scheme for whisking his wife away, or changing what she must see. But she was already crowding on his heels, pushing him forward. There was no retreat. He tried to laugh it off.

"Well, here we are at last, as the fellow doesn't say in the circus."

There was nothing to do but sit down and wait. The very chairs were of an architecture and upholstery incongruous to them. They knew something of luxury, but not of this school. There was nowhere for them to look that something alien did not meet their eyes. So they looked at the floor.

"It gets awful hot in town, don't it?" said Paw, mopping his beaded forehead.

"Awful," said Maw, dabbing at hers.

Eventually they heard the elevator door glide on its grooves. All the way in on the train they had planned to hide and spring out on the boy. They had giggled like children over the plot. It was rather their pre-

arrangement than their wills that moved them to action. Automatically they hid themselves; without laughter, rather with a sort of guilty terror. They found a deep wardrobe closet and stepped inside, drawing the door almost shut.

They heard a key in the lock, the click of a knob, the sound of a door closed. Then a pause. They had forgotten to turn off the lights. Hurrying footsteps, loud on the bare floor, muffled on the rugs. How well they knew that step! But there was excitement in its rhythm. They could hear the familiar voice muttering unfamiliarly as the footsteps hurried here and there. He came into the room where they were. They could hear him breathe now, for he breathed heavily, as if he had been running. From place to place he moved with a sense of restless stealth. At length, just as they were about to sally forth, he hurried forward and flung open their door.

Standing among the hanging clothes, the light strong on their faces, they seemed to strike him at first as ghosts. He stared at them aghast, and recoiled. Then the old ghosts smiled and stepped forward with open arms. But he recoiled again, and his welcome to his far-come, heart-hungry parents was a groan.

They saw that he had a revolver in his hand. His eyes recurred to it, and he turned here and there for a place to lay it, but seemed unable to let it go. His mother flung forward and threw her arms about him, her lips pursed to kiss him, but he turned away with lowered eyes. His father took him by the shoulders and said:

"Why, what's the matter, boy? Ain't you glad to see your Maw?—and me?"

For answer he only breathed hard and chokingly. His eyes went to the revolver again, then roved here and there, always as if searching for a place to hide it.

"Give that thing to me, Steve," the old man said. And he took it in his hands, forcing from the cold steel the colder fingers that clung as if frozen about the handle. Once he was free of the weapon, the boy toppled into a chair, his mother still clasping him desperately.

The old man knew something about firearms. He found the spring, broke the revolver, and looked into the cylinder. In every chamber was the round eye of a cartridge. Three of them bore the little scar of the firing-pin.

Old Coburn leaned hard against the wall. He looked about for a place to hide the horrible machine, but he, too, could not let go of it. His mouth was full of the ashes of life. He would have been glad to drop dead. But beyond the sick, clammy face of his son, he saw the face of his wife, an old face, a mother's face, witless with bewilderment. The old man swallowed hard.

"What's happened, Steve? What's been goin' on?"

The young man only shook his head, ran his dry tongue along his lips, tore a piece of loose skin from the lower one with his teeth, and breathed noisily through nostrils that worked like a dog's. He pushed his mother's hands away as if they irked him. The old man could have struck him to the ground for that roughness, but the prayers in the mother's eyes restrained him.

"Better tell us, Steve. Maybe we might help you."

The young man's head worked as if he were gulping at a hard lump; his lips moved without sound, his gaze leaped from place to place, lighting everywhere but on his father's waiting, watching eyes, and always coming back to the revolver with a loathing fascination. At last he spoke, in a whisper like the rasp of chafed husks:

"I had to do it. He deserved it."

The mother had not seen the nicks on the cartridges, but she needed no such evidence. She wailed,

"You don't mean that you—no—no—you didn't k-kill-ill-ill—"

The word rattled in her throat, and she went to the floor like a toppling bolster. It was the old man that lifted her face from the rug, ran to fetch water, and knelt to restore her. The son just wavered in his chair and kept saying:

"I had to do it. He was making her life a—"

"Her life?" the old man groaned, looking up where he knelt. "Then there's a woman in it?"

"Yes, it was for her. She's had a hard time. She's been horribly misunderstood. She may have been indiscreet—still she's a noble woman at heart. Her husband was a vile dog. He deserved it."

But the old man's head had dropped as if his neck were cracked. He saw what it all meant and would mean. He would have sprawled to the floor, but he caught sight of the pitiful face of his old love still white with

the half-death of her swoon. He clenched his will like a fist, resolving that he must not break, could not, would not break. He laid a hand on his son's knee and said appealingly, in a low tone, as if he were the suppliant for mercy:

"Better not mention anything about—about her—the woman you know, Steve—before your mother, not just now. Your mother's kind of poorly the last few days. Understand, Steve?"

The answer was a nod like the silly nodding of a toy mandarin.

It was a questionable mercy, restoring the mother just then from the bliss of oblivion, but she came gradually back through a fog of daze to the full glare of fact. Her thoughts did not run forward upon the scandal, the horror of the public, the outcry of all the press; she had but one thought, her son's welfare.

"Did anybody see you, Steve?"

"No. I went to his room. I don't think anybody s-saw me—yes, maybe the man across the hall did. Yes, I guess he saw me. He was at his door when I came out. He looked as if he sus-suspected-ed me. I suppose he heard the shots. And probably he s-saw the revol-ver. I couldn't seem to let it drop—to le-let it drop."

The mother turned frantic. "They'll come here for you, Stevie. They'll find it out. You must get away—somewhere—for just now, till we can think up something to do. Father will find some way of making everything all right, won't you, Paw? He always does, you know. Don't be scared, my boy. We must keep very calm." Her hands were wavering over him in a palsy. "Where can he go, Paw? Where's the best place for him to go? I'll tell you, Stevie. Is your—your car anywhere near?"

"It's outside at the door. I came back in it."

She got to her feet, and her urgency was ferocious. "Then you get right in this minute and go up to the old place—the little old house opposite the pond. Go as fast as you can. You know the place—where we lived before you were born. There's two big oak-trees st-standing there, and a pond just across the road. You go there and tell Susan—what shall he tell Susan, father? What shall he tell Susan? We'll stay here, and—and we'll bribe the elevator-boy to say you haven't come home at all, and if the popo-lice come here we'll say we're expecting

you, but we haven't seen you for ever so long, won't we, Paw? That's what we'll say, won't we, Paw?"

The old man stood up to the lightning like an old oak. Trees do not run. They stand fast and take what the sky sends them. Old Coburn shook his white hair as a tree its leaves in a blast of wind before he spoke.

"Steve, my boy, I don't know what call you had to do this, but it's no use trying to run away and hide. They'll get you wherever you go. The telegraph and the cable and the detectives—no, it's not a bit of use. It only makes things look worse. Put on your hat and come with me. We'll go to the police before they come for you. I'll go with you, and I'll see you through."

But flight, not fight, was the woman's one hope. She was wild with resistance to the idea of surrender. Her panic confirmed the young man in his one impulse—to get away. He dashed out into the hall, and when the father would have pursued, the mother thrust him aside, hurried past, and braced herself against the door. He put off her clinging, clutching hands as gently as he might, but she resisted like a tigress at bay, and before he could drag her aside they heard the iron-barred door of the elevator glide open and clang shut. And there they stood in the strange place, the old man staggered with the realization of the future, the old woman imbecile with fear.

What harm is it the honest oaks do, that heaven hates them so and its lightnings search them out with such peculiar frenzy?

III

HAVING no arenas where captive gladiators and martyrs satisfy the public longing for the sight of bleeding flesh and twitching nerve, the people of our day flock to the court-rooms for their keenest excitements.

The case of "The People vs. Stephen Coburn" had been an intensely popular entertainment. This day the room was unusually stuffed with men and women. At the door the officers leaned like buttresses against the thrust of a solid wall of humanity. Outside, the halls, the stairs, and the sidewalk were jammed with the mob crushing toward the door for a sight of the white-haired mother pilloried in the witness-box and fighting with all her poor wits against the shrewdest, calmest, fiercest cross-examiner in the state.

In the jury-box the twelve silent prisoners of patience sat in awe of their responsibilities, a dozen extraordinarily ordinary, conspicuously average persons condemned to the agony of deciding whether they should consign a fellow man to death or release a murderer among society.

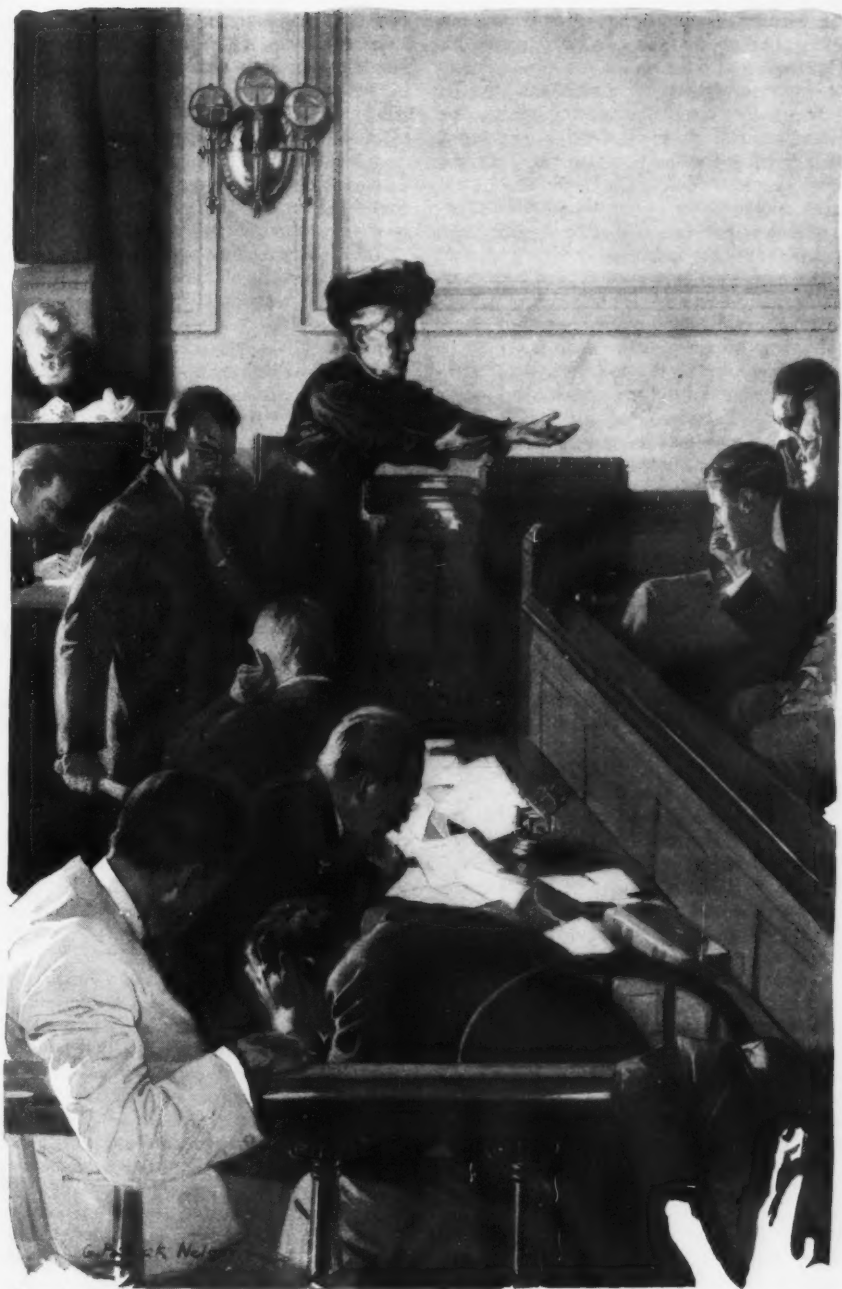
Next the judge sat Sarah Coburn, her withered hands clenched bonily in the lap where, not so many years ago, she had cuddled the babe that was now the prisoner hunted down and abhorred. The mere pressure of his first finger had sent a soul into eternity and brought the temple of his own home crashing about his head.

Next the prisoner sat his father, veteran now with the experience that runs back to the time when the first father and mother found the first first-born of the world with hands reddened in the blood of the earliest sacrifice on the altar of Cain.

People railed in the street and in the press against the law's delay with Stephen Coburn's execution and against the ability of a rich father to postpone indefinitely the vengeance of justice. Old Coburn had forced the taxpayers to spend vast sums of money. He had spent vaster sums himself. The public and the prosecution, his own enormously expensive lawyers, his son and his very wife supposed that he still had vast sums to spend. It was solely his secret that he had no more. He had built his fortune as his father had built the stone wall along his fields, digging each boulder from the ground with his hands, lugging it across the irregular turf and heaving it to its place. Every dollar of his had its history of effort, of sweat and ache. And now the whole wall was gone, carried away in wholesale sweeps as by a landslide.

In his business he had been so shrewd and so close that people had said, "Old Coburn will fight for a feather in the tail of the eagle on a quarter." When his son's liberty was at stake, he signed blank checks, he told his lawyers to get the best counsel in the nation. He did not ask, "How much?" he asked, "How good?" Every technical ruse that could be employed to thwart the prosecution he employed. He bribed everybody bribable whose silence or speech had value. Dangerous witnesses were shipped to places whence they could not be summonsed. Blackmailers and blackguards fattened on his generosity and his fear.

The son, Stephen Coburn, had gone to the



Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson

THE TEARS CAME LIKE A GUSH OF BLOOD FROM A DEEP WOUND, THEN HER OLD ARMS
YEARNED FOR HIM AS WHEN A BABE. "I WANT MY BOY! I WANT MY BOY!"

city, warm hearted, young, venturesome not vicious, had learned life in a heap, sowed his wild oats all at once, fallen among evil companions, and drifted by easy stages into an affair of inexcusable ugliness, whence he seemed unable to escape till a misplaced chivalry whispered him what to do. He had found himself like Lancelot with "his honor rooted in dishonor," and "faith unfaithful kept him falsely true." But Stephen Coburn was no Lancelot, any more than his siren was a Guinevere or her slain husband a King Arthur. He was simply a well-meaning, hot-headed, madly enamored young fool. The proof of this last was that he took a revolver to his Gordian knot. Revolvers, as he found too late, do not solve problems. They make a far-reaching noise, and their messengers cannot be recalled.

His parents had not known the city phase of their son. They had known the adorable babe he had been, the good boy, weeping over a broken-winged robin tumbled from a nest, running down-stairs in his bare feet for one more good-night kiss, crying his heart out when he must be sent away to school, remembering their birthdays and abounding in gentle graces. This was the Stephen Coburn they had known. They believed it to be the real, the permanent, Stephen Coburn; the other was but the victim of a transient demon. They could not believe that their boy would harm the world again. They could not endure the thought that his repentance and his atonement should be frustrated by a dishonorable end.

The public knew only the wicked Stephen Coburn. His crime had been his entrance into fame. All the bad things he had done, all the bad people he had known, all the bad places he had gone, were searched out and published by the detectives and the reporters. To blacken Stephen Coburn's reputation so horribly that the jurors would feel it their inescapable duty to scavenge him from the offended earth, that was the effort of the prosecution. To prevent that blackening was one of the most vital and one of the most costly features of the defense. To deny the murder and tear down the web of circumstantial evidence as fast as the state could weave it was another.

The Coburn case had become a notorious example of that peculiarly American institution, the serial trial. The first instalment had ended in a verdict of guilty. It had been old Coburn's task to hold up his wife

and his son in the collapse of their mad despair, while he managed and financed the long slow struggle with the upper courts till he wrung from them an order for a new trial. This had ended, after weeks of torment in the court-room and forty-eight hours of almost unbearable suspense, in a disagreement of the jury. The third trial found the prosecution more determined than ever, and acquainted with all the methods of the defense. The only flaw was the loss of an important witness, "the man across the hall," whom impatient time had carried off to the place where subpoenas are not respected. His deposition and his testimony at the previous trials were as lacking in vitality as himself.

And now once more old Coburn must carry everything upon his back, aching like a world-weary Atlas who dares not shift his burden. But now he was three years weaker, and he had no more money to squander. His houses, his acres, the cattle upon his hills, his blooded thoroughbreds, his patriarchal stallions, his town-lots, his bank-building, his bonds and stocks, all were sold, pawned as collateral, or blanketed with mortgages.

As he had comforted his wife when they had witnessed the bolt from the blue, so now he sat facing her in her third ordeal. Only now she was not on the home-porch, but in the arena. He could not hold her hands. Now she dared not close her eyes and cry; it was not the work of one thunder-bolt she had to see. Now, under the darting questions of the court-examiner, she was like a frightened child lost in the woods and groping through a tempest, with lightning thrusts pursuing it on every side, stitching the woods with fire like the needle in a sewing-machine stabbing and stabbing at the dodging shuttle.

The old woman had gone down into the pit for her son. She had been led through the bogs and the sewers of vice. Almost unspeakable, almost unthinkable wickedness had been taught to her till she had become deeply versed in the lore that saddens the eyes of the scarlet women of Babylon. But still her love purified her, and almost sanctified the strategy she practised, the lies she told, the truths she concealed, the plots she devised with the uncanny canniness of an old peasant. People not only felt that it was her duty to fight for her young like a mad she-wolf, but they

would have despised her for any failure of sacrifice.

She sat for hours baffling the inquisitor, foreseeing his wiles by intuition, evading his masked pitfalls by instinct. She was terribly afraid of him, yet more afraid of herself, afraid that she would break down and become a brainless, weeping thing. It was the sincerity of her fight against this weakness that made her so dangerous to the prosecuting attorney. He wanted to compel her to admit that her son had confessed his deed to her. She sought to avoid this admission. She had not guessed that he was more in dread of her tears than of her guile. He was gentler with her than her own attorneys had been. At all costs he felt that he must not succeed too well with her.

The whole trial had become by now as academic as a game of chess, to all but the lonely, homesick parents. The prosecuting attorney knew that the mother was not telling the truth; and the judge and the jury knew that she was not telling the truth. But unless this could be geometrically demonstrated the jury would disregard its own senses. Yet the prosecutor knew that if he succeeded in trapping the mother too abruptly into any admission dangerous to her son she would probably break down and cry her dreary old heart out, and then those twelve super-human jurors would weep with her and care for nothing on earth except her consolation.

The crisis came as crises love to come, without warning. The question had been simple enough, and the tone as gentle as possible: "You have just stated, Mrs. Coburn, that your son spoke to you in his apartment the day he is alleged to have committed this act, but I find that at the first and second trials you testified that you did not see him in his apartment at all. Which, please, is the correct statement?"

In a flash she realized what she had done. It is so hard to build and defend a fortress of lies, and she was very old and not very wise, tired out, confused by the stare of the mob and the knowledge that every word she uttered endangered the life she had borne. Now she felt that she had undone everything. She blamed herself for ruining the work of years. She saw her son led to death because of her blunder. Her answer to the question and the patient courtesy of the attorney was to throw her hands into the air, toss her white head to and fro, and give up

the battle. The tears came like a gush of blood from a deep wound; they poured through the lean fingers she pressed against her gaunt cheeks, and she shook with the dry, weak weeping of senility and utter desolation. Then her old arms yearned for him as when a babe.

"I want my boy! I want my boy!"

The judge grew very busy among his papers, the prosecuting attorney swallowed hard. The jurymen thought no more of evidence and of the stability of the laws. They all had mothers, or memory-mothers, and they only resolved that whatever crime Stephen Coburn might have committed, it would be a more dastardly crime for them to drive their twelve daggers into the aching breast that had suckled him. On the instant the trial had resolved itself into "The People vs. One Poor Old Mother." The jury's tears voted for them, and their real verdict was surging up in one thought,

"This white-haired saint wants her boy: he may be a black sheep, but she wants him, and she shall have him, by—" whatever was each jurymen's favorite oath.

When the judge had finished his charge the jury stumbled on each other's heels to get to their sanctum. There they reached a verdict so quickly that, as the saying is, the foreman was coming back into the courtroom before the twelfth man was out of it. Amazed at their own unanimity, they were properly ashamed, each of the other eleven, for their mawkish weakness, and their treachery to the stern requirements of higher citizenship. But they went home not entirely unconsolated by the old woman's cry of beatitude at that phrase, "Not Guilty."

She went among them sobbing with ecstasy, and her tears splashed their hands like holy water. It was all outrageously illegal, and sentimental, and harmful to the sanctity of the law. And yet, is it entirely desirable that men should ever grow unmindful of the tears of old mothers?

IV

THE road came pouring down from the wooded hills, and the house faced the pond as before. But there was a new guest in the house. Up-stairs, in a room with a sloping wall and a low ceiling and a dormer window, sat a young man whose face had been prominent so long in the press and in the court-room that now he preferred to

keep away from human eyes. So he sat in the little room and read eternally. He had acquired the habit of books in the white-washed cell where he had spent the three of his years that should have been the happiest, busiest, best of all. He read anything he could find now, old books, old magazines, old newspapers. Finally he read even the old family Bible his mother had toted into his room for his comfort. It was a bulky tome with print of giant size and pictures of crude imagery, with here and there blank pages for recording births, deaths, marriages. Here he found the names of all his brothers and sisters, and all of them were entered among the deaths. The manners of their deaths were recorded in the shaky handwriting of fresh grief: Alice Anne, scarlet fever; James Arthur, Jr., convulsions; Andrew Morton, whooping cough; Cicely Jane, typhoid; Amos Turner, drowned while saving his brother Stephen's life; Edward John, killed in train wreck.

Sick at heart, he turned away from the record, but the book fell open of itself at a full-page insert of the Decalogue, illuminated by some artless printer with gaudy splotches of gold, red and blue and green initials, and silly curlicues of arabesque, as if the man had been ignorant of what they meant, those ten pillars of the world.

Stephen smiled wanly at the bad taste of the decoration, till one line of fire leaped from the text at him, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." But he needed no further lessoning in that wisdom. He retreated from the accusing page and went to lean against the dormer window and look out upon the world from the prison of his past. No jury could release him from

that. Everywhere he looked, everywhere he thought, he saw evidence of the penalty he had brought upon his father and mother, more than upon himself and his future. He knew that his father's life-work had been ruined, and that his honorable career would be summed up in the remembrance that he was the old man who bankrupted himself to save his son from the gallows. He knew that this very house, which remained as the last refuge, was mortgaged again as when his father and mother had come into it before he was born. The ironic circle was complete.

Down-stairs he could hear the slow and heavy footsteps of his father, and the creak of the chair as he dropped heavily into it. Then he heard the screen-door flap, and heard his mother's rocking-chair begin its seesaw strain. He knew that their tired old hands would be clasped and that their tired old eyes would be staring off at the lightning-shattered oaks. He heard them say, just about as always:

"What you been doin', Paw?"

"Just putterin' 'round the barn. What you been doin', Maw?"

"Just putterin' 'round the kitchen gettin' supper started. I went up-stairs and knocked at Stevie's door. He didn't answer. Guess he's asleep."

"Guess so."

"It seems awful good, Paw, to be back in this old place, don't it?—you and me just settin' here and our boy safe and sound asleep up-stairs."

"That's so. As the fellow says in the circus, here we are again, Maw."

"Here we are again, Paw."



FINALLY HE READ EVEN THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE

THE BELATED SANTA CLAUS



DRAWINGS BY JOHN A. WILLIAMS
VERSES BY WALLACE IRWIN





I

When Santa was climbing the chimney of Jones
With his sackful all stack-full of presents so joyful,
Unfortunate Kringle, he slipped on a shingle
And *whoof!* quit the roof in an avalanche toyful.



II

Now the children who ran for their stockings next morn,
They sobbed with a grief that was soothed by no ointment;
Their stockings neglected, the truth they suspected—
That Santa, for once, hadn't kept his appointment!



III

But wee Willie Jones, at the window, beheld
A wonderful vision (for this I'll give *my* word),
For, just where he landed, lay Santa, snow-stranded,
His jolly old overshoes kicking up skyward.



IV

So Willie called in the neighborhood boys,
The Johnsons and Bronsons and little Jo Daley,
Who started in digging, then fastened on rigging
And dragged out Kriss Kringle, who thanked 'em all gaily.



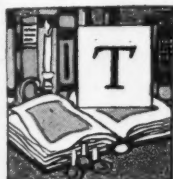
V

So he made them all happy with glorious toys,
 Then off and away to the zenith upwinging;
 "May snows never bind me where childhood can't find me!"
 He laughed. And "Amen!" came the Yule-bells' sweet ringing.



The Long Gray Sock

By Zoe Anderson Norris



THE little white-haired woman sat at the left-hand window of the flat on the fourth floor across in the court of a hundred windows, knitting away at the long gray sock, her needles flashing in and out, in and out. All day long, whenever I happened to look over and down at that window, there she sat, knitting, knitting.

Though her hair was white, with only here and there a glint of gold to remind you of her youth, I think the little woman was not so very old. Perhaps she had grown white from knitting the long gray sock. Perhaps she had aged from sheer weariness.

However that was, she was not nearly so old as her husband, who sat near the opposite window, sneezing and coughing, coughing and sneezing, the whole day long.

He was bent and broken and bald, and what few strands of hair he had left were white, much whiter than those of the little woman, with never a glint of gold to remind you of his youth or his beauty, if he had ever been beautiful in the heyday of his youth, that sad old man.

Sometimes the little woman put down the long gray sock (would she ever finish it?) and peeled potatoes or shucked corn or shelled a lapful of peas for their dinner, hers and the old man's and the cat's.

It may have been that they had a private income, those two, which sufficed for their simple needs, or perhaps some children supported them. At any rate, they were not obliged to work, which should have been some satisfaction. They simply endeavored to content themselves with the routine of

eating and sleeping, the one varying the monotony by sneezing and coughing at one window, the other at the other window knitting on the long gray sock, the cat fast asleep at one window or the other.

The little woman was pretty. Her hair was soft as could be and curly, and her cheeks were as red and white as a girl's. On weekdays she wore a cotton gown of dark blue with white specks in it, whether polka-dots or what I couldn't quite see from my high window, and on Sundays she donned a fine and shining black alpaca gown that was very fetching, over her shoulders a kerchief as white as the snow itself.

And yet they were anything but cheerful, that couple. In fact, sometimes when I looked at them, left in their old age to loneliness and a cat, pensioned off with a paltry pittance, like two old animals turned into pasture to browse away the last sad useless days of their lives, I sighed and left the window disheartened.

They had given their children—somehow I was quite sure they had children or a child—the days of their youth, the loving kindness of their presence, the tender warmth of encircling arms; and they in return now, sent them each month a check of sufficient dimensions to keep them from absolute want. And that was all.

And then, presto! One day all was changed in the flat on the fourth floor over there in the court of a hundred windows.

The little old white-haired woman no longer sat by the window knitting the long gray sock. I could see her flitting cheerfully about, bustling as live women do, existence all at once somehow having taken on a renewed interest for her.

Even the cat had roused herself from her nest on the sill and was walking sinuously about within the room, stretching herself, forepaws bent low, bowingly beseeching them to tell her what the matter was.



Drawings by Gordon Grant

HER HUSBAND SAT NEAR THE OPPOSITE WINDOW, SNEEZING AND
COUGHING THE WHOLE DAY LONG

I leaned far out of my high window to see. Ah! It came to me! It was the old man. Something had happened to him. He had been run over probably. But no, he never left his flat. That is, I had never missed him. But where was he?

It was not until late that afternoon that I knew. A fine ruddy fellow bustled into the room and taking the old man's seat by the window, opened a small satchel and brought out some vials and things. This fine ruddy fellow wore a Vandyke beard. You guess the rest, of course. This man was the doctor.

Then the old man was ill! He was very ill. He had taken to his bed back there in the room somewhere, perhaps in another room, farther back yet. Ah! Perhaps the old man would die!

As I said, all was quickly changed. There was a suppressed air of gaiety, suppressed on account of the old man, of course, who might drop off any minute, but it was there nevertheless.

Friends dropped in. The little old woman paused from her nursing of the old man to serve them tea in pretty, thin old blue cups, while they talked of his condition.

She flitted about from sideboard to guest, serving them tea and discussing his symptoms.

together with other things, perhaps, for her manner was not absolutely suggestive of a tense absorption in matters pertaining to illness. It had an air of something lighter and more gay. It was as if a long-hidden wellspring of youth had bubbled up and regenerated her. I had never seen her white hair so soft and pretty. The gold in it gleamed. I had never seen her cheek flush to such a fine rich red. How radiant she was with this rushing in of the world upon the terrible quiet that had fallen pall-like upon her life—the world that is always so interested in people who are about to die.

The little white-haired woman was beautiful. It was as if she had been drinking wine, and so she had, a tall thin glass of fine white wine, the Wine of Gladness. I missed her once in a while, possibly when she gave a sudden thought to the old man and sped back into that quiet room to see whether or not he had crossed the Great Divide.

No, not yet, for back she came after an interval, smiling and chatting away gaily as before.

And what a glowing feature of that day was the advent of the man with the Vandyke beard, the doctor! How he was ushered to the seat by the window and offered a cup of tea,

the beautiful blue cup so thin I could see exactly how much tea it contained. How he was fêted and waited upon! How they hung upon each joke he offered, and laughed, no matter whether it was a new joke or an ancient.

At last, all the others having taken their departure, he sat by the window drinking a second cup of tea and talking across to the little white-haired woman who sat by the other window. Knitting the long gray sock? Well, I should say not! Just sitting there with her hands folded idly in her lap, conversing with him, laughing and chatting with him, the long gray sock apparently a thing of the past, blotted out of her changed existence of flurry and hope and excitement and all those other ingredients that go to make up the Joy of Living.

What if the old man should die, I thought, kneeling by my high window, looking down upon the two?

What if, after a decent interval, of course, the little white-haired woman should marry the debonair blond doctor—I forgot to say that he was blond—who seemed so bright and interesting and full of this radiant Joy of Living? So red cheeked and full blooded and guiltless of cough or sneeze or baldness or asthma or any of those dread drab obstacles that, together with the long gray sock, had fretted her happiness to a skeleton—no muscle, no sinew, just bare bone.

She was considerably older than he, but if she kept on getting younger, she would be about his age in a week or so, and how fine that would be! How gay that would be!

No. I didn't quite wish that the old man would die, but if in the natural course of events he should, what a splendid thing it would be for the little white-haired woman!

The two sat there

by the windows until late in the evening, talking perhaps of nothing more interesting than the latest symptoms of the old man, but talking so blithely one could hardly believe it was altogether of symptoms. And then the doctor arose and took his leave, and what do you think he did? I could hardly believe it!

First he took one of the little woman's hands as she stood there so pretty in her shining black alpaca with her snowy kerchief pinned across her bosom, looking so radiant, so happy, now that the old man was stretched flat on his back in the other room at the point of death, and held it a while. Then he leaned forward, did that fine blond doctor of the Vandyke beard, and kissed the little woman's hand! Kissed it!

Not only that! Would wonders never cease? The little white-haired woman caught her hand away from his, threw her arms around the neck of the doctor, and returned his kiss.

I sank back on the pillow I knelt on, and, looking up at the stars all sprinkled above these two in the purple of the skies, read their fate there.

But life is never what you expect it to be. Above all, it is rarely ever what you think it will be or what you hope for. A few more days of this beautiful excitement and gaiety across in the flat on the fourth floor, and then one fine morning, the sun bright as could be, some sparrows chirping in the tall bare trees in the court that, shriven of life and leaf, now served as poles for the hanging out of the clothes, I saw the little white-haired woman, once more arrayed in her blue cotton gown, the fête days over, come slowly along from the rear of the room, holding somebody by the arm—a very helpless somebody, quite white from his illness and feeble



THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN PAUSED FROM
HER NURSING OF THE OLD MAN
TO SERVE THEM TEA

and halting, limping very, very slowly back to his accustomed seat by the window and the cat.

You can easily guess who that was, of course. But who was that following him with a shawl to be wrapped about his bent shoulders?

The Vandyked doctor! A good and kindly doctor to keep watch over him still, in spite of the fact that he had come away from the edge of the grave to rob him of the love and kisses of the little white-haired woman.

The doctor placed the old man carefully in his chair. He asked him some question. Would he have his pipe, or was it a little too strong for him yet?

No. He would try it, for the doctor went back into the room and brought his old black pipe to him, filled it, struck a match and lighted it for him, patting his shawl into place, then standing by, he and the little woman, looking at him very lovingly, both of them, very tenderly, as if they were glad, indeed, to see him getting well again. Very, very glad.

As they stood there the cat, which had been unduly aroused by the recent excitement, walked sinuously across the room, leaped upon the sill, curled herself carefully around in a nice gray ball, and fell asleep. This notwithstanding the fact that for a space the old man was once more convulsed by a violent fit of coughing and sneezing through which he was solicitously cared for by the little white-haired woman and the doctor.

When it was over the doctor bent forward, looked lovingly into his face, probably asking him some question, and patted his shoulder.

Then he put his arms around the little white-haired woman and kissed her again. Then he went away.

Now what's the use trying to guess about the lives of these people from across the court? It was not at all as I had thought. Not at all. It was a different story altogether, so different that, while I couldn't help being glad, I was at the same time overwhelmed with mortification at my lack of perception.

The Vandyked doctor was their son. No more loneliness for those two. He had come back from somewhere. He would be near them now. He hadn't meant to leave them lonely. It had been a matter of necessity, but now, every day, or at least every other day, he would be with them.



HE LEANED FORWARD, DID THAT FINE DOCTOR, AND KISSED THE LITTLE WOMAN'S HAND

When he was gone the little woman hovered about the old man for an interval, then went into the other room. She brought back a something and took her old accustomed place in the chair at the other window.

Smiling across at the old man, she by and by picked up this something, which had fallen in her lap, and I saw the slow flash of clicking needles as of old. But a very different flash. A very different click. No indignation. No impatience. No mutiny. A cheerful click of utter content accompanied by a subtle flash of joyous anticipation.

It was the long gray sock.

The People vs. Buck Burley

By Frank L. Packard

BUCK BURLEY stood in the doorway of Mr. Parker's office twisting his hat nervously in his hands. Mr. Parker's greeting, as he recognized his would-be client, was not effusive. He had taken cases for Buck before, with unfortunate pecuniary results to himself.

"What is it," he demanded bluntly, "those hens of MacLaughlin's?"

Buck nodded, and Mr. Parker went on:

"Now see here, Buck, there's no earthly use of you coming to me. They've got you dead to rights. There's no chance for you. You haven't a cent, and it would only be wasting my time uselessly. If there was a ghost of a hope of pulling you through and getting a little glory out of it, it would be different. As I understand it, the hens were prize Plymouth Rocks that MacLaughlin was going to take in to the city to some poultry show. He'll never let up on you. The chickens you sold were the ones that were stolen, weren't they?"

Buck shifted from one foot to the other uneasily. "Yes," he admitted sullenly.

"And you're up on the usual charge of 'breaking and entering and stealing,' eh? Well, you'll have to take your medicine, old boy. Plead guilty. Throw yourself on the mercy of the court. Promise to reform—you know the lay; and take what's coming as gracefully as you can."

"Would it make any difference, Mr. Parker," Buck said hesitatingly, "if some other feller pinched the hens, even if I was with him?"

"Eh? What's that?" asked Parker.

Buck repeated his question.

Parker leaned back in his chair. "Tell me the whole story just as it happened—and tell the truth," he said.

"Well, you see, me an' another feller was broke fer fair. So we made it up fer him ter steal de hens an' me ter sell 'em. Dat's all dere was ter it. I waited around de corner, an' after he'd got 'em I took 'em an' sold 'em."

Parker sat for a moment quietly studying the woebegone figure before him, then his mouth broadened into a grin. "Buck, will you do just as I tell you if I take your case?"

"Bet yer life," said Buck earnestly.

"Well, first of all, keep your mouth shut. Not a word. Understand?"

Buck grinned expressively.

"When does your case come up?"

"Ter-morrow," replied Buck ruefully.

"All right, I'll be there. Now clear out."

When Buck had left the office, Parker got up from his chair and walked to the window; then he began to laugh. "It's bound to work," he chuckled. "It can't help it. Saunders will bite like a shark."

The next morning in the district court Buck's simple plea of "not guilty" was the only defense entered. The judge found him guilty and sentenced him to one year. Then

for the first time Mr. Parker took a hand in the game.

"Your honor," he said quietly, "we appeal the case."

The judge stared at Parker in amazement. "Very well," he said. "The defendant will recognize in the sum of two hundred dollars to prosecute his appeal to the superior court."

Parker procured the surety through a friend and took Buck over to his office. Buck sat down and eyed his legal adviser reproachfully. Parker laughed.

"Mebbe it's funny ter you," said Buck sullenly, "but where de hell do I come in?"

"Oh, you'll come in all right. You're going up for trial at the county-seat. Jury trial, see? Saunders, the assistant district attorney, will be in charge. I'm going to put you on the stand, and you're going to tell the same story you told me."

"Am I?" said Buck scornfully. "Well, I bet I ain't! I'm not such an easy guy as dat."

"Yes, you will," Parker continued sternly.

"And what's more, you're going to tell your partner's name in court. By the way, what is his name?"

"Split on a pal! Not if I knows it! What good 'u'd it do? Dere ain't no use both uv us goin' up."

Parker shrugged his shoulders. "You can take your choice. Do as I tell you, and neither of you will go up; or go back to the judge and tell him you'll take his three hundred and sixty-five days and call it even."

"D'ye mean," asked Buck, wetting his lips, "dat you'll git us both off?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"Yer a peach if you do," said Buck admiringly.

"Come, what's his name?" demanded Parker impatiently.

Buck edged around on his chair uneasily. "Blast it, I don't like ter do it. Well, if ye've got ter know, it's Jim Baird."

"Oh! Baird, was it? Well, you're a pretty fair team, but I guess you're in luck this time. But don't you open your mouth to Baird or anyone else or it will be your finish. Don't forget that."

Before the case came up in the county court, Parker had a little talk with the assistant district attorney. "Look here, Saunders," he said, "it's this Jim Baird that's the man you want. My client is willing to go on the stand and confess to receiving and disposing of stolen goods, and testify that it was Baird

The People vs. Buck Burley

who committed the theft. That breaks down the charge against Burley and gives you the evidence to indict Baird."

"Well," said Saunders, "I'm willing to let it go that way, providing you don't let Baird get wind of the business and clear out."

"Oh, I'll take care of that; but you'll have to get your warrant out for him about as soon as the trial is over. It won't take long for him to find out that Burley split on him."

"You leave that to me," Saunders replied. "But see here, Parker, I'm making no promise that I won't hold this fellow Burley afterward on his own confession of receiving stolen property."

Parker laughed good-naturedly. "I'm not borrowing trouble. You may do as you see fit about that when the time comes."

At the trial, the evidence for the prosecution consisted of the restaurant proprietor's testimony that he had bought the stolen chickens from the accused. Buck took the stand, admitted this, made a complete confession of the entire matter, and testified that Baird had stolen the hens.

Mr. Parker argued ingeniously that, whatever share his client had had in the case, he could not under any circumstances be convicted of the charge against him of "breaking and entering and stealing." Mr. Saunders offered no opposition to this argument, and the jury acquitted.

Without loss of time, Baird was arrested upon a warrant charging him with the same offense, and was brought before the court. Burley was summoned as witness for the prosecution.

As though assuming conviction a foregone conclusion and but a matter of form, Mr. Saunders's opening remarks were brief and cursory. Mr. Parker's were even briefer; he contented himself with smiling.

The clerk called the first and only witness: "Buck Burley!"

Mr. Parker rose to his feet. "Your honor," he said quietly, "the witness is my client, and I submit his right to refuse to testify on the ground that his evidence would incriminate himself."

In spite of a storm of protest from the assistant district attorney, the court ruled to exempt Burley from testifying.

"Have you any further witnesses for the prosecution, Mr. Saunders?" asked the judge.

"I have not, your honor," Saunders replied, glaring savagely at Parker. "I had no doubt

this man Burley would testify. His testimony would have been sufficient to establish the guilt of the defendant. I am not prepared to produce witnesses to his testimony at the last term of the court—at least not at this time," he added significantly.

With a few caustic remarks directed at both Baird and Burley, the judge very reluctantly discharged the accused; and that being the last case on the docket for the day, the court adjourned.

Saunders walked over to Parker. "I suppose you think you've done an almighty smart thing, don't you?" he demanded angrily.

"Now, look here, Saunders, don't——"

"Don't you 'look here' me," Saunders interrupted fiercely. "You've made a fool of me with your damned old chickens; but I'll tell you one thing," he brought his fist down with a crash on the table, "I'll make Burley sweat for this."

"How?" asked Parker innocently.

"How!" cried Saunders, almost choking with rage. "Why, I'll push him for receiving stolen property, on his own confession, that's how!"

Parker scratched his head in assumed perplexity. "Really, Saunders," he said, at last, "I don't see how you can."

"You don't, eh?" Saunders sneered.

"Well, I'll show you!"

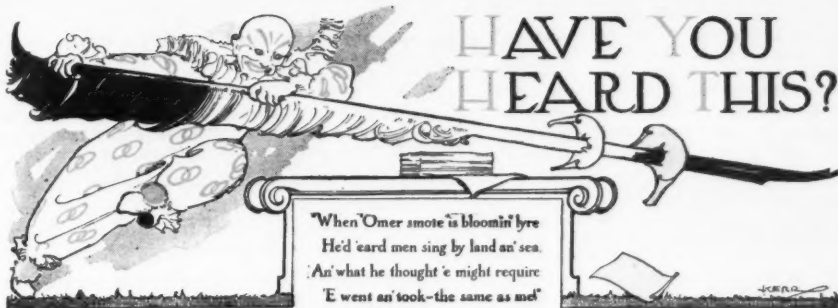
"No," continued Parker pleasantly, "I'm afraid you can't. You see, technically, there weren't any chickens stolen."

"What!" yelled Saunders.

"Fact," Parker asserted with a grin. "It may sound paradoxical, but the only ones who had anything to do with stealing the chickens, as you know, were Burley and Baird. Each man has been tried separately for this offense, and each man has been acquitted. Therefore neither man stole the chickens; hence no chickens were stolen. How are you going to hold Burley on a charge of receiving stolen property that, according to the court records, wasn't stolen at all?"

Saunders stood for a moment staring sourly at Parker. Then his face relaxed a little. "I—I guess it's a beat, all right," he admitted.

Parker turned to leave the court-room, then paused and went back. "Say, Saunders," he said, grinning, "in case it's any consolation to you to know it, I made Buck pay for those hens."



"When 'Omer smote a bloomin' lyre
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea.
An' what he thought 'e might require
E went an' took—the same as me!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We do not claim that these stories are new, but we have laughed over them, and so we pass them on to you. If you know of any that you think would cause a laugh send them in. We shall gladly pay for available ones.

A FRIEND was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, port captain of the state pilots of California, about the crowded condition of a steamer on which he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room?" replied Barber. "That's nothing. You should have traveled in the days of the gold rush to California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than one thousand passengers, and if you put fifty on that ship to-day there'd be a holler that would make trouble for somebody. Three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said,

"Captain, you must really find me a place to sleep."

"Where in the thunder have you been sleeping until now?" asked the old man.

"Well," says the fellow, "you see, it's this way. I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it much longer."



The professor was examining a dark-brown substance spread on paper, when he was interrupted by a visit from a friend.

"I say, would you kindly let me place a little bit of this on your tongue?" said the man of learning to the newcomer; "my taste has become vitiated by sampling all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the friend, thrusting out his tongue.

The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on the other's tongue. The latter worked it round for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a sweet.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor.

"No; none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

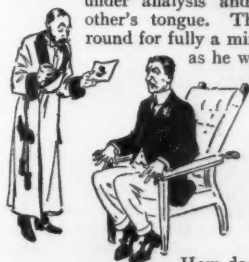
"I thought not."

"How does it taste?"

"Very bitter."

"Um-m; all right."

"What is it?" inquired the friend suspiciously.



That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning dogs with it."



At the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York a sailor from the Dutch and one from the German contingent, emerging unsteadily from a little rathskeller in the very early hours of the morning, were winked upon by a few stray stars and the pale round orb above the housetops. The German jackie declared it must be the sun. The Dutch salt insisted it was the moon. To settle it they hailed a lone passer-by.

"Sun or moon?" inquired both, pointing at the doubtful disk.

"Exquees me, gentlemen," replied the umpire, with a bow, "I cannot say. I am myself stranger in zis councree."



Little Julia was taking her afternoon walk with her mother. Her attention was attracted for the first time to a large church edifice on one of the street-corners.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "whose nice big house is that?"

"That, Julia, is God's house," explained the mother.

Some time later it happened that the child was again taken by the church, this time on Sunday evening when services were in progress. Julia, noticing the brilliantly lighted windows, drew her own conclusions.

"Oh, look, mother!" she called out. "God must be having a party."



A rather seedy-looking man hurried excitedly from the rear coach into the one ahead. "Has any-

Have You Heard This?

one got any whisky?" he shrilly inquired. "A lady back there has fainted."

Half a dozen flasks were offered instantly. Seizing one, he looked at it critically, uncorked it, put it to his lips, and took a long, lingering pull.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with gusto, "I feel better now. Seeing a woman faint always did upset me."



A colored man complained to the storekeeper that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The colored man scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested,

"Well, sah, then it must have had a relapse."



It was pouring rain. John was moving; three vans were at the door, the furniture was spread all over the lawn.

Passes Mrs. Banks—"Ah, are you moving?"

"No, ma'am. It is such a fine day that I thought of taking out my furniture for a ride."



They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey; let me in," she called again, rapping louder.

Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!"

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door, "Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bath-room!"



A Canadian farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started on

his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home, and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"



A sense of humor was manifest in a delicate compliment recently heard in a city hospital. The pretty nurse overheard her patient, a young man, exclaim, "Oh, my Lord!" Wishing to rebuke him gently, she went to his bedside and said: "I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The patient looked up into her lovely face and with every mark of respect and admiration answered, "Yes; ask him how he would like me for a son-in-law."

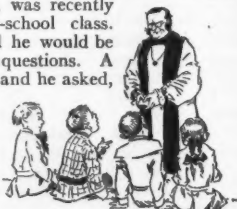


A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was recently teaching a Sunday-school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions. A little hand went up, and he asked, "Well, my boy?"

"Can I ask?" said the boy.

"Certainly," said the bishop; "what is it?"

"Well," asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under 'em?"



Two Irishmen were in a city bank recently, waiting their turn at the cashier's window.

"This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one.

"What about Finnegan?" inquired the other.

"T is a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said, 'It's a fine job you've had here for a long time.'"

"Well, Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent."

"Ah!" said Finnegan, "I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent."

"Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."



The passenger inside the cab suddenly put his head out of the window and exclaimed to the driver: "Get on, man! Get on! Wake up your nag!"

"Shure, sor, I 'aven't the heart to bate 'im."

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"No, sor, 'e's not sick, but it's unlucky 'e is, sor, unlucky! You see, sor, every morning, afore I put 'im in the cab, I tosses 'im whether 'e'll 'ave a feed of oats or I'll 'ave a dhrink of whisky, an' the poor baste has lost five mornings running!"



A New Revelation



FEW months ago Mr. Harold Bolce conducted in this magazine a series of articles under the general title, "Blasting at the Rock of Ages." They presented a conflict of thought between the college and the church. The popular and philosophic discussion they provoked spread throughout America, and its discussion was taken up by every class and creed. Dr. M.

J. Murphy, a religious professor of philosophy, has issued a booklet replying to some of the college teaching presented, and the universities themselves are introducing lectures on the issues involved.

Mr. Bolce, with the cooperation of college presidents, professors, and students, has now prepared a new series which is even more absorbing than his former articles. The new contributions deal with the higher education of women in America, and while they reveal that the new generation of women in this country is pledged to high ideals, they also show that the movement is a repudiation of the past. The friends of the higher education of women, surcharged though it is with daring doctrines, believe that it means a new and revolutionary era, in which creeds and many conventions and institutions will go down. The inquiry, however, shows that the colleges are making no marked contribution to modern militant movements among women. The students are being taught that the race is divine; and in their subtle assertion of power the educated thousands of American girls may be emphasizing the gospel that "the thoughts that come with doves' feet rule the world."

It is a series for the alert: it will create a new chapter in modern thought. The first article of the series, "The Crusade Invisible," will appear in the February issue.

As to "Best Sellers"

"Don't you know that I had an advance sale of one hundred thousand copies on my last book? Don't you realize that I can sell my stories to a dozen editors on my name, and at a price as big as you offer, without submitting the manuscript? And—well—what is the matter with the story, anyway?"

We explained to the Great Author that there were several things the matter. We indicated them in one, two, three order. Each point was contested, but the story was big enough to be worth the time; and finally the Great Author admitted that possibly we might be right. He agreed to make the changes. The revised story has just come in. It's a corker. You will have it very soon now. The curious thing about it is that this writer now says that he is "mighty glad we didn't let him print his original story."

Well, it is only one experience in the day's work of the "shop." We refer to it simply because we want you to know that there isn't a name in the literary world big enough to be printed in the magazine without the "goods" behind it. Sometimes the author objects to revision, and we lose a good advertising name; but as a general rule the bigger the author the more willing he is to "fit in."

All of which leads us to the point we wish to make, namely, that once in a great while—unfortunately only too rarely—a new writer looms into the office with the "goods."

You will be surprised to know that the author of "The Other Woman" was known heretofore only by the publication of one story. In the next issue we are printing a story by another author, now unknown, who, we think, will prove to be a second O. Henry. His name is Wodehouse—P. G. Wodehouse, a name it is well to remember. You will see it often, since we have arranged with him for quite a series of humorous stories. And in a forthcoming issue—probably in March—we begin the publication of the three-part "Letters to My Son," in which a new author wins with a first story. We are not eliminating the "best seller," but we are ready to welcome with open arms the new author who can infuse a story with good red blood and feeling.

Again "The Other Woman"

OTTAWA, KANSAS.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

DEAR SIR: Yesterday I read the last instalment of "The Other Woman," and was profoundly impressed. Last night I dreamed, and in my dream I lived over again the beautiful, beautiful days that preceded my marriage and the perfect ones that followed. Suddenly everything changed. Our Eden became an Inferno. The husband who had sworn to love *me* beyond all others, the father of my child, had found The Other Woman and installed her in the throne-room of his heart, and I was an outcast. Even yet I can feel the torturing anguish that benumbed both brain and body when the full realization swept over me.

When it seemed as if I could bear the agony no longer I awoke, and in waking remembered the grave on the hillside where my "Laddie" sleeps. In blessed relief my heart cried out, "Beloved, you are all my own, even in death." And now I know there are sorrows greater than any I have had to bear.

Please let us have more such stories. Truly there is meat for the hungry in them.

Has the "tide of happiness" spoken of so beautifully and eloquently in a recent editorial reached the boys in the coal-breakers and the babies tying threads in the dust and din of the factory, think you? Charles Edward Russell is giving tradition some hard raps. An article from his pen is worth the price of the magazine.

L'V. S.

Many letters like the above thoroughly convince us that in stories such as "The Other Woman," dealing in a straightforward way with every-day experiences—the real pathos, humor, and even the tragedy of intimate home-life—we have certainly struck the "heart-interest" trail which our readers like best. We shall have more of them.

Incidentally, our contributor remarks that "an article from the pen of Charles Edward Russell is worth the price of the magazine." We are beginning in this issue a series of articles by Mr. Russell which we believe you will consider the most important historical series which has appeared for many a year in an American magazine. We have no hesitation in saying that every article will measure up to our correspondent's opinion of Mr. Russell's work and be "worth the price of the magazine."

Just Christmas

Some little time ago we asked the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn—the pulpit, you remember, from which Henry Ward Beecher for so many years sent his inspiring messages nation-wide to American homes—to write for the COSMOPOLITAN an old-fashioned Christmas sermon. We asked him particularly for a Christmas message of good-will—a message that we could make our own and pass on as our "Merry Christmas" to the great army of friends who have helped us build the COSMOPOLITAN into its present great success.

"On the morrow's morrow," says Doctor Hillis, "every window will be wreathed in holly, the innumerable homes of the Republic will proclaim through evergreen and mistletoe, through gifts and carols, that the Christmas spirit is journeying across the land, to fling splendor upon every home and heart and life." It is certainly a happy home and a favored nation where "the Christmas spirit warms the heart like a winter's fire, inspires like the sweetest music, transforms society like an advancing summer"; where the influence of this day of days is potent in "safeguarding the ideals of young men and maidens"; where "the barriers break, and the tides of generosity, sympathy, and humanity rush through like a flood"; and where the coming of this "gracious, hallowed time" tends to safeguard the great Republic itself from "greed and miserliness."

"Poverty is going, abundance is coming," says Doctor Hillis. It is our "Merry Christmas" to you that in the opulence of this Christmas season you and yours may have abundant and overflowing share.

